SPRING BOOK NUMBER

Saturday Review

April 17, 1965 25¢

WHEN ART BECOMES PROPAGANDA

By Alberto Moravia

WHO RUNS OUR BIG-CITY SCHOOLS?

Articles by Fred Hechinger and Peter Binzen

OUR MIGRANT COLLEGE STUDENTS

By David Boroff

'GOOD' SCHOOL LIBRARIES ARE NOT GOOD ENOUGH

Articles by Donald G. Emery and Leonard H. Freiser

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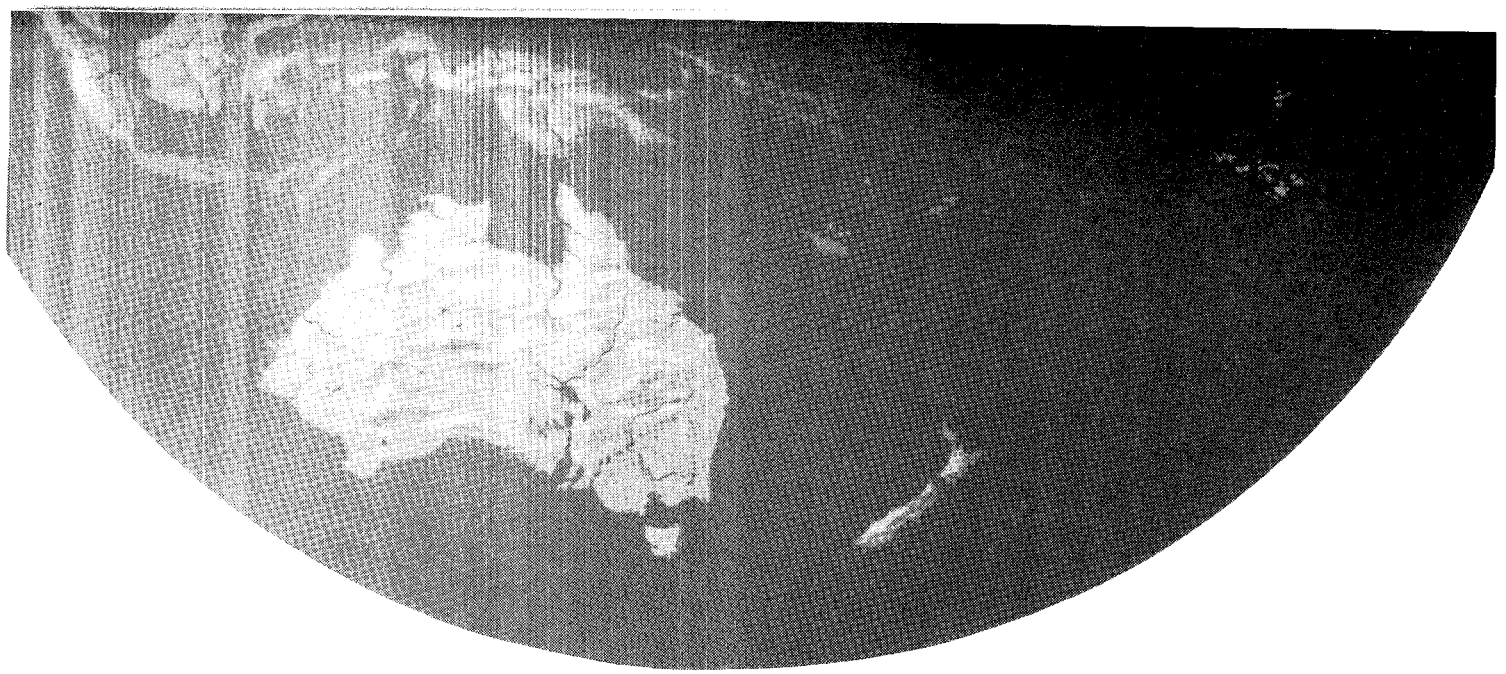

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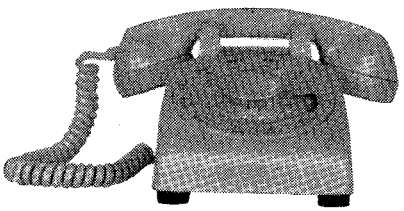

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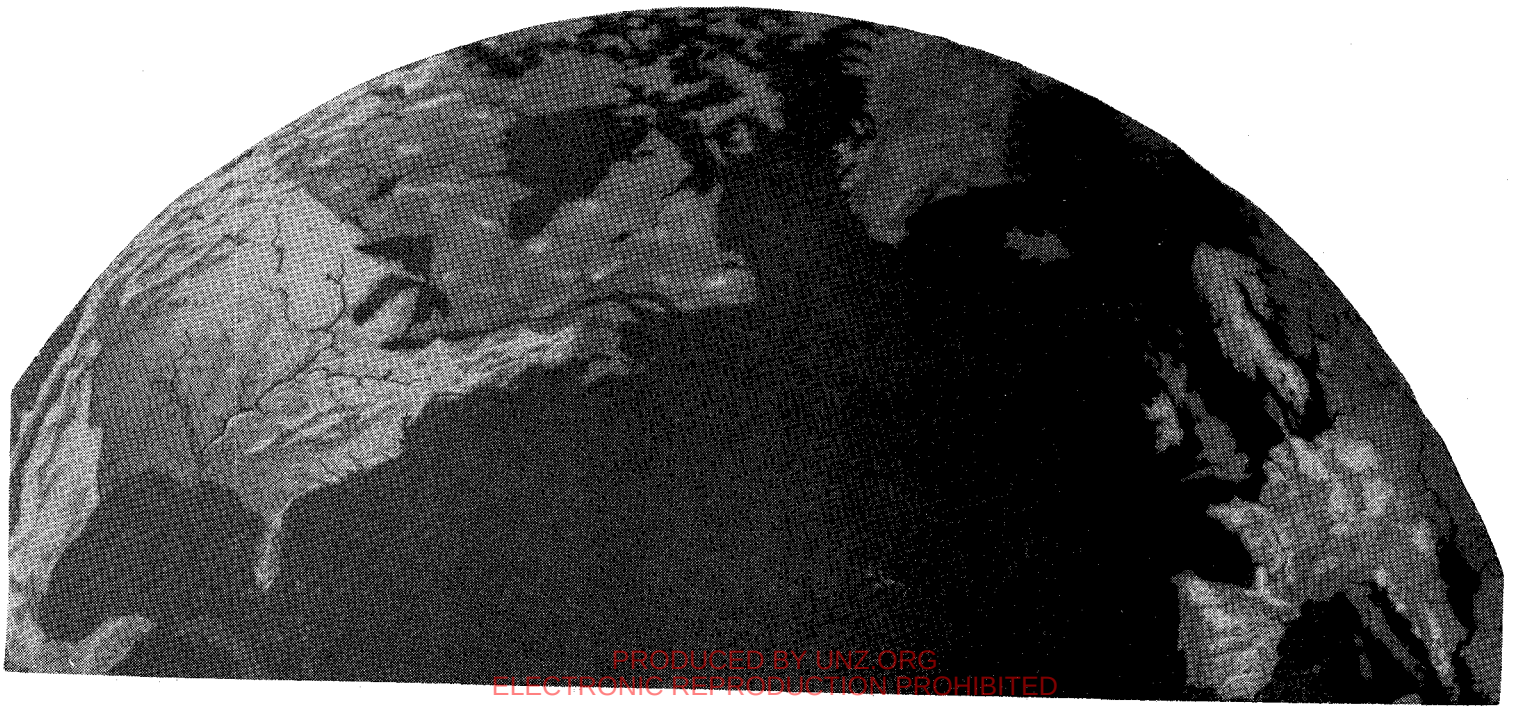

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2. Saturday Review
3. Edgar Friedenberg in New York Review of Books
4. Ronald Gross in Book Week, New York Herald Tribune
5. A. S. Neill, author of Summerhill
6. Paul Goodman, author of Compulsory Mis-Education
7. New York World-Telegram
8. Dr. Warren G. Cutts, Specialist for Reading, U. S. Office of Education
9. New York Review of Books
10. Jerrold R. Zacharias, Professor of Physics, M.I.T.
11. Pittsburgh Press

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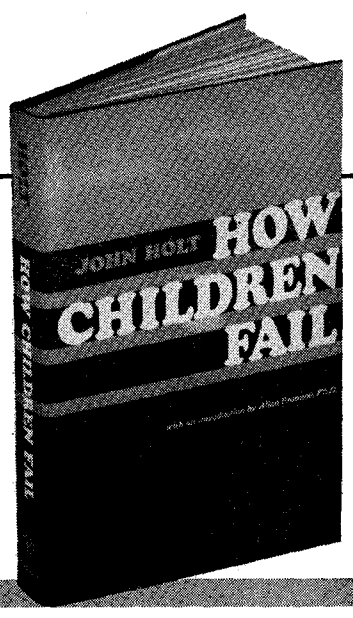

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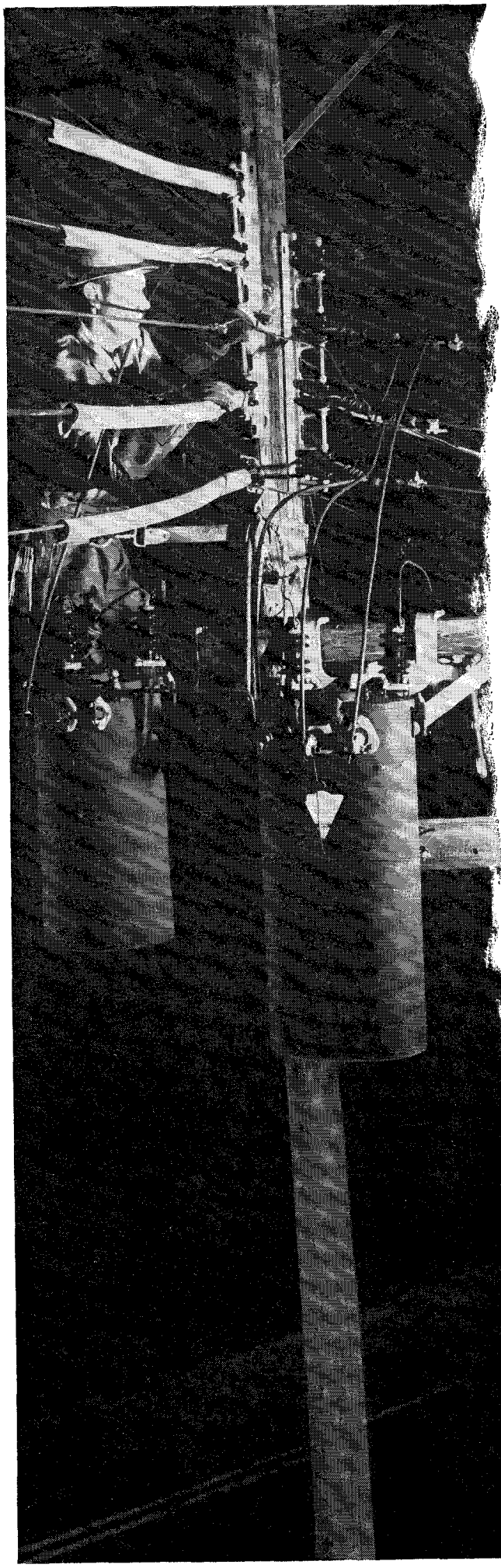

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By 1980, according to a recent Federal Power Commission study, technological progress in the power industry could make possible a 27% reduction in the retail cost of electricity. This could amount to as much as $11-billion.

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1. **A limited amount of non-profit power generation,** some by the government, some by the rural electric cooperatives and other non-profit producers.

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consumers' electric yardstick the price you pay for power

2. **A limited amount of non-profit power transmission,** some by the government, some by the rural electric cooperatives and other non-profit producers.
3. **A limited amount of non-profit power distribution,** some by the rural electric cooperatives, some by the other non-profit distributors — municipal systems and power districts.

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We believe everybody benefits when there's a consumers' electric yardstick to protect the price you pay for power.

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Easter Vacation

Edited by Martin Levin

The Last Time I Saw Petrograd

I ALWAYS spent my Easter vacations at Aunt Anna's in Petrograd, and the Easter of 1918 was no exception.

I arrived in Petrograd on a dreary April morning; a cold wind blew from the river Neva; the air was miasmically damp. April is one of the nastiest months in our northern climes. Violent polar winds sweep through the plains, fell trees in the forests and crosses in the cemeteries, and batter the streets of snow-soaked cities.

Aunt Anna appeared to be surprised, although we had notified her about my arrival.

"What an unexpected guest!" she exclaimed.

"Just as it says in the proverb," I said. "An unexpected guest is worse than a Tartar."

"That he is," Aunt Anna agreed.

"I came only for a few days," I informed my Aunt.

"You are welcome to stay here as long as you wish," she said magnanimously. "Even three or four days."

Aunt Anna was a heavyish woman of about sixty. She was Mother's sister-in-law, the widow of her eldest brother who had died a few years before the Revolution. She was a person with whom, in Mother's opinion, one could get along very well if one lived in a different place and met her only at weddings and funerals. Aunt Anna had two children: a son Gregory and a daughter Zina.

Aunt Anna looked at my baggage and inquired: "Have you brought your ration card?"

"Of course," I said. "And something else besides. Some white flour and sugar."

"White flour? Sugar?" Anna sounded incredulous.

"Yes," I said. "Our sackman brought us five pounds of flour and two pounds of sugar. There are two pounds of flour and one pound of sugar for you."

"You deal with sackmen? Your parents ought to be ashamed of themselves," cried Aunt Anna indignantly, "Where's the stuff?"

A "sackman" was an enterprising individual who traveled south to more prosperous regions and came back with sacks of flour, sugar, and other rare and precious table delicacies. Several families usually united to engage their own sackman and finance his trips. The sackmen's missions were arduous and perilous, and sometimes they did not return, either having absconded with the money or having been arrested as speculators and enemies of the people. Undoubtedly, Aunt Anna, too, had her own sackman.

"Zina, Zina!" Aunt Anna called out. "Come here! We have an unexpected visitor."

Cousin Zina came out and went through the trying procedure of showing her delight at the arrival of the "unexpected guest." Zina was a quiet, mousy, unhappy woman who was married to a left-wing socialist. Women married to left-wing socialists are quieter, mousier, and unhappier than women married to right-wing socialists. He was an expert on peasants' uprisings in medieval Western Europe, and his present whereabouts, I was told in a whisper, were unknown.

"He came for three or four days," Aunt Anna told her daughter.

"Can't you stay a little longer?" asked Cousin Zina.

"He can't," Aunt Anna said. "I've asked him."

"Well, anyway, I'm glad you're here," Zina said simply. "Let me help you with your baggage."

"One minute, please," said Aunt Anna. "The flour and the sugar. Haven't seen any white flour in months."

I detached two bags from my belongings and surrendered them to my Aunt. She inspected them with exemplary thoroughness. "Take it you know where," she said to Zina. Then to me she said, "Make yourself at home, Misha. What a darling boy! Imagine: two pounds of flour and one pound of sugar. Do make yourself at home."

I made myself as comfortable as I could or, rather, as Anna's forbidding personality permitted. The apartment was a large one, but two rooms were closed off: Aunt Anna's own room which she called her "boudoir" and which no one was allowed to enter, and Cousin Gregory's study where, I suspected, he kept all his unconfiscated wealth.

Cousin Gregory arrived early in the evening, and we all sat down at the dinner table. Gregory was a bachelor, handsome in a dashing, devil-may-care sort of way but with an incongruously thin, whining voice.

"How was your day at the Commissariat?" Aunt Anna asked her son.

"Fair," Gregory replied. "I had a long conference with Grisha."

"Zinoviev," Aunt Anna explained,

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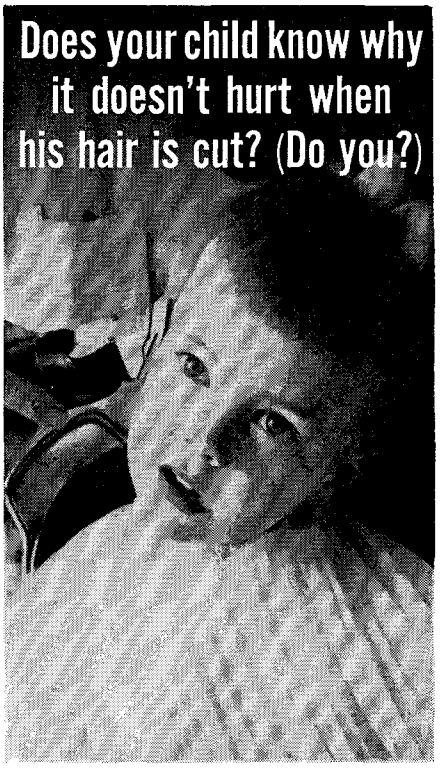

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beaming proudly at her son. "He and my Gregory are very good friends. Gregory calls Zinoviev Grisha and Zinoviev calls my Gregory Grisha. They are both Grishas. He visits us occasionally. A wonderful man."

"See how Misha has grown," said Cousin Zina.

"Yes. Quite." Cousin Gregory said without looking at me. "How would you like to work for me at the Commissariat of Public Economy?"

"I don't know," I replied. "I haven't finished high school yet. I think I would like to complete my education."

"Education can wait," said Gregory pompously, "but the Revolution can't. We want to build a new society but before doing that we must destroy the old one. We need young men." When he said "we need" his face assumed an air of still graver importance: We the Fathers of the Russian Revolution—Lenin, Trotzky, Zinoviev, and yours truly.

"I don't know," I repeated.

"If you decide, let me know," Gregory said, "and I will speak to Grisha or Vladimir Ilyich."

"He's a friend of Lenin's too," Aunt Anna explained.

We were through with our soup and attacking some unpleasant-looking pieces of hard meat on our plates.

"Is that the best you could do, Mother?" Gregory asked.

"Had to stand three hours in line for it," Aunt Anna replied.

"My special ration . . ." Gregory began.

Aunt Anna quickly interrupted him: "Special rations are for special occasions. The samovar, Zina. I think it's ready."

ZINA brought in the samovar. Russia's greatest contribution to the happiness of its people is the samovar. Its mere appearance on the table tends to mellow one's mood, however melancholy. The thin, joyous whistle of its steam, the immutable solidity of its shining frame, the warmth emanating from it, and the brew pouring out of it fill one's heart with tolerance and understanding, helping to formulate a philosophical outlook on life. Samovars should appear at all conferences. Provided, of course, that Aunt Anna does not participate in them.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but there is no sugar today. We serve sugar only on Sundays, Tuesdays, and Fridays. Today is Wednesday."

"But I brought . . ." I stammered.

"We'll have sugar on Friday," Aunt Anna said. "Misha agreed to stay with us until Friday, Gregory."

"That's too bad," said Cousin Gregory. "I mean that's wonderful." His mind was obviously occupied with Matters of State.

There were three ways of drinking tea with sugar in those days of acute and incessant shortage:

V prikusky meant drinking tea with a piece of sugar too small to be dissolved in the brew. One took a bite of sugar with every four or five swallows of tea.

V prigliadky meant drinking tea while merely looking at the sugar. The drinkers placed a lump of sugar in the center of the table and admired it while they sipped their tea.

V pridumky was the latest word in the art of sugarless tea drinking. One imagined that the tea was generously sweetened with sugar.

Aunt Anna, Zina, and I began to drink our tea *v pridumky*. After a few sips Cousin Gregory, the statesman and friend of Lenin and Zinoviev, removed a small package from one of his vest pockets, unwrapped it carefully, elicited a small lump of sugar, rewrapped the package, put it back in his vest pocket, picked up the lump between his thumb and index finger, sniffed it, held it out caressingly before his eyes, and bit off a piece. Crunch, crunch, went Cousin Gregory's jaws gently.

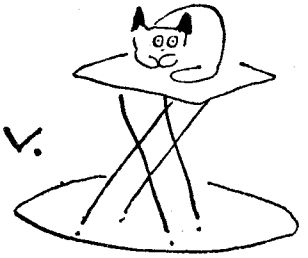
While Cousin Gregory held the sugar between his fingers we were able to drink our tea *"v prigliadky"*—Method 2.

The tea drinking over, Aunt Anna excused herself and went to her boudoir. Cousin Gregory said he had an urgent meeting at the Commissariat and departed, advising me to consider thoroughly his offer. Zina cleared the table and retired to the kitchen to wash the dishes. I went into the living room—"salon," as Aunt Anna still called it in spite of the Revolution. I picked up a book, tried to read it, but couldn't. Somehow I was not in a mood for it.

I dozed off for a while, and when I awoke I felt restless and homesick. I got up and strolled into the large, old-fashioned corridor. There was a tiny streak of light creeping through a crack in one of the doors. I came closer. The door into Aunt Anna's room was slightly ajar. My aunt and Cousin Zina were sitting at a table drinking tea—with sugar. They must have eaten, too; I could see a few empty plates. I tiptoed back into the "salon," threw myself on the sofa, and began to weep. I wept a long time.

The following morning I took my leave. That was the last time I saw Petrograd.

—M. K. ARGUS.



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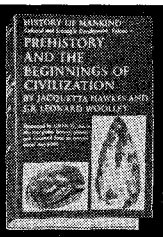

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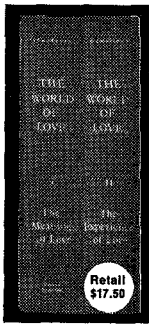

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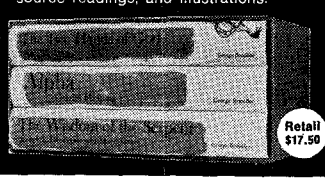

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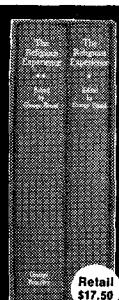

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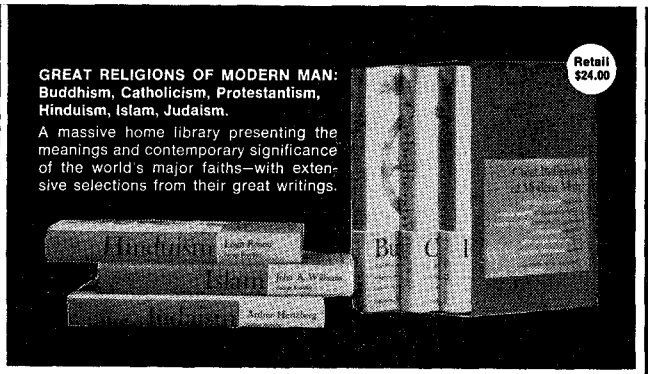

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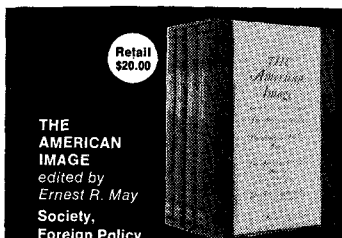

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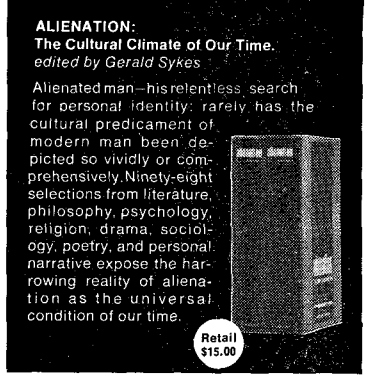

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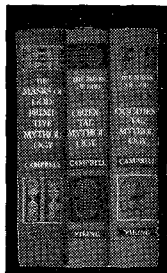

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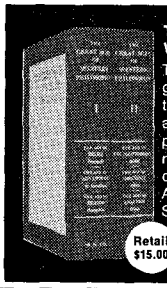

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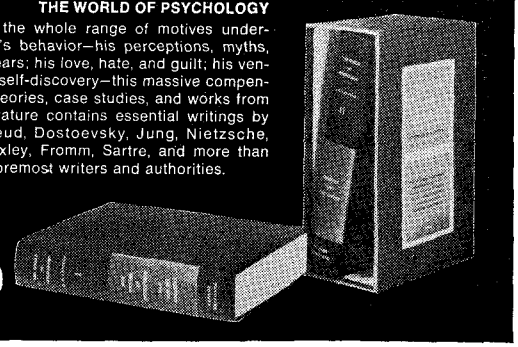

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Decide which of Amsterdam's 22 surprises is *most* surprising. Then circle your choice on the coupon, and mail it to us with 25¢. KLM will rush you this $1-value poster—ideal for den or rumpus room. Ready? Read surprises—*and vote.*

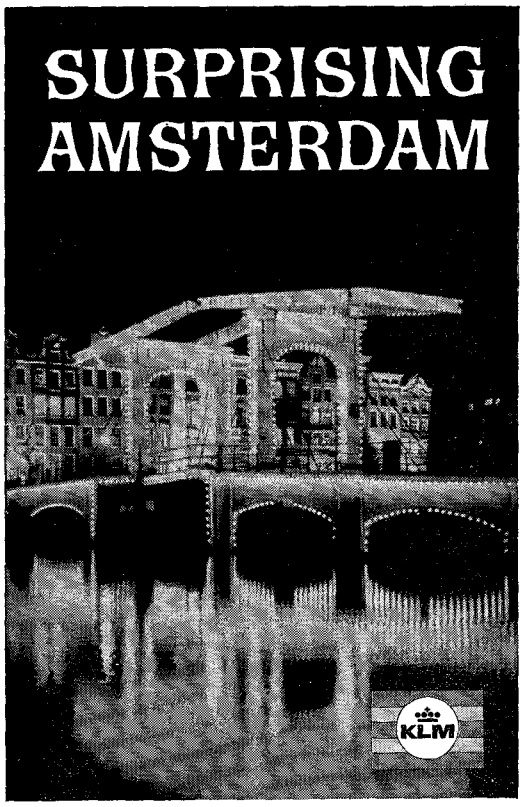
1. Amsterdam has twice as many miles of canals as Venice. A 75-minute boat tour costs just 60 cents. There are 636 picturesque bridges *over* the canals for you to wish on—including the spectacular Magere Brug (Lean Bridge) on KLM's poster.

2. Car rental rates in Amsterdam are remarkably low. Example: you can rent a Volkswagen from Hertz or Avis for just $3.75 a day and 6½ cents a mile. Incidentally, most of the windmills you will see *don't work*. The Dutch are too sentimental to tear them down.

3. You can see the most valuable painting ever put on canvas. It's Rembrandt's "Night Watch." You'll find it at the Rijksmuseum, along with 3000 more paintings. Admission: 15 cents. If you feel like blowing another 8 cents, go to the Municipal Museum. You can see 517 paintings and drawings that show the entire range of van Gogh's work, from his earliest period to the brilliance of his final canvases.

4. You can see the "8th wonder of the world"—the Royal Palace. This massive building sits on 13,659 wooden piles driven 70 feet into the earth.

5. You can see a 400-carat U.N. emblem set with 5,180 diamonds. It's on display at an Amsterdam diamond-cutting center. Admission is free. The world's *smallest* diamond is on view, too. No bigger than this comma, it slipped from the polisher's vise eight times. He had to hunt it with a *microscope*.



Actual Size: 2 feet by 3 feet. *The glittering bridge above—black and white here, but reproduced in color on KLM's poster—is the Magere Brug. It's the most famous of Amsterdam's 636 bridges (see surprise #1).*

6. You can rent a car and zoom around Holland's finest speedway. Drive out to Zandvoort, just 15 miles from Amsterdam. Track fee is 56 cents—*per day*. No speed limit. Tip: watch out for the hairpin turn just beyond the grandstand.

7. You can dine in the world's skinniest restaurant. Amsterdam's *Green Lantern* is only 6 feet wide. Go easy on the Zuurkool (sauerkraut, with a tender roas partridge) if you're portly.

8. You can rent a boat and tour Ho land by water—for $4.75 a day. Th rate is per person, in a party of six This adventure is popular, so boo your boat in advance. Your trave agent can help.

9. You can visit the Anne Fran House. The attic rooms are just a the Frank family left them. 263 Prin sengracht. Open daily.

10. There are 12 medieval castle within an hour's drive. Some hav charming guest rooms where you ca stay for as little as $4 a night.

11. You can undergo Europe's onl official test for witchcraft. At Oude water, just 35 miles from Amster dam, you can be weighed on th Witches Scale (circa 1550 A.D.). Yo will get a diploma that solemnly de clares you are too heavy to ride safel on a broomstick. (If you're under 9 pounds, happy Halloween.)

12. You can hear one of the world' six best orchestras for $2. That's th price of a good seat for a perform ance of Amsterdam's Concertge bouw Orchestra.

13. You can have a 21-dish banquet fo about $3—per couple. It's an Indonesia delight called *Rijsttafel* (say "Rice-tat fel"). You can dine in 12 different lan guages in Amsterdam—at about *hal* New York prices.

14. You can see the world's most fan tastic bicycle brigade. And *join it*—fo about 85 cents a day. Amsterdam ha

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Amsterdam" poster

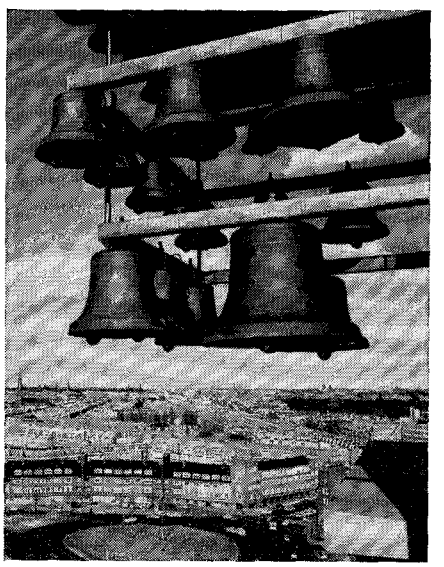
over 800,000 bicycles at last count. Pedal-pushing is a splendid way to go exploring for surprises in the city. (But *not* at rush hour.)

15. Amsterdam has more carillons than any other European city. Music is *everywhere*. Giant barrel organs serenade you with Strauss, Puccini, Verdi. Wandering street bands play. The famous carillons (see example, right) chime in on the hour and half hour.

16. You can buy a new car in Amsterdam, and save up to $1700. Amsterdam has the only airport showroom for *tax-free cars* on the Continent. You can buy a Mercedes-Benz 230 SL Roadster, add on shipping and duty to New York, and *still* save $1700 on the New York price. You have no less than 125 different models to choose from. Who said you couldn't afford a foreign car?

17. Amsterdam is the most perfectly preserved city in Europe. Not one brick or stone may be moved without permission. You can capture authentic 17th century scenes with your camera—*or your brushes* (below).

18. Amsterdam is the most logical place to start your European tour. *Fourteen* of Europe's brightest cities are within 800 miles of Amsterdam. You can depart by plane, bus, boat, train, car—even *ocean liner*. KLM can whisk you to 39 other cities—including Paris and London in 60 minutes, Copenhagen in 80, Rome in 125.



You can hear a carillon concert in Amsterdam every half hour.

19. You can find Europe's best bargains in Amsterdam. Delft china, cheese, crystal, and diamonds, of course. Antiques—for as much as *80 percent* less than in the U.S. At Amsterdam Airport's *tax-free* shopping center, you can buy fifths of brand-name Scotch for only $2. And don't overlook KLM's $5-a-day and $10-a-day tour plans. They give you hotel, breakast, and *unlimited sightseeing*—in Amsterdam and 13 other great European cities.

20. Amsterdammers are the best linguists in Europe. Most know *three* languages. The average Amsterdammer would never boast about his knack with other tongues, but he will be glad to give you directions or advice in surprisingly good *English*.

21. You can have your portrait painted on a Delft plate. Give a photo of yourself to a Dutch artist at the Royal Factory in Delft (only 40 miles from Amsterdam). He'll immortalize you in Delft blue and white, and send you your porcelain portrait within a few weeks.

22. You can have a rollicking "night on the town" for $5. There's usually no cover, no minimum in Amsterdam's 45 nightclubs. A glass of Holland's jenever gin costs about 25 cents. As you sip it, you can watch one of those famous Amsterdam ecdysiasts. No extra charge.

You can put the 17th century on canvas.

Circle number of surprise that's most surprising to you

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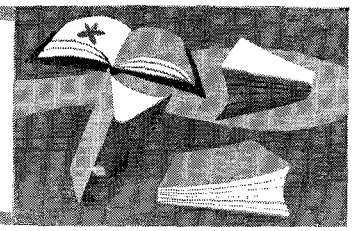
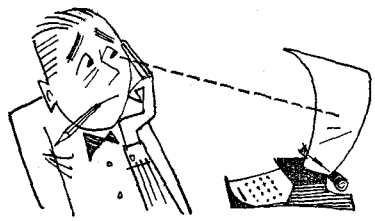


Hard news about books and authors, and for that matter the arts in general, is often about as interesting as a railroad timetable when you're not going anywhere. The reason for this is simple: No writer in his right mind is going to tell you about his next book, because he's going to save his energy for that blank piece of paper in his typewriter, just as no artist is going to take much time to talk about his new project, because he's having a tough enough time getting it



down on the canvas. What's more, when you do find an author willing to talk about his work in an interesting way, chances are he's just finished writing a book, and everything he says about it you'll find in much better form within the pages of the book itself.

All this makes sense. After all, why should an author or an artist squander his best *bon mots* on a newsy item about himself or his work? Let me illustrate. Exactly twice a week, I find myself trapped with author John Hersey, cartoonists Whitney Darrow, Jr., and Charles Saxon, and Jim Geraghty, humor editor of the *New Yorker*, in an extremely obsessive bowling league. Here the only thing that counts is how many pins you knock down. The conversation in these hallowed moments is about as literary as the Yellow Pages of a telephone directory. John Hersey is a lot more interested in why he can't match the 252 game of D. Postorino, of the Westbank Chevron gas station, than he is in writing. Whitney Darrow, instead of commenting on his brilliant cartoons, is grumbling about three consecutive splits in a row; Charles Saxon isn't speaking to anyone because he just missed a single ten pin, which cost him a game. Jim Geraghty, who is responsible for some of the most devastating humorous commentary on the American scene, can't find anything funny about anything when he drops from a 220 game to a 136.

But this syndrome isn't confined to obsessive bowlers. Ask Al Morgan what new book he's working on, and regardless of what the book is, he'll tell you that the title is going to be *The Lonely, and the Fleeing, and the Dreaming, and the Sharing and the Dying.* This is his stock answer. He's been using it for ten years, and he'll be using it for ten years more. Maybe longer.

Or take Dick Bissell. His very funny new novel, *Still Circling Moose Jaw,* has just recently been published, and he has nothing whatever to say about it. He's much more interested in telling you about his tugboat enterprise in Dubuque, Iowa, which he has been running for several years (and having a ball doing so). Under the name of the Bissell Towing & Transport Company, his firm has two tugs, one of which might qualify as an antique. Theoretically, the company is supposed to operate at a profit, and in one recent year it netted $45, which was considerably better than the $600 it lost last year. The ice has been very rough on the Mississippi this year, and his flagship tug has been jammed in the floes more often than not. The main function of the operation is to pick up and drop off barges, and if you're interested in this service it will cost you just $35 per barge. This includes bringing the loaded barge into port and hauling the empty back down the river a piece, where Bissell will arrange to tie the barge up to one of several stout oak trees until you're ready to pick it up.

On some lazy summer weekends, Bissell likes to pack his family aboard the tug for a weekend cruise, pushing a houseboat ahead. What's more, he's a member of an organization called Sons and Daughters of Pioneer Men, which meets along the river to talk about the good old days. "It makes you feel young again," he says, "because most of the members are in wheelchairs."

But, you will note, none of this has anything to do with hard news of books and authors.

There's a bright spot, however, in this otherwise newsless picture. On April 30 Art Buchwald's new book, *And Then I Told the President,* will be lifting the morale of the bookstalls, and this is news worth reporting. Open the book to any page, and you're sure to find a laugh. What's more, Mr. Buchwald is able to come up with some pretty interesting book news in his own right.

For instance, he deplores the practice of paperback publishers who take a perfectly proper book and turn it pornographic by putting half-naked women

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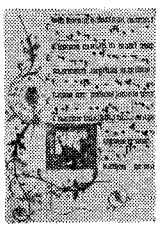

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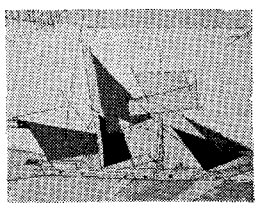

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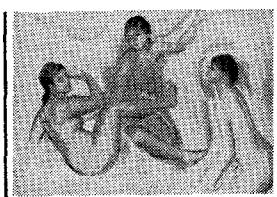

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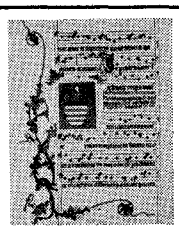

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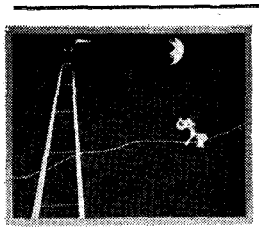

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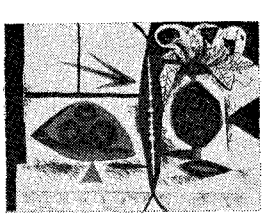

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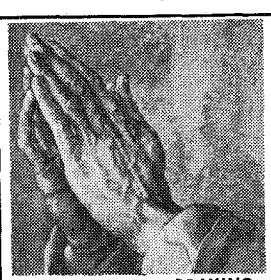
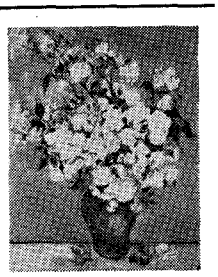


P-373. DURER: *PRAYING HANDS.* (ca. 1500). Silkscreen of the most famous Praying Hands in the world in blues, blacks and grays. 14" x 21". *Special* **1.98**

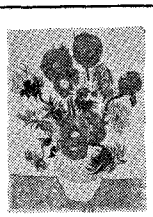


P-991. VAN GOGH: *WHITE ROSES.* White flowers, dark blue-green vase. Yellow-green as background. 25" x 20"; silk screen. *Special* **2.98**

P-340. PICASSO: *WHITE CLOWN.* A silk-screen of Picasso's most famous *White Clown;* brown background on textured olive stock. 19" x 25". *Special* **2.98**

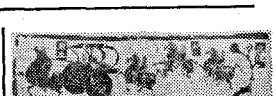
P-341. The above on *genuine artists' canvas.* *Special* **5.95**

P-338. ILLUMINATED LETTER "A". Silk-screen of Czech medieval music manuscript in green, blue, orange, black, metallic gold, rose on granite background, special parchment paper. 20" x 26". *Special* **2.98**



P-892. VAN GOGH: *SUNFLOWERS.* A superb silkscreen reproduction of this popular masterpiece, duplicating the vibrant palette of pure yellow, green-yellow, brown and green. 26¾" high x 20" wide on a 32" x 23" sheet. *Special* **2.98**

P-958. MUSICIANS. This handsome sixteenth-century woodcut panel is silk-screened onto a special, handmade rice paper. White figures are outlined in brown against a metallic gold background. A splendid print in keeping with the newest decorator trends; ideal for modern, traditional or period room. 10¼" high x 31¼" wide picture area. *Special* **2.98**



P-739. FRIEZE FROM A CHINESE TOMB. This silkscreen reproduction in red pigment of a priceless Chinese stone rubbing, made over 2,000 years ago, is the perfect center of interest for that important wall in your house. Every mark, every scar on the stone appears as it was executed for the Chinese master of the Chang Dynasty. The print is 15" high x 52" long. *Very special, only* **2.98**

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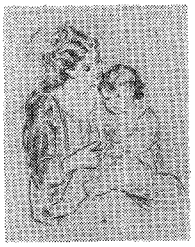
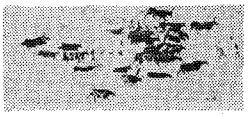
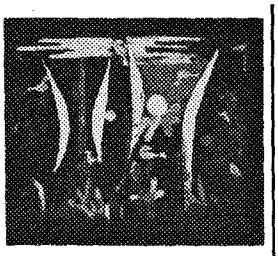


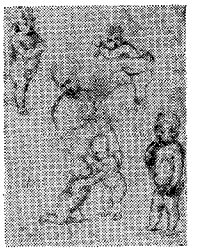
P-361. PICASSO: MOTHER WITH CHILD. Idyll of Mother and Child—silk-screen after an oil sketch in pinks, with muted grays, blacks and tans. 21½" x 27½". *Special* **2.98**



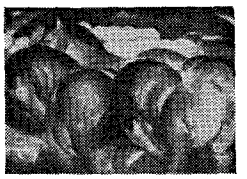
P-815. SAHARA ROCK PAINTING. One of the most beautiful of the magnificent prehistoric Tassili rock frescoes, only recently discovered in the Sahara. Cattle in greens, browns, purples and reds against a soft beige background. Silk-screen; 42" x 14". *Special* **4.95**



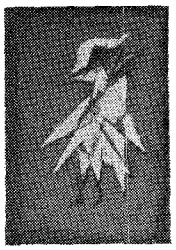
P-331. KLEE: LANDSCAPE WITH YELLOW BIRDS. A fantasy landscape in white, blue, earth brown, yellow, dark green. Silkscreen; 34" wide x 23" high. **2.98**



P-391. RAPHAEL: CHILDREN. Original silkscreen in sepia on chestnut stock. 14½" wide x 19" high. **1.98**



P-985. FRANZ MARC: *YELLOW HORSES.* Silk-screen of this masterpiece, in yellow, ranging from pale to deep, and green, blues, pink and magenta forming the background. 18" x 27". *Special* **2.98**



P-384. KLEE: *BIRD CATCHER.* Silkscreen after Klee with reds, bright yellows, shades of brown, pink, blue, green and orange, on a red background. 15" wide x 23" high. **2.98**

P-364. PICASSO: HEAD OF A YOUNG WOMAN. Silk-screen of a charcoal drawing in burnt sienna, grays, blacks and tans. 17½" x 23¾". *Special* **2.98**

P-363. PICASSO: HEAD OF A YOUNG MAN. Silkscreen of a charcoal drawing, in pinks, blacks, cool grays and tans. 17½" x 23¾". *Special* **2.98**

P-378. MICHELANGELO: *THE PIETA.* An original silkscreen of the greatest legacy to the Christian world rendered in tones of blue with shades of black and gray. 18" x 23". *Special* **1.98**

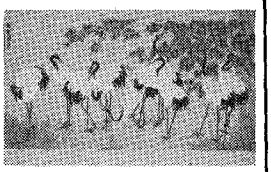
P-379. MICHELANGELO: *STUDIES FOR THE LIBYAN SIBYL.* Original silkscreen of the all-seeing Sibyl of the Sistine Chapel in tones of sepia. 17" x 23". *Special* **1.98**

P-248. KAETHE KOLLWITZ: *MOTHER AND CHILD.* A fine silk-screen reproduction of this sensitively rendered charcoal drawing in black and white on a heavy, 26" high x 20" wide sheet. *Special* **1.98**

P-377. MICHELANGELO: *HEAD OF DAVID.* Profile of Michelangelo's world-famous David in tones of sepia. Original silkscreen, 16" x 23". *Special* **1.98**

P-342. PICASSO'S "GUERNICA". Panel size, 54" x 27½" reproduction of Picasso's masterpiece proclaiming his horror at the bombing of the little Basque town of Guernica during the Spanish Civil War. Symbolic forms, contrasts of light illuminate Picasso's violent protest against war. *Special import* **2.98**

P-374. MODIGLIANI: *NUDE.* Original silkscreen in bold arabesques, shades of red, flesh, purple and black. 18" x 29". *Special* **2.98**



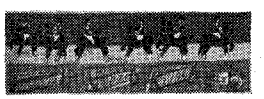
P-366. CHINESE CRANE GARDEN. Cranes in white, brown, gray, with red crests; green and olive pines, on earth-beige sheet of fine binders linen. A rare Makemona (Horizontal Scroll), Ming Dynasty; 38" x 21". *Special* **4.95**

P-231. MEDIEVAL MANUSCRIPT II. Silk-screened onto a special parchment paper in metallic gold and brilliant red, blue green, and yellow. 21½" x 15". *Special* **2.98**

P-349. TINTORETTO: FIGURE STUDY. Silk-screen of a black chalk drawing on background of grayed shades of blues, yellows, greens. 20" x 23" on a 23" x 30" sheet. *Special* **2.98**

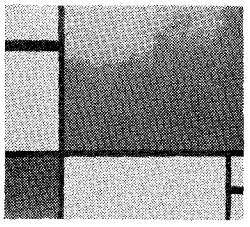
P-393. AUBREY BEARDSLEY: ISOLDE (ca. 1895). Silkscreen of figure in gold line, with black and turquoise; backdrop in red; 19⅞" wide x 32⅛" high. *Special* **2.98**

P-225. MATISSE: FLOWER *PETALS.* Botanical forms in shades of blue-green, yellow, red and orange on a soft beige background. A highly attractive panel that will fit in with almost every decor — traditional, modern or period. 12" high x 48½" wide; silk screen. *Special* **2.98**

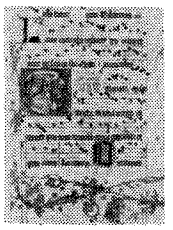


P-385. Dufy: EQUESTRIAN TAPESTRY. Silkscreen of Dufy's magnificent Equestrian Tapestry—black figures with yellows, greens and blues, on a background of brown and burnt-orange. 9¼" high x 30½" wide on an 18" x 35" sheet. **2.98**

P-972. CHINESE HORSE ON SILK. Splendid coal-black charger in metallic gold, olive green and charcoal grey. Silk-screened on off-white. 37" x 29½". *Special* **5.95**



P-890. MONDRIAN: COMPOSITION WITH RED, YELLOW AND BLUE. Silkscreen reproduction showing artist's plastic purity; original in Zurich Museum. 19" high x 19" wide. *Special* **2.98**



P-278. ILLUMINATED LETTER. Serigraph of a 1487 music manuscript in tones of green, red, yellow and metallic gold, blue-purple. 24" high x 17" wide. *Special* **2.98**

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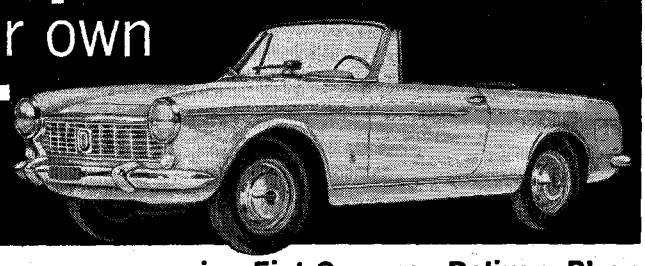

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on the covers, in addition to printing descriptions of the contents that give an entirely cockeyed notion of the plot. He lists several ways these publishers might describe books familiar to all of us:

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs—The story of a ravishing blonde virgin who was held captive by seven deformed men, all with different lusts.

Cinderella—A beautiful passionate woman bares her naked foot to the man

she loves while her stepmother and stepsisters plot to cheat her out of the one memorable night in her life.

Treasure Island—The crew of a ship bent on rape and plunder land on an island inhabited by sex-crazed cannibals. An innocent boy finds the secret of growing up.

Little Red Riding Hood—A girl goes to visit her grandmother only to discover a wolf in her bed. Read what happens when the girl refuses to get into bed with the wolf.

If you want to read more of these, and more of every delightful thing else, you'll have to plunk down the $4.95 for Mr. Buchwald's book, because I have a sneaky feeling that he's already planning to sue me for quoting so much of it.

In general, however, authors seem to be keeping tight-lipped about their work, saving their best for their books. And isn't that, after all, the way it ought to be?

But Elinor Day, from Cedar Rapids, passes along one more newsworthy item. A friend of hers told her that she was on the verge of failing in her attempt to stop smoking.

"I went to the library," the friend lamented, "and took out a book called *How To Stop Smoking in Five Days*. And what happened? I had to have it renewed." —JOHN G. FULLER.

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Maui. Plush, green Robert Trent Jones fairways nestled by the broad expanse of soft, white sand of Kaanapali. Maui "diamonds" and Terriyaki-on-the-stick for a dime. Pineapples. Haleakala Crater, "House of the Sun." A natural swimming pool with seven levels. The ocean-hugging drive through a rain forest to heavenly Hana.

Hawaii. Black sand beaches, waterfalls, orchid farms, groves of coffee trees and orchards of macadamia nuts. A "drive-in" volcano. The Islands' best fishing is off Kona, where at sunset returning boats unfurl pennants boasting the catch.

Kauai. Rich with legend and beach after tropical beach. Hanalei Bay, where rainbows are born and paradise movies made ("South Pacific"). Waimea Canyon, spectacular color wheel spun by every passing cloud. Seas of sugarcane, pineapple and aloha.

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9. Art reproductions
10. Automotive components
11. Banana cartons
12. Beverage boxes
13. Bible papers
14. Bleached sulphite pulps
15. Blueprint papers
16. Bond papers
17. Book publishing papers
18. Bottlecap papers
19. Bowstring trusses
20. Boxboards
21. Brazilian rosewood paneling
22. Brushed plywood
23. Business papers
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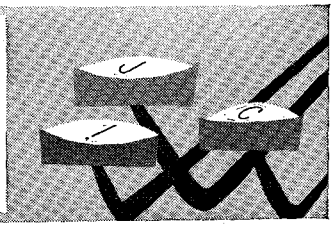

Mailbag: Letters I Wish I Had Mailed

Dear Miss D.:

If you must absolutely have my philosophy of life by next Tuesday in order to get your English report written, I am afraid you will have to brace yourself for a flunk. I doubt I could produce a good one even by next Friday. I have found that it takes me at least two weeks to formulate any adequate set of life principles. Even then it becomes a rush job and is likely to leave some questions partially unanswered.

Yours regretfully,

Mrs. F.L.K.
San Diego, California

Dear Mrs. K.:

It is possible that you and I might find some points of agreement along the way but it would certainly be a mistake to begin with that assumption.

Yours sincerely,

Master Ronald G.
Miss Fifield's Fourth Grade
Rote School
Ad Libit, U.S.A.

Dear Ronald:

You have me confused with Webster's Dictionary. Webster's is that book on Miss Fifield's desk. If you look inside it, you will find words arranged in alphabetical order. That arrangement makes them easy to find, once you have learned to spell.

The words you are looking for are in bold-face type. The lighter type that follows explains where they probably came from and approximately what they mean. It is a simple and workable system and I think you would find it much easier than writing to strangers asking them to explain what is right there on Miss Fifield's desk.

Unless you have been snitching your father's stamps again, it is also five cents cheaper, and that, as you know, is a whole wad of bubble gum.

Once you have discovered how easy it is to use a dictionary, I hope you will explain it to Miss Fifield. I think it would be thoughtful, too, if you saved all that extra bubble gum you will be able to buy, and gave it to Miss Fifield. You might surprise her by sticking it on her chair after you have finished chewing it. I am sure she will be surprised to discover how much you have been able to save just by learning to use the dictionary.

Your friend,

J.C.S., Counselor at Law
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Counselor:

The document I am returning herewith has produced an interesting discussion around the office. My secretary and the girl at the desk next to her think it was intended as a letter, but most of us feel there has been one of those mix-ups in which you put a brief in the envelope addressed to me. If that is the case, I certainly hope you did not put your letter to me in an envelope addressed to a client.

On the other hand, If this compendium was actually written as a letter there cannot be many clients to break in on your free time.

In either case, I hope you will understand why I cannot reply to your specific points in adequate detail. The fact is I read *War and Peace* instead, being a bit rushed for time.

Yours gratefully,

Miss Katy J.
Third Grade
Loch Sitt School
Suburbia, U.S.A.

Dear Katy:

I am sorry I cannot send you a picture of me taken while writing a poem. It takes inspiration, and inspiration is like a huge searchlight: it glows all around the poet and makes him too bright for the camera. One of the reasons poets can afford to be poor is that they can write by inspiration-light and not have an electric light bill to pay.

Your teacher knows all about these things. She has been to college and knows how to glow. Ask her to glow for you. Don't be discouraged if she refuses at first: keep after her and tell her I said she has to show you. I am sure she will finally do it, especially if you scream and stamp your feet. Just make sure you scream loud enough and stamp hard enough. Remember that we sometimes have to work hard for the things we want in this world. In the long run she will admire you for your perseverence.

Your friend and ally,

—JOHN CIARDI.

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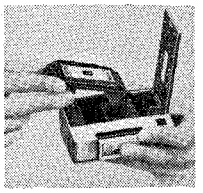

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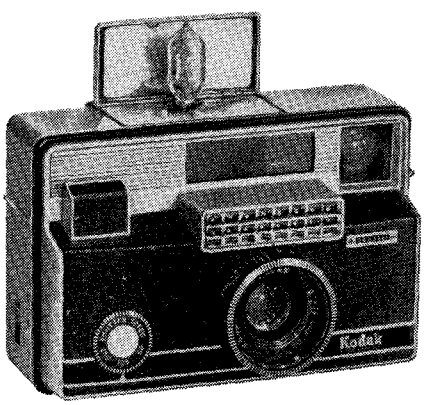

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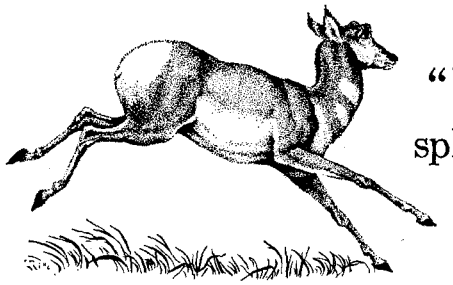

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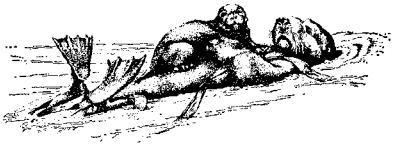

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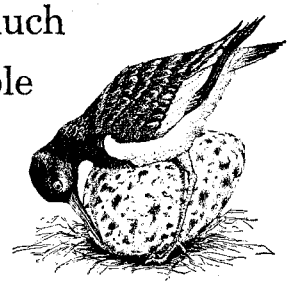

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Saturday Review
April 17, 1965

When Art Becomes Propaganda

Can a Communist artist ever achieve genuine greatness? A distinguished Italian novelist gives his answer—and the philosophical reasons behind it.

By ALBERTO MORAVIA

IT IS one thing to believe and to demonstrate that art is a superstructure but quite another thing to claim that the artist should know this, and base his art on the knowledge. The Marxists always failed to grasp that the artist is unaware of any definition of art lying outside art itself, and that if art accepted any extrinsic definition it would be like a woman describing herself as up for sale. It is surely no accident that explicitly social art is a negligible episode when seen in terms of the history of art throughout the ages; that poetry springs from a sense of its own autonomy; and that determinism of any kind, and not only the economic kind, withers art like an icy blast on a budding flower.

The Marxists aim at a completely social art, with no loopholes and nothing left over. A good example of their aim is the girl who loves the worker because he has surpassed the "norm" of work. They may achieve their aim, but the day they do so they will discover that the "norm" has taken on an erotic character. In art it is nature, not society, that reigns.

When all is said and done, the last word about art rests with the artist. Chicken broth cannot be made without chicken. It can happen that the chicken escapes to the top of the tower and then the pot boils in vain.

When we look at works of art in the Communist countries, we find that the artist's preoccupation is mainly of a practical kind: that of making propaganda for the state ideology, of operating within the law of this ideology, of avoiding anything that could seem discordant with, or indifferent to, this ideology. Why does their preoccupation strike us as differing from, say, the preoccupation of the Italian primitives who, after all, produced Christian art and nothing else? Because the Italian primitives were of necessity Christians *and nothing else*. Whereas the Communists, even today, are capable of not being Communists. In other words, even now choice is still possible and hence, alas, coercion is possible, and even the shadow of coercion is enough to bring about the disappearance of poetry. The Communists will have to conquer the whole world before they have an art worthy of the name.

The theory of art as superstructure we owe to the moment in which Marx wrote his books. A bad moment for art, if a passing one. Two centuries earlier Marx would have found no pretext for his theory. The theory of art as superstructure is bound up with the problem of the industrial production of art and leads to a new social and economic definition of failed art, bad art. Successful art, good art, has no place in it.

The educational value of art is enormous, but it diminishes insofar as art departs from nature. Banish nature from art—nature with its contradictions, its variety, its imagination, its freedom—and you get an art deprived of educational value, whatever the ideology that inspires it. A stay by the seaside gives strength but a stay in a room with a painting of the seaside has no health-giving effects whatsoever.

The present universal collapse of mankind is no more than the outcome of two frightful wars. One need not be a great prophet to foresee that within a century or two mankind will have rediscovered a decent image of itself. But meanwhile mankind is like a filthy, blood-stained drunkard who looks at himself in the mirror and is surprised to find he looks so horrible. According to some, mankind should go on looking at itself in the mirror; according to others, mankind should replace the mirror with a picture of a clean, sober man. Few think it would be better if mankind had a brush-up and a rest. And even those who think this are not prepared to give up either the mirror or the picture.

The artists of the Western countries are shocked and saddened by the art of the Eastern countries. But if instead of being shocked and saddened they reflected for a moment and realized that art exists only inasmuch as Western art exists, they would beat their breasts and say *mea culpa*. The same applies to capitalism in regard to Communism, and in general to every aspect of civilized life in one camp and the other.

THERE are two alternatives: either, as Marxism wants it, art is a superstructure and in that case—as it is normal to proceed from the superstructure to the structure, from the fruit to the tree—we are bound to conclude that the structure in certain Eastern countries today is not as they would have us believe, or else Marxism, where art is concerned, is in error and in that case we are forced to the conclusion that the artists in those countries are not much good.

Political freedom is not a *sine qua non* of great art. Great art has flourished in ages when there was no freedom. But in order to flourish, art has an absolute need of something else: that the social body should be made of the same stuff as the art. If, owing to religious or political fanaticisms, the social body has reduced or suppressed in itself the variety of nature, then art can be as free as you like, but it will not flourish.

Any systematization of art on the basis

This article is a preview of Alberto Moravia's book *Man as an End*, which is scheduled for U.S. publication in late 1965 or early 1966. It appears here through special arrangement with the publisher, Farrar, Straus and Giroux.

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of a theory extrinsic to art itself is, at the least, risky and fraught with delusions. Imagine the opposite for a moment: politics conceived in terms of the dictates of esthetics. In reality such systematizations are dictatorial acts on the part of the predominant activity toward the activities that for the moment seem less important. In this century politics is predominant; hence it would seem logical to infer that all other human activities should be its handmaid. But suppose the political tide were to recede; it would be seen that its ebb had only changed political affairs and left other fields unchanged.

The case of Dostoevsky, whose work is not allowed to be reprinted in his own country, raises the question of ultimate reconciliation with history. Dostoevsky is banned because the game being played by Communism with history has not yet reached its limit. But when will it reach its limit? The day when Dostoevsky is recognized in his own country, as in others, as a very great writer? Or the day when Dostoevsky is no longer mentioned, and even his name has been obliterated from human memory?

The electronics front, the industrial front, the creative writing front, the cinema front . . . how often have we seen works of poetry put on the same plane and in some way identified with those of engineering and mechanics! Yet it remains that after thirty years or more of Communism, the Soviet State can present the world with gigantic public works but not with a *War and Peace* or a *Boris Godunov* that, on the scale of greatness, are poetical equivalents of the public works. Why? Is it because, unlike the workers and the engineers, the artists have been sabotaging production? Or could we be dealing with two different fronts, in the first of which planning and directives are valid, whereas in the second validity comes from the absence of planning and directives?

THE hidden vice of so-called socialist realism is, briefly, that it is realist about everything except socialism. And, as in some countries socialism is everything, socialist realism is often not realist at all. Now realism has to be total, with no restrictions imposed by consideration, respect, compromise, convention, or anything else. Societies in the past, whether feudal, bourgeois, slave-trading, or patriarchal, were capable at their best of expressing this sort of realism. But a society that cannot, will not, and does not know how to see itself as it really is, is incapable of doing so.

Class art or official art corresponds pretty accurately to the baser concept of art proposed by the Marxists—art as superstructure. The Communists are only too ready to declare that class art or official art or art as superstructure will cease to exist once the classless society has been achieved. Why is it, then, that art in Eastern countries, perhaps more than anywhere else, reveals such notorious aspects of class art or official art or art as superstructure? There seems no doubt as to the answer: it is because art does not need a revolution to be real art. All that is needed is that the artist himself, and by himself, should attain the sphere where there are no classes, nor ever were, nor ever will be—the sphere of poetry. Art in the Eastern countries has such marked characteristics of class art because the proletariat in those countries still sees itself as proletariat or a class, and has not yet rediscovered mankind in itself—mankind old or new but anyway classless.

The relationship between art and society is not of a moral or moralizing order, as all those who attach a negative meaning to the word "decadence" would like to suppose. It is of a biological order. Art bears a relationship not to the morality of a society but to its vitality.

Art is memory, propaganda is prophecy. But in the past prophets always prophesied disaster. The great novelty is having optimistic prophets.

If art is a superstructure, how in the

world can it outlive the structure? Why do we still read *The Iliad*, which is a superstructure, so they say, on archaic Greek feudalism? What guarantees eternal life to the superstructure? And why is the transitory structure accorded more importance than the enduring superstructure?

Who is going to deny that the Communist ideas on art are on the mark? The very term "socialist realism" contains an irrefutable critical reflection: art has always been realist or it has not been art and it has always been bound up directly or indirectly with the dominant ideology. So realism is inseparable from art, or at least from European art, and so is ideology. What, then, is odd about the socialist state asking the artists to produce socialist realism? In our view the oddity consists in the fact that, unlike the Church and other totalitarian organisms of the past, the socialist state knows these things, having a very developed critical and historical awareness. In this sense the socialist state, with its intellectual and pragmatist tendencies, participates in the dialectic of decadence.

Having said all this, we must now point out that art does not really interest Communism. This is proved by the simplicity of Marxist ideology in matters of art. This is all the more apparent if compared with the complexity of Marxist theories on social and economic problems. Marxism is uninterested in art as, let us say, it is uninterested in religion. The difference between the Marxist attitude toward art and the Marxist attitude toward religion is that whereas Marxism wants to take the place of religion, it merely wants to make use of art. And in fact all Marxist theories of art concern not so much art in its inner being as art in its relationship to society and the state. In other words, they concern the uses of art.

A novel describes a battle. The description of the battle does not please the rulers of a certain Eastern country. The novel is thus recast according to the rulers' specifications. What strikes one most about such a recasting in accord with authority is not the docility of the writer, nor yet the tyranny of the rulers. What strikes one most is the domination of an idea of artifice, rationality, technics, and manufacture over one of poetry, inspiration, originality, and creativity; that is, the domination of a classical idea (or at least an idea in tendency classical) over a romantic one. It is as if an esthetic system that to all appearances had seen its day had started developing again.

It is astonishing to see writers and critics in the West, those with the Marxist faith, rising up to defend art from the Eastern countries on which their views could be expected to be severe. When this happens there is talk of party discipline. But in my view we are dealing with a substitution which these people have made in the depths of their souls—the substitution of ideology for reality. For Communists, ideology is reality, and what ordinary people call reality is nothing at all. If reality fails to confirm the ideology, so much the worse for reality. Nor can we say that such Communist writers and critics are wrong, at least from a psychological point of view. With them the substitution probably happened in dramatic circumstances, as with all conversions. At such moments the ideology genuinely is reality—were it not, the conversion could not take place. Later, when confronted with art or any other human activity or manifestation, they reproduce easily and almost automatically what happened with pain and anguish at the time of conversion.

The Communists always present their ideas on art in strict corelation with their economic and social theories, and merge the two. So anyone who approves of the economic and social theories of Com-

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munism, whether partially or wholly, is led to approve of the esthetic ideas also, or at least to view them with favor. And this inevitably leads to the acceptance of a rude and simplicist conception of art. For though art may perfectly well have a proletarian content, its formal and technical pattern is bound up with maturity in taste. This fact has never been disproved in history and, whatever its content, art has always been a late and aristocratic product. For the truth is that art always appears at the apex of a civilization—it is the final flower of the human plant. The barbarians who flocked into Italy in the Dark Ages no doubt had plenty to say, but they said it when, precisely, they were no longer barbarians. In the same way the proletariat (above all in countries where social slumber was accompanied by biological slumber) no doubt has plenty to say, but it will say it only when it has the capacity to do so, when it has ceased to be a proletariat.

IT IS a mistake to suppose that socialist realism in the Eastern countries has prevented the appearance of a new Michelangelo or, at least, of a new Picasso. If the socialist regime in those countries were suddenly supplanted by a liberal one, the artists might well imitate the Western artists (though this is not certain), but they would certainly not surpass the rather low artistic level of their present production. For in those countries the revolution has resulted in decapitating the cultivated class, and now rulers and people form one single bloc with the same tastes, the same outlook, and the same degree of culture. The leaders in those countries view art no differently from the workers and the peasants. The works of art they select for the admiration of the people are the ones that in all sincerity they themselves prefer. Something similar happens in all revolutions. Even the French Revolution, which brought such a long-prepared and cultivated class as the bourgeoisie to power at the beginning of the nineteenth century, produced a crude and transient form of art—early romanticism. In this perspective we should judge the decadent tendencies that followed as a systemization in a classical sense of that early romanticism.

The Communists can never be brought to admit that the works of art of the Eastern countries are of little artistic value, and how could they? They do not believe in the true but in the credible, not in nature but in reason, not in reality but in ideology, not in poetry but in artifice, not in creative spontaneity but in constructive will. To be sure, they will produce art in the end, but this will be in spite of themselves.

The Communists seem to advocate classical art. We say "seem" because nothing is certain in a regime as certain as a dictatorship, even a dictatorship of the proletariat. Hence when the Communists set out from the Marxist presupposition that every society, in the moment of its highest functionality and historical necessity, expresses an art that is perfectly objective and realist without reserve or compromise, evasion or incompleteness—in a word, a classical art—they are really contrasting their moment of high noon with the sunset or decadence of every other country, a decadence whose expression lies in an unhealthily subjective, incomplete, abstract, evasive, and reticent art—a decadent art. It is obvious that in this case the distinction between poetry and non-poetry falls to the ground and is replaced by the distinction between classicism and decadence, or between completeness and incompleteness, or, in other words, between the society's greater or lesser courage, capacity, and will to represent itself as it is in all its aspects, even negative ones, and to recognize itself in this representation, make use of it, and turn it into an instrument of improvement and progress. Hence, once again, there is no question of poetry and non-poetry but, on one and the same level, of total or partial poetry, of classical or decadent representation. But inasmuch as Communist society claims to be the heir to all the societies of history, and their crowning glory, it should give rise to the most classical and complete art that could ever be imagined, and this indefinitely and without any interruption. In this way we see how, in the Communist ideology, there is no place for even the smallest negation of reality. Everything is spun out on the thread of logic, everything is rational. Communism cannot fail to produce the perfect society, and the perfect society cannot fail to produce the highest form of art. In such circumstances the artist who wants to argue with Communism seems like an advocate of the irrational or of nothingness, not to say of evil.

It is not easy to see why, once he has accepted and confirmed the autonomy of the fact of language, a given Eastern statesman should not do the same for the autonomy of the fact of art. It is not easy to see why, but we can make a guess. Language, as our statesman has to admit, is neither bourgeois nor socialist; like a locomotive, it is a means, whereas art can be, and is, an end. But there can be no end save that of the socialist revolution.

Why socialist realism and not, for instance, neoclassicism? Because the last objective form of art in Europe was naturalist. States, whatever people may say, are never in the *avant garde*.

THERE is no relationship between the alienation of the worker and the alienation of the artist. The worker is alienated because, in the economy of the market, he is a piece of goods like any other and as such he is defrauded of his surplus value, or of what represents his value as a man, whereas the artist creates an object that has no market (or, if it has, it is not that of necessities that always have a market) and no real price in money or kind. The artist receives the price of his work of art in creating it. In other words, when he hands his book over to the publisher, his music to the conductor, or his painting to the art dealer, the artist has already been paid and whatever he receives after that is a bonus. Hence the alienation of the artist consists in the total or partial prevention of his expression, or of his true relationship with society.

The force of the Communist polemic about art lies less in its own tenets than in the funereal and suicidal character of most Western art. For the Communists

(*Continued on page* 63)

"Actually, with me it's not so much the heat, it's that awful sulphur smell."

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Where Have All the Young Men Gone?

By NORMAN MOSS

—*Wide World.*

Ban the Bomb March in England—"nothing quite like it."

LONDON.

ON EASTER MONDAY four years ago, some 60,000 people packed Trafalgar Square, in the center of London, for a demonstration that they hoped would shake the world. Their slogan, expressed in a forest of banners, was a simple one: "Ban the Bomb."

This year at Eastertime there will be another demonstration in Trafalgar Square. As in former years, though not last year, it will climax a weekend march of protest behind "Ban the Bomb" slogans. But no one thinks that 60,000 people will be in Trafalgar Square this time. The organizers, the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, will be lucky if there are 5,000.

The growth of this remarkable movement was a reflection of the world's thermonuclear predicament at the time. Its present senescence is a reflection of another not very comforting situation. For most people now, there are just too many bombs to ban.

Yet the ban-the-bomb movement in Britain was a unique phenomenon and an important one. There has been nothing quite like it anywhere else in the world. It is a special product of the British circumstance and the British conscience.

The movement had its beginnings back in 1955, after the Bikini H-bomb test and the U.N. report on fallout. By then, the really bad news about the atomic age had reached the suburbs. In the middle-class northern fringes of London, some women's organizations, outraged to learn that the world's babies were being born with Strontium 90 in their bones, formed a National Council Against Nuclear Weapons Tests.

In January 1958, a few months after Britain added its own H-bomb to the world's worries, Kingsley Martin, editor of the *New Statesman*, brought several public figures together with the leaders of this council at a private meeting, to form the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. Canon Collins, the crusading Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, was the Chairman. Kingsley Martin, J. B. Priestley, Bertrand Russell, Michael Foot, the left-wing member of Parliament, and Professor Joseph Rotblat, Los Alamos alumnus and Pugwash organizer, were among the sponsors. Its first public meeting was attended by more than 2,000 people.

Curiously, though, it was not this high-powered body that created the real outlet for public feeling. It was a small group of pacifists and others who formed, quite unheeded, a Direct Action Committee Against Nuclear War. The chairman was Hugh Brock, the Quaker editor of a British pacifist weekly, a gangling, large-boned, gentle man.

They decided to stage a protest march over the four days of Easter, from London to the British nuclear weapons plant at Aldermaston, fifty miles away. They hoped that fifty or sixty people would take part and in this way get it into the newspapers.

They laid plans and posted bills. To their surprise, several hundred people promised support.

"The revolution always takes the revolutionaries by surprise," wrote Blanqui, the French prophet of revolt. The Direct Action Committee uttered a frail but passionate cry in the wilderness, and the thunderous response astounded them.

Five thousand people gathered in Trafalgar Square on Good Friday morning, 1958. Four thousand marched through the streets in a two-mile column. By the end of the march on Easter Monday, 10,000 people were standing in a wet and chilly field opposite the barbed wire perimeter of the Aldermaston plant to hear the speeches. Something new had happened.

From the first day, Canon Collins marched ahead of the column in his canonical gown, and the CND with its big names took over. The Aldermaston March became an annual Easter event all over the world. Demonstrators in other countries even used the Aldermaston Marchers' symbol: the semaphor sign for N and D (standing for "nuclear disarmament") in a circle, white on black.

Why here? And why now? Why was there this explosion of feeling at this particular time and place in the world's unease?

Apart from world-wide nuclear and Cold War fears, there were particular local factors:

1. The previous year's Defense White Paper, produced by the then British Defense Minister, Duncan Sandys. This may be the most remarkable government statement on defense ever issued anywhere. It is certainly the most honest. It said quite baldly that if Britain got into a thermonuclear war, its forces could not defend the British people. They would devote their efforts to defending the airfields, so that even if the population were

Norman Moss is a free-lance writer who lives in London.

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wiped out, British bombers could drop their load on the enemy and, presumably, have a chance to win some kind of victory on points. Those Britons who dismissed the ban-the-bomb marchers for a lack of hard-headed realism should have found Mr. Sandys's idea of defense practically metaphysical.

2. The unique power position of Britain in the world. Britain had a nuclear bomb. Her moral problem was a real one, and she could act out a solution that she chose. It was not a theoretical problem about what *other* people should do. However, Britain was a second-class nuclear power and was not primarily responsible for deciding the fate of the world. She could afford the luxury of moral evaluation.

3. The spread of nuclear weapons. Britain had just joined the thermonuclear set, and France intended to join. But if Britain pulled out immediately, this might induce others to draw back from the abyss. This moment in time seemed to some like a crossroads for the world.

4. The Anglo-Saxon Protestant conscience, which is rooted deep in the English character. This involves a melodramatic rather than a tragic view of life, insisting on the ability and even the obligation of each individual to separate good from evil and choose his side.

5. The climate of Britain at the time. This was post-Suez Britain, a time of confusion, skepticism, and disillusionment, a time of emigration. It was a time when the first postwar generation came of age. It was the time of John Osborne's breakthrough in the theater, of *Look Back in Anger* and the angry young men. "There are no good, brave causes left any more," complained Jimmy Porter in *Look Back in Anger*, thinking back to the Spanish Civil War. Well, here was a cause, and it seemed like a good one and a brave one. And lots of Jimmy Porters and their duffel-coated girl friends threw themselves behind it.

MANY others as well. Walking on these marches were stolid couples forcing back grins of British embarrassment at this display of public feeling, young parents pushing baby carriages as proud proof of their concern, extravagantly dressed eccentrics, and homey, old-fashioned socialists. They shared a moral enthusiasm, a certainty of the rightness of their cause, and a camaraderie that many today recall nostalgically.

There were fellow travelers on all these marches and demonstrations. A fellow-traveling tone crept into a lot of the speeches, through a kind of wishful thinking. If you are arguing, in effect, that it is better to be Red than dead, it is easy to slide over into saying that whereas being dead is awful, being Red is not really all that bad.

There was also a left-wing philistinism with its scornful talk of "these politicians," its vast oversimplifying of the problems of means and ends, its rejection of subtleties and necessary abstractions in favor of "common sense."

One also heard ordinary people questioning semi-articulately the whole meaning of politics and political action in this thermonuclear age. They were taking a fresh, worried look at the standard tokens of political intercourse—country, freedom, victory, defeat—to see what they represented in this new situation in the hard currency of human life and happiness.

"I fought for my country in the war, but that sort of thing doesn't seem to make sense any more." "What are those H-bombs supposed to be defending?" One heard a lot of remarks like these.

The movement began by being apolitical. But there were questions that seemed to demand answers, and the activists felt that they had to take sides.

The first national CND conference, shortly before the second march, adopted a platform that called for unilateral nuclear disarmament by Britain *and* withdrawal from NATO. This did not immediately affect the character of the demonstrations. But later they came to be identified with the left wing of the Labor Party. For a while it seemed that CND aimed at converting not the whole nation but the Labor Party, then in opposition.

They thought briefly that they had succeeded. At the 1960 annual Labor Party conference at Scarborough, the party came out for unilateral nuclear disarmament, over the fierce opposition of the party leader, Hugh Gaitskell. Some of us who attended that historic conference as reporters still savor, as one particular bizarre episode, the memory of Canon Collins, in full ecclesiastical regalia, leading a procession along the Scarborough waterfront chanting, "Gaitskell must go!"

But the vote was a fluke, to be reversed at the next annual conference, and it never became active party policy.

After this, the Aldermaston March became something of an all-purpose left-wing ritual. Its makeup became younger. The dominant mood of the first march was outraged parenthood. By the fourth, it was adolescent revolt.

But its numbers continued to swell each year, to 60,000 in 1961. To achieve greater impact, the CND staged the marches from Aldermaston to London, so as to have a massive climax in the heart of the capital.

Throughout this time, another movement ran parallel to the CND, with the same aims and overlapping membership. This was the anti-bomb civil disobedience movement.

Again, Hugh Brock's Direct Action Committee showed the way for less humble men to follow. They organized peaceful invasions of the American Thor rocket bases that were being set up in Eastern England. Participants were sent to prison. It was the Committee of 100 that put civil disobedience right on the map for the first time since suffragette days. At the suggestion of Ralph Schoenmann, a Californian student at the University of London, Bertrand Russell and a few others sought out well-known people who believed that the world's peril transcended any obligation to civil law.

CONFIDENTIAL letters were sent out to people who might be sympathetic. Among those who formed the Committee of 100, as they decided to call it, were the playwrights John Osborne, Robert Bolt, and Arnold Wesker, the actress Vanessa Redgrave, and the poet Christopher Logue. More impressive still, thousands of solid bourgeois citizens followed the committee's appeals; they sat down time and time again and blocked the Queen's highways in the middle of London. On one single day, police arrested 1,140 people, an all-time record. Eminent committee members were sent to prison, Lord Russell among them. Full-time officials served sentences of a year or more.

But law-breaking has its own momentum; in time, the means came to overshadow the aim. The demonstrations attracted more and more guitar-carrying, shaggy-haired youngsters who found in politics rather than art a *rationale* for their bohemianism.

The movement also acquired its own youthful *lumpen proletariat*, who used the demonstrations to snarl, jeer, and shout obscenities at the police, to the distress of the organizers. These drove away some of the bourgeois elements.

Support began to fall off. As it did so, the fellow travelers played a larger role.

Both the CND and the Committee of 100 organized demonstrations against the visit to London of the Greek King and Queen, rallying behind a British woman Communist whose husband was in prison in Greece. This produced still more desertions, and an admission afterward by Canon Collins that he had erred.

The passage of time and the continued survival of the human race have also taken some of the drive out of the movement. "Act now or perish!" Lord Russell cried. But this is not a warning that can be repeated over many years.

A CND member, Nicholas Walter, faced the position squarely when he wrote, "The chief single cause of the decline [in support] is surely that most people are bored with it, and have learned to stop worrying and, if not actually love, at least live with, the bomb."

CNDers had to learn to live with the

(*Continued on page* 43)

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The Greatest Discovery

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial is by Daniel Lang, a member of The New Yorker staff. It is adapted from his book "An Inquiry Into Enoughness," which McGraw-Hill has scheduled for publication next month.*

IF OUR ERA has a theme, it is that we are trying to stay alive. It takes individuals to do this, just as it takes individuals to die. This point, in my opinion, is often lost on us. Many of us carry around only the Big Picture, even though our faces and those of our children are missing from it. We tend to think in terms of ever more powerful bombs, all of them abstrusely named—nuclear, thermonuclear, cobalt, neutron. "Clean" bombs, "dirty" bombs, intercontinental missiles, space satellites tipped with warheads—these are the images that spin in our minds when we feel up to contemplating the state of the world. So formidable is the swirl of modern weaponry that few of us dare to stop and wonder whether our lives—our personal lives—are being helped or hurt by what is going on. A subtle disowning of our own creations is at work, as though we ordinary mortals couldn't possibly have anything to do with such matters. They are unreal to us, and our impulse is to surrender to the ways of magic, like savages staring at lightning.

The possibility that the reasoned, calculated works of our scientific age are being mistaken for magic is, of course, a huge irony. The last guise in which most scientists care to appear is that of magicians. They know that this can only make for a public, untutored and gaping, whose mesmerization is as likely to end in boos as in cheers. This sort of audience, as they also know, is hardly congenial to science, which thrives in an environment of intelligence. Indeed, intelligence is its stock in trade; without it, the scientific method would be nothing. One scientist of my acquaintance, for example, speaks of the scientific method as simply "the good manners of the mind—the rejection of shadow for substance, of dilemma for solution." The broad point that such men are trying to make (and it is not new) is that science should be looked upon as a way of thinking, a pervasive influence that encompasses the biochemist diligently decoding our genetic molecules and also, say, the musicologist establishing the authenticity of a chorale said to have been composed by Johann Sebastian Bach.

Scientists are no longer the novel figures they were twenty years ago, directly after the attack on Hiroshima, but I doubt that the public has yet ceased to think of them as wonder men. With the obliteration of Hiroshima, the popular notion of scientists—and of all intellectuals—altered radically, at least in the United States. The conception of them as addled oddballs went by the board. For their tangible feat of clobbering the enemy with finality, a grateful America awarded them the Order of Solid Citizenship, promising never again to doubt that they could meet a payroll. The view persists, I believe, that scientists are the owners of a super Sunday punch, the fellows who can always be counted on to come in and put out the fire. But the new image, like the old one, scarcely takes into account the grandeur of the human intellect, its pliancy, its gift for abstraction and synthesization.

This picture of scientists, of course, is not an immutable one. It is already being corrected, I suspect, by the spread of scientific education. Further, as the complexity of unsolved problems and the dangers they present grow more apparent, increasing numbers of people may develop a fresh reliance on the breadth and usefulness of intellectual processes. I hope this day isn't long in arriving, for the sooner it comes, the sooner will the true extent of the scientists' mission become clear: it is, I submit, to teach not only the supreme necessity of the brain but also its inadequacy. The great discovery of the scientific age, I believe, will be ourselves, and it will take all the rational powers of science to show that our salvation lies beyond the rational, at least as we now conceive it. Those powers, I venture to predict, will succeed in solving a wide variety of difficult problems, scientific and social, but new problems will continue to be sighted, like unexpected types of elementary particles. Gradually, it appears to me, we may come to see that final answers are impossible without the play and ascendancy of the human spirit, whose variousness can be comprehended, if at all, only in terms of individuals. We have been caused at long last to face our own primacy, and so be it. Our potential murderers and deliverers are at large, individuals with names and addresses and, very likely, insurance policies.

IN the end, I suppose, the hinge of fate will turn on the ability of people everywhere to do away with suspicion and learn a feeling of trust in each other, which, alas, has more than ever become a form of courage. I would not presume to guess whether this will come to pass before it is too late, but one needn't be a prophet to say that a happy ending is hardly guaranteed. There are scientists, in fact, who assert that even if we conduct ourselves with the utmost intelligence and a full sense of accountability, nature herself will see to our demise. They speak of the phenomenon of life as "a temporary accident," holding that, millennia hence, our planet will be a burnt-out or frozen relic and that life will then be no more existent than it was in the earth's earliest geological ages. Reflecting on this ultimate prospect some years ago, the renowned mathematician Norbert Wiener wrote, "In a very real sense we are shipwrecked passengers on a doomed planet. Yet even in a shipwreck, human decencies and human values do not necessarily vanish, and we must make the most of them. We shall go down, but let it be in a manner to which we may look forward as worthy of our dignity." —DANIEL LANG.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Right to Know

IT HAS BEEN a tradition of free societies, particularly ours, that given the full and accurate facts the people can decide what is best and right for themselves and their nation. This premise appears to have been sidetracked by our government where U.S. actions in South Vietnam are concerned.

N.C.'s editorial "How America Can Help Vietnam" [*SR*, Mar. 20] prompts me to make this point. He closed his editorial by suggesting that "a combination of objective thinking and moral imagination might yet save Vietnam and provide a tonic for both the national pride and the national conscience." I could not agree more. To my way of thinking, however, capricious censorship, and that's what it is, as practiced by U.S. military men in South Vietnam also goes against the conscience of all Americans. Reporters in South Vietnam have in recent days told of these developments:

1. Five reporters were arrested inside the U.S. Marine compound at Da Nang, the strategic air base near the North Vietnam frontier. A military spokesman said there had been a misunderstanding and the reporters were released.

2. Six weeks after the Pentagon said it was working on a pool of correspondents to join the U.S. Seventh Fleet and report activities of American naval pilots, a group of correspondents was flown to the aircraft carrier *Ranger* for a one-day visit. A staff of twenty-three carefully briefed "escort officers" stayed with the reporters during the visit.

3. Latest reports are that an "escorting officer" must accompany each reporter admitted to the Da Nang air base.

4. Interviews with U.S. pilots in South Vietnam must be arranged on an individual basis with the "escort officer" present who is assigned to monitor the interview.

5. Reporters have been barred from U.S. military clubs and restaurants both at Da Nang air base and in the town of Da Nang.

6. Pilots flying outside South Vietnam are instructed not to talk to reporters.

Since the United States Congress has not declared a state of war and has not invoked military censorship, what right does the U.S. military have to take such action administratively? The answer is, of course, that they have no right to do so if they are dedicated to carrying out their duties as representatives of a free society.

Military men will, I know from experience, establish censorship regulations based upon the flimsiest reasoning. They frequently make the assumption that they know best what the American public should be told. I don't believe I need to put a label on that type of thinking. My point is that such censorship violates not only America's national conscience; it also violates the very principles that U.S. military men fight to uphold.

The solution, it appears to me, is for every American citizen to express his outrage at such censorship practices by communicating with his U.S. Senators and Representatives by telephone, telegraph, and letter.

HAL D. STEWARD,
Lieutenant Colonel,
U.S. Army (Retired).

San Diego, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"The idea came to me while I was dancing with Wesley."

Attack on Smog

AS THE AUTHOR of stringent anti-smog legislation now moving through the California State Legislature, I was most interested in Donald Carr's article on air pollution [*SR*, Feb. 27]. I hope we are not working in Mr. Carr's "vast beehive of costly activism," but that our new legislation will result in an effective solution of at least that portion of smog that is caused by motor vehicles.

One of Mr. Carr's comments needs clarification, and that pertains to his charge of "the lack of attention paid to nitrogen oxides." We in the California Legislature share Mr. Carr's concern about the increased part played by nitrogen oxides in photochemical smog reaction. The California State Department of Public Health has been working to establish ambient air quality standards for nitrogen oxides, and I have introduced a resolution requesting the Department to establish these standards at the earliest possible time in order to define the maximum allowable emissions of these potentially dangerous pollutants. We hope these standards will be established this year so we might break through what Mr. Carr has categorized as "an absurd impasse" and reduce the production of nitrogen oxides within maximum legal limits. . . .

RANDOLPH COLLIER,
California State Senator.

Yreka, Calif.

How to Get There

AS USUAL, I enjoyed Goodman Ace's TOP OF MY HEAD column in the February 27 issue. However, I am astonished that Mr. Ace, living, as he probably does, in or around New York City, is not familiar with the method of inducing cab drivers to take him anywhere he wants to go within the city limits.

Taxis are licensed and required, under their license, to take a fare anywhere within the city limits. Refusal to do so subjects the driver, upon complaint to the Hack Bureau, to a penalty. I have had two occasions when it was necessary to report a driver to the Hack Bureau. In each instance, the penalty was being "set down on the street" for a week. This means that he could not drive his cab for that period. In addition to that, he was obliged to attend a hearing, which cost him about a half-day of driving.

I regard the taxi as a public carrier, exactly the same as a bus, train, or subway, and, fortunately, so does the City of New York. If more people reported cab drivers instead of accepting their refusals, the taxi situation would be much improved.

M. M. REID.

Wailuku, Hawaii

Affirmative Votes

THANK YOU FOR your new series, CLASSICS REVISITED, by Kenneth Rexroth. I hope that you will consider making this a permanent feature of *SR*.

(The Rev.) JAMES P. DALE,
Seminole Methodist Church.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

I WOULD LIKE TO cast a quiet but most earnest vote for more, more, *ad infinitum*, of your new series, CLASSICS REVISITED.

MRS. KEITH GERRARD.

Seattle, Wash.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Readers' reactions to the series, we are happy to report, have been excellent, and Mr. Rexroth is currently revisiting still other classics.*

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

This, Too, Is New Orleans

NEW ORLEANS.

"MUSIC ROCKEFELLER" may never rival in popularity the oyster delicacy of the same family name that originated at a celebrated local eatery named Antoine's, but it is symptomatic of the time that a family that has long been associated with such a gourmet delight has now become affiliated with esoterica of quite a different sort. That is a project to lengthen, through the performance of contemporary music, the season of a number of orchestras across the country, including the New Orleans Philharmonic.

The way it works was demonstrated in this city during the first week of April when the men and women directed by Werner Torkanowsky gathered their mutes and bows from the downtown hall in which they usually perform and moved out to McAllister Auditorium on the campus of nearby Tulane University. Thanks to funds provided by the Rockefeller Foundation, the week has been spent in rehearsing a covey of contemporary works and performing them at a pair of public concerts on the campus. With the provisions for symposia attended by such a visiting critic as this one, the payment to the orchestra personnel for improving its skill in performing music of more than ordinary difficulty, and the admission of the public to all the events, the agreement was general that New Orleans had never experienced anything like it before.

This is hardly surprising, for with the exception of a not quite similar period on the campus of the University of Chicago last month, no other community has, either. Still to come, however, are similar affiliations of orchestras in universities in seven other cities. Each, no doubt, will have some regional trait, which is all to the good. In the case of New Orleans, it comes from the vista to the south, which accounts for its identification as "America's Gateway to Latin America."

Of the numerous scores perused by Torkanowsky and his collaborators at Tulane, two that survived elimination were the work of Blas Galindo, Mexico's hope for a composer of stature to succeed to the prominence of Carlos Chavez, and Claudio Santoro, a rising star in the sky over Brasilia. The others, by Americans, ranged from the postgraduate level to the established rank of Benjamin Lees. In every case, the sounds were new to the American symphonic repertory and, in some cases, to the composers themselves. This, too, served an end by advancing the younger composers' understanding of the difference between what they wrote and what they thought they wrote.

No such problem concerned Santoro or Galindo, both mature men well schooled in their craft. In the case of the forty-six-year-old Santoro, he had been in and out of several "schools" on the way to producing this Seventh Symphony. In his twenties he was part of the *Ecole Schönberg*, but this passed in the aftermath of studies with Nadia Boulanger and a trip to Russia. He now considers himself a "people's composer." His Seventh Symphony is as assimilable as Shostakovitch, with the good, honest bread of rhythm dotted here and there by a tune which, raisin-like, provides a measure of flavor to the mixture. This can hardly be called subtle or profound music, but it conveys an exultation in the handling of tonal masses and orchestral color which is, of itself, stimulating. Galindo, whose Flute Concerto was skilfully performed by Harriet Edwards, the orchestra's first-chair lady, has a more ascetic manner as well as rather drier matter to convey. The only count against him might be that, in terms of its solo instrument, his work is somewhat overwritten.

Of the other works on this first program, there was a promise of fluency and a good musical disposition in the Concert Overture of Roger Dickerson. Though it dates to 1957, and its allegiances to Hindemith have since vanished from his credo, its performance probably returned more of a dividend to Dickerson than to any other composer performed on this occasion. A native of New Orleans, Dickerson typifies a new strain among Negro composers; he was reared in the local tradition, played jazz piano in the Quarter while going to school, and nevertheless commands the contemporary symphony orchestra with a good deal of persuasion. It is a mingling of strains that might produce a distinctive new offshoot one of these years. The final set of *Miniatures* for percussion and orchestra by William Kraft revealed a lively talent for a lighter, Leroy Andersonish kind of writing in this principal percussionist of the Los Angeles Philharmonic.

Further comment may be limited to the recollection that it has long been said that the world's bravest man was the one who first ate an oyster. High on the list of his successors must be put the man who decided that "Music Rockefeller" was a valid, viable idea. They aren't lining up outside of McAllister Auditorium as they do outside of Antoine's, but for those who are as indoctrinated as that pioneer oyster eater, an all-important first bite has been taken.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

BSO Schönberg, Prevedi

NEW YORK.

ARNOLD SCHÖNBERG'S Violin Concerto of 1936 used to strike this listener as a wild, adventurous study in the musical avant-garde—a work more for the future than for the present. When Joseph Silverstein recently played it at Carnegie Hall with Erich Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony, however, it sounded like an exercise in introspection, and definitely a work of the past.

The change, no doubt, has a lot to do with the passage of time and the farther-out sounds to which our ears have become conditioned in the interim. But one suspects it also has something to do with the kind of performance molded by the Bostonians: a tidy, incredibly lucid one that stressed the work's classical structure and minimized its complexities.

In making Schönberg sound easy, the Messrs. Leinsdorf and Silverstein also made him sound tame. Together, conductor and soloist brought out subtle nuances previously buried in muddier textures. They even illuminated broad melodic lines in a work often judged *anti*-melodic. Unfortunately, the muted clarity of the performance also served to expose a weakness in Schönberg's design; it left the listener free to take note of the concerto's lack of harmonic tension and the absence of significant contrasts between the movements.

As if to compensate for the restraint of his Schönberg, Leinsdorf returned after intermission with his heart on his sleeve. The switch was not too prudent, however, because the post-intermission vehicle was Mahler's Sixth Symphony. This late-romantic epic has enough emotionalism built into it to make subjective indulgence on the part of the conductor seem both redundant and embarrassing.

The Metropolitan's umpteenth *Aïda* of the season gave Bruno Prevedi a chance to prove that an excellent Cavaradossi does not necessarily qualify a tenor for the more strenuous duties of Radames. Prevedi began negatively by forcing his way through a bitonal "Celeste Aïda," and he never seemed to regain his composure. The Nile Scene culminated in a tug-of-war over tempo with conductor William Steinberg. Predictably, Steinberg won, but general sloppiness and erratic music-making were the fruits of his victory.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Novels of Nine Lives

IN THE first paragraph of *The Landscape of Nightmare* (New York University Press, $5) Jonathan Baumbach denies that the novel is either dead or dying, and, to support his argument, he names twenty-two postwar novelists that seem to him interesting and important. Nine of these novelists he has selected for scrutiny, devoting himself primarily to one novel by each:

> I have chosen to concentrate my discussion on Robert Penn Warren's *All the King's Men* (1946), Saul Bellow's *The Victim* (1947), J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye* (1951), Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* (1953), Flannery O'Connor's *Wise Blood* (1957), Bernard Malamud's *The Assistant* (1957), William Styron's *Lie Down in Darkness* (1951), Edward Lewis Wallant's *The Pawnbroker* (1961), and Wright Morris's *Ceremony in Lone Tree* (1960). If one had to abstract from these novels a unifying concern, a characteristic seriousness, it would be Dostoevskian, the confrontation of man with the objectification of his primordial self and his exemplary spiritual passage from innocence to guilt to redemption. This theme of guilt and redemption, because of its centrality and resonance, seems to me a useful critical focus with which to approach what I believe to be the most significant of the post-Second-World-War American Novels.

The choice of novelists is interesting. Four of the nine are currently high in critical esteem: Bellow, Ellison, Malamud, and Miss O'Connor. (Writing before the publication of *Herzog*, Baumbach called Bellow "our most valuable living novelist, an adventurous talent of extraordinary resources of vision.") The other five selections are less conventional. Wallant, I am ashamed to say, I knew nothing about until a few months ago, when a reader of *SR* introduced me to *The Human Season*. (Wallant died in 1962 at the age of thirty-six, having written four novels, two of which were published posthumously.) Wright Morris, as I recently lamented (*SR*, Feb. 20), has never received the attention he deserves, and it is gratifying to read Baumbach's high estimate of his work. Warren and Salinger have been slipping out of favor, the former because his work has declined in quality, the latter because his reputation was over-extended. As for Styron, the critics have not known where to have him, especially since the publication of *Set This House on Fire*.

Although he naturally is aware of and takes into account other works by the authors in question, Baumbach limits himself pretty much to the books named. What he is, above all else, is a close reader, eager to catch an author's subtlest meaning. Sometimes he seems over-ingenious, but not often; and he reads with a generosity of spirit that is rare in textual criticism.

A GOOD reader such as Baumbach happily invites a certain amount of considered disagreement. I am sure, for instance, that he is right in insisting that *All the King's Men* is a novel about guilt rather than a novel about politics, but to me it seems important to point out that, in addition to whatever else he has done, Warren has beaten the political novelists, such as John Dos Passos, at their own game. In order to make a case for Saul Bellow's *The Victim*, which is indeed a fine novel, Baumbach has, from my point of view, underestimated *Augie March*. He says that the crucial flaw of Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* is "its inconsistency of method, its often violent transformation from a kind of detailed surface realism in which possibility is limited to the context of ordinary, everyday experiences to an allegorical world of almost endless imaginative possibilities." But it seems to me that Ellison's blending of realism with fantasy and allegory is his great triumph. Baumbach also speaks of Wright Morris's concern with "the castrating female, the castrated male," but I feel that Morris has gone way beyond such post-Freudian clichés.

However much one may disagree with this interpretation or that, one is always conscious that Baumbach has read carefully and intelligently, and each of his nine chapters is stimulating. Fiction in this postwar period does not readily yield its meanings, and Baumbach's analyses challenge us, if we do

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not agree with him, to read even more deeply.

There is also the problem of Baumbach's general thesis, as suggested by the title. Is life in the contemporary world to be regarded as a nightmare? Baumbach speaks of "nightmare experience," "these anguished, bomb-haunted times," "the nightmare reality of her [Flannery O'Connor's] experience," "a chaotic, disintegrating society," "a corrosively malignant world," "the final depths of depravity and horror," "our sterile and sterilizing civilization," "a self-destroying world." He quotes Wright Morris as saying that Scott Fitzgerald "was the first of his generation to know that life is absurd."

The first question I should like to ask is whether Baumbach is talking about life in general, the human condition, or specifically about this particular "bomb-haunted," "self-destroying" period of history. I know that one cannot expect the discussion of large philosophical questions in a modest book of criticism, and yet there are distinctions that have to be made in the interest of clarity. If life on earth has always been a nightmare, we are no worse off than our ancestors. If we are worse off, why?

In the second place, most of the novels discussed, as I read them, are not saying that life is a nightmare. That there are nightmarish elements in it they magnificently show, but there are other elements as well. Life, they say, is very difficult and almost certain to

end in disaster, but it is all we have, and we make of it what we can. Bellow holds that under the right circumstances some sort of salvation is possible. Malamud, seeing truly life's essential tragedy, pleads for compassion. Morris asks that, instead of telling ourselves fairy stories or indulging in make-believe horror, we look at life as it is. One of the characters in *One Day* thinks of men as having "an infinite capacity for corruption, a finite capacity for perfection." Another character describes people as "desperately sad" and "intolerably touching." The novelists are not making large generalizations, saying life is this or life is that; their concern is with the substance of life, and that is why their work is important. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

The Crisis in Creativity

By EMILE CAPOUYA

DURING a recent trip to this country, Mr. Alberto Moravia commented in public on what he called the crisis of creativity in the arts. It is reported that a well-known American novelist and literary journalist responded with what amounted to, "What crisis?" The response is interesting. It lends itself to two possible interpretations, opposed and yet complementary. The first possibility is the one suggested by the joke about the reluctant conscript who is asked, during his physical examination, to read the eye-chart on the wall. He says, "What wall?" Perhaps, then, the American writer was simply stating his reluctance to enlist in the ideological war: If you can't see the crisis you don't have to go. The second possibility is that, as Brecht puts it, he was still smiling because he hadn't yet heard the news.

Ah, innocence, one is tempted to say. But that may be a little unfair. In order to carry on with the routine of living, we sometimes have to thrust aside the knowledge that our lives are weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable. In order to carry on his work, a novelist and literary journalist may have to deny for a time the insistent evidence that in Europe and America we have reached a crisis in artistic creativity. Not that denying our condition is the best way of coping with it, nor that denying the artistic crisis is the best way of resolving it; but these are self-protective measures, and most men at most times will resort to such devices. It is almost a matter of biological strategy to take cognizance of the worst with only half of our mind—just so much as will allow us to deny the existence of the threat—until the circumstances change or inspiration suggests how we may deal with them. Naturally, the same circumstances do not bear with precisely the same force on all men, and inspiration touches some and spares others. The American writer whose anonymity we have been taking in vain hasn't yet heard of the battle and need not fight. Mr. Moravia has heard, and he is arming.

And now we have heard too, or at least we have been told, and we can announce in our turn: *We have reached a crisis of creativity in the arts.* That announcement made, let us begin to discuss it as if we knew it to be true. For we do, don't we, once the question has been seriously posed? The most obvious and least remarked characteristic of contemporary artistic life is that this is the only age—of all the ages about which we have information or intuition—that dislikes its own art. In spite of our refined awareness of esthetics, in spite of an industry of esthetic criticism that feeds and clothes its thousands, discussing fiction, poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, theater, cinema, music, dance, photography, industrial design—in spite of *enthusiastic* discussion of all those good things, we stubbornly refuse to like them. More, the very artists do not like their art. Shouldn't that shock us? We expect a machine-minder to resent the hours taken from his life to pay for bacon and beans; we expect him to despise the gimcrack article of commerce in whose manufacture he plays a minor part. But the artist, whose labor is a kind of prayer, gratuitous and uninvidious, a disciplined exuberance of flesh and spirit—shouldn't we be shocked at his distaste for his art? I imagine that we are shocked, somewhere in our unconscious mind. If that wave of dismay rose to full consciousness we might lose the courage to live. Or be forced to live better.

Our artists resent and disprize their art. A distinguished poet says, "Poetry makes nothing happen." On the literal level that line is so questionable that it is not even a decent truism. Another of its possible meanings is a variation of the great American shibboleth, "Don't look at me, I just work here." If we are to take seriously that general disclaimer in behalf of our fellow Americans, we must ask, why are those corpses of men still cumbering the earth? Why aren't they underground, in Mark Twain's phrase, inspiring the cabbages? And if that other formula of mock-modesty is offered as an *ars poetica*, then we must ask why the corpse of poetry has not been planted where it can do the most for the ecology. I prefer to believe, on the evidence of my nerve-ends, and possibly against reason, that the line "Poetry makes nothing happen" is a Machiavellian utterance that being rightly interpreted says, "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of mankind." On such a reading, the line asserts that poetry disdains to make things happen, because it is no mere instrumentality but a form of pure being, an absolute.

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The rub is that while so grandiose a claim for poetry may evoke our sympathy, as men of the world we should have a hard time specifying just what is being claimed. In the very best case, then, "Poetry makes nothing happen" represents the pride of Lucifer sicklied o'er with the pale cast of Alice Ben Bolt.

Suppose that the claims of religion, ethics, or politics were presented with so abjectly apologetic an air, concealing just such vaporous pretensions—wouldn't we be in a fix? But a little reflection persuades us that that is indeed how those matters are presented in our time. For example, we are constantly told that politics is the art of the possible, meaning, don't expect our political system to pay off on its democratic promises, and say hurray. That ethics is relative, meaning, anything goes and don't bother me. That religion cannot descend into the arena of worldly strife, meaning, I'm on board, Jack, pull the ladder up. Crisis of creativity in the arts, is it? It looks much more like a crisis of confidence in the ideal of civilization.

While poetry is the essence of all imaginative literature, the novel—the long fictional narrative in prose—has been the dominant literary form for the last hundred years. Conceived on a lower level of generality and abstraction than most kinds of poetry, the novel says more directly, especially in its familiar realist and naturalist modes, who we are and what we live for. Some years ago Mr. Lionel Trilling pointed out that the nineteenth-century novel was the product of an age in which social classes, while still well-defined, were no longer frozen and static as they were, say, in feudal times. Class barriers were still very real, but the various social strata had become more or less permeable to money or talent. Mr. Trilling suggested that the rise of individual men through the barriers of class, or their fall for that matter, provided the central drama of the novel. That theory raised the question of what was likely to happen in a society like that of present-day America, in which class distinctions have in some respects become rudimentary at the same time that motion upward or downward in society has become a statistical oddity. And of course the question suggests its own answer: The novel is a dying form.

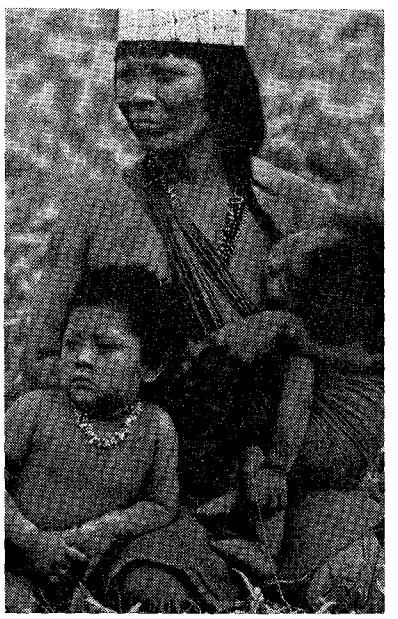
Mr. Trilling's original observation was striking enough, but it did not pretend to exhaust the subject. And it is not his fault that a somewhat narrow set of consequences has been deduced from his principle by other writers. Without inquiring how generally that principle applies over the wide range of nineteenth-century literature—whether, for example, it tells us much about *Moby Dick* or *Salammbô*—we can see clearly enough that it has little connection with the great novels of earlier periods; it would be perverse to impose such an interpretation on *Don Quixote* or *La Princesse de Clèves*. In other words, the fact that the nineteenth-century novel was often preoccupied with the theme of social mobility establishes no presumption that the novels of the future cannot have quite different preoccupations and still be novels and still be literature.

Yet we are always being told nowadays, for good and bad reasons alike, by competent judges and literary mugwumps, that the novel is *kaput*. The proposition is indignantly dismissed by selfless scholars on the one hand, and on the other by persons whose livelihood depends on the novel industry, whether as primary producers, processers, or merchandizers. There is abundant good and bad faith on both sides of the question, and much knowledge and ignorance too. But to speak as a friend of the court, I think one would have to be very indulgent indeed towards the spirit of the age not to judge the contemporary novel a failure on all terms but its own. Look at it this way. If the novel, in all periods, whatever the historically specific preoccupations it embodies, is still the literary form that expresses in the plainest language who we are and what we live for, then the quality of the novel is fatally dependent on the quality of our character and values. Say that between the time of Balzac and the time of William Burroughs our character and culture have declined to where they scarcely bear talking about; then it should not be surprising that the novel has suffered a parallel devolution, to the point that it can scarcely sustain intelligent discussion. Whatever the overt and apparent themes of the novel of the past, its intimate concern was with values, upholding or questioning or even repudiating them. That is as true of the novels of the Marquis de Sade and Restif de la Bretonne as it is of the novels of Tolstoy and Dickens. But recent generations have experienced, not merely Nietzsche's "transvaluation of all values," but at last a devaluation of all values. That makes for a dull life and a dull literature.

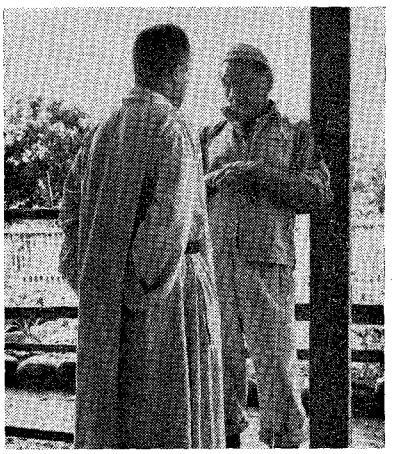
Mr. Richard Howard, a gifted and energetic interpreter of contemporary French letters, has remarked—and approvingly—that the deliberate project of the anti-novel school in France is to purge literature of the extraneous, factitious quality of being interesting. I find that pathetic, and not on account of

Visit to the Stone Age: In 1961 Matthew Huxley (of the famous literary-scientific family) and photographer Robert Capa journeyed 3,500 years back in time to the Peruvian Montaña. Their *Farewell to Eden* (Harper & Row, $15) records their appreciation of a rigorous way of life with a dignity of its own.

Straightening an arrow with glowing coals.



Much love goes into bringing up an Amahuaca child.



The Dominican Mission of El Rosario de Santa Rosa.

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French literature only, but on account of American literature and American life. What does it mean when a generation of talented and intelligent artists sets out to write dull books? Why, that the lives we lead cannot legitimately excite human interest or sympathy, and that these writers refuse to lie about it.

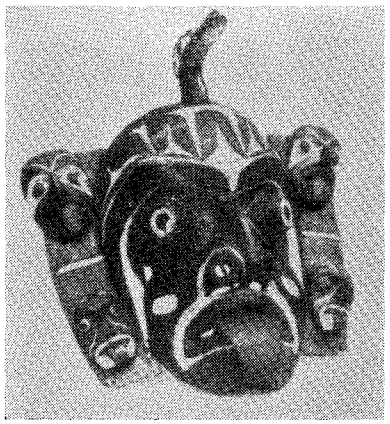
Among themselves the great nineteenth-century writers held quite diverse views of men and society. Some, like Dickens and Zola, were generally in favor of the rising democracy, the idea of progress, and the spread of enlightenment—by which they meant the substitution of reason, on the scientific model, for the sanctions of religion. Others, like Dostoevsky and Gogol, were intellectual and emotional Manichees, contemning the mechanical optimism that is the vulgar face of aspiration. Flaubert despaired impartially of the bourgeois monarchy, republicanism, and the Second Empire. Nevertheless, whatever their politics and personal philosophy, all these writers were professed moralists, who assumed that human life was important, and who found it interesting. For a variety of reasons, including the failure to extend and consummate the democratic revolution of the century (for even anti-democrats were inspirited by the élan of democratic ideals and programs), the proposition that human life is important became increasingly untenable. As its felt importance declined, so did the interest it could arouse. Now, whatever else they are, moralists are not connoisseurs of relative unimportance, so that trade fell off too. And of course the two great wars of this present century, and the gracious promise of a third, have just about closed the account.

FOR a time it was possible for good writers to be, as it were, parasitic upon the older tradition, and keep their virtue and their power. A Hemingway, for instance, who sets out deliberately to cut our losses, resign the rhetoric of a more hopeful time, compromised now by generations of public liars, and adopt a stoic and ascetic attitude in the face of a world gone sloppy. Or a Céline, resolved to use no more pet-names but cry delirium and death with an importunity that matches the destructive madness of the age. Hemingway and Céline typify the last serious attempts to employ the traditional power of the artist as healer and exorcist. After that generation, there is little left to save, because the patient is past caring.

All this I most powerfully and potently believe, but I am not yet ready to cash in my chips because this version of our history is schematic merely, and the gaps in the schema are loopholes for salvation. Every infant born into the world is a potential innovator and revolutionary; man is a wayward animal that suddenly and unaccountably grows impatient of servitude. Right now we are living through a period in life and literature when energies are running out and the cultural top is spinning with those random twists and darts that presage the end. The humanistic tradition in the novel is being upheld chiefly by tenth-rate imitators at ten removes from the geniuses who created the nineteenth-century genre in the image of that Promethean age. The novel-as-article-of-commerce portrays the world as it looks to the participants in the Democratic and Republican national conventions, a world in which, with a little good luck and business sense, we can keep Caliban as a cheerful domestic, contract our sympathies to the size of a pinhead and still be universally beloved, and if we choose, blow up the world and live happily ever after. By contrast, the writers of genuine talent in this era are sunk in nihilism and self-contempt, so that their courage, their honesty, serves only to confirm us in hopelessness. How can it be otherwise? The public in our day tells the artist, "I love work; I can watch it for hours. You lift and I'll groan"—believing with sublime complacency that the proposed division of labor is perfectly equitable. But if it is a hard thing to make bricks without straw it is an impossibility to make a culture with the human materials we offer the artist. What has the poet or novelist to say to so supine a race as ourselves? It is ignoble to live this way, in the shadow of death and burdened with our thousand defections from an ideal of liberty, dignity, magnanimity. Artists may go on loyally squandering their energies in this crisis of creativity, but the novel won't be worth a grown man's attention until a significant number of Americans resolve to act like grown men. This is the country where the material basis for a humane polity is most abundant and ready to hand, and therefore it is the country of the most savage disappointment and cynicism over our failure to strive sincerely for such a polity. Literature is mere pastime and busy-work until we make ourselves worthy of literature. And that means, in this crisis of creativity that is a crisis of civilization, until we remember who we are—the heirs of a culture that created the idea of politics as the life of common action for the common good.

"The realm of sleeping reason": Satan, says Howard Daniel, is "the world's oldest citizen"; and in *Devils, Monsters and Nightmares* (Abelard-Schuman, $12.50) he offers 298 representations of the kingdom of terror and its inhabitants, along with some interesting speculations on our contemporary fascination with the grotesque.

Chimera (Notre Dame Cathedral).



Makah Mask (American Indian).

"Death and the Maiden," by Edvard Munch.

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roof, where the dairy diners were at work on matzoh brei (crumbled matzohs soaked in egg batter and fried), vegetable chow mein, *kashe varnishkes*, and pot cheese and sour cream with raw garden vegetables.

It was all terribly tempting, but fortunately I fell prey to no persuasive Davidman on the roof and I descended the Lee's elevator and pressed on into the black night. There were still two more of this year's hotels to see. I will report briefly on the San Jeronimo Hilton, whose eligibility as a new hotel is questionable since it opened once before. It was partly financed by Hoffa's unioneers, a fact that somehow didn't rest well with the government, and it lost its gambling license. In the world of San Juan hotels, better you should lose your chef. It was finally reopened this year under the Hilton flag and Puerto Rican capital, and with its current name. When I looked at it, it was having no trouble filling its 350 rooms. It has convention facilities for 1,500 and, decorated as it is in early delegate decor, should be a smash with the badge wearers. About as much goes for the Flamboyan, which is perched on the edge of a lagoon and has 160 rooms and a casino with red-jacketed croupiers.

There seems to be no end to the new restaurant and night life that has burgeoned, turning San Juan into a cosmopolitan city. I can report both good and mediocre. One night I was spirited into a den of art (which also serves food) known as El Gato Tuerto, or the one-eyed cat. The gallery changes every two weeks, which is probably a good thing, and is presided over by a director who stands around looking like a headwaiter ready to whip out a book of prices at the slightest indication of interest. The food was something of a challenge, nor was the atmosphere much improved by the waiter who spilled a dinner for four on the rug, then pushed the remnants together with the side of his shoe. Let's call it a bad night. The menu had possibilities, for it offered chicken and rice Cuban style, rice and black beans and fried bananas, pork chops with creole sauce, and, for connoisseurs more recherché than I, stuffed fresh squid.

Although I thought they had jammed all the quaint nests that could possibly fit into the houses that border the cobbled streets in Old San Juan, new ones seem to appear seasonally. One of the spiffiest is Gatsby's, which opened this winter. It is a dark black den with red velvet chairs, crystal chandeliers, and violinists who stroll among the tables as the participants are dabbling in baked curried crabmeat, boiled lobsters flown from Maine, and mango quince sherbet. Figure $20 for two for dinner, more if you ascend the stairs later to a nightclub called Caesar's Pad, which is staffed by six musicians and a belly dancer.

Since I seem to be sailing on this epicurean tack, I had better mention Barrachina, a lovely patio in Fortaleza Street that is complete with hanging lanterns and a squawking parrot. The patron having emigrated from Valencia, the Barrachina does excellent things with a *paella*, but it also serves some dishes rarely seen outside Spain—*zarzuela*, a Catalan bouillabaisse, and *bacalao a la Vizcaina*, a spiced-up codfish, to mention two. Anybody who has been taking his Geritol regularly ought to be able to handle the *huevos a la flamenca*, two fried eggs accompanied by a posse of string beans, chopped sausage, ham, peas, peppers, and shrimp.

New caches of arts and crafts have opened, too, in old San Juan. One I hadn't seen before is the Cabildo Craft Center, which offers for sale the ceramic works produced by the Carolina Craft Development Center. When the program was launched in 1962 some 500 applicants were interviewed, from whom twenty-eight were selected for a two-week trial. Of this group twelve were chosen and they became paid apprentices in ceramic techniques. Their work has gone into the Condado Beach Hotel and is on sale at America House in New York and at the Cabildo Center in old San Juan. It is largely muted, underplayed, and modern, but like most Puerto Rican handicraft it is expensive. Planters, for example, cost $150.

One of the most interesting turns of fate for collectors of West Indian art is the appearance in the shops of Old San Juan of a sizable assortment of Haitian primitives. The old gingerbread houses by Pierre, Martine's still lifes of fruit, and Blanchard's pecking chickens, once so popular in Haiti, are on hand at Maison Creole. An even larger assortment hangs at Kurt Fisher's, whose store opposite the open market in Port-au-Prince was a landmark. At Fisher's shop in Old San Juan I looked once more on the dreamy scenes by Byron, Abelard's birds, and the stylized watermelons of Sénèque Obin. They were all famous in Haiti when it was a regular stop for me on the West Indies run. Seeing them hanging now in alien Puerto Rico made me think longingly of one more land once so lovely and now so lost.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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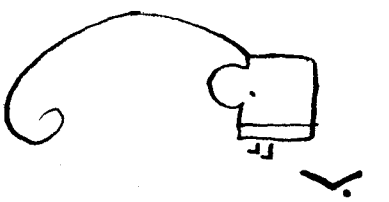

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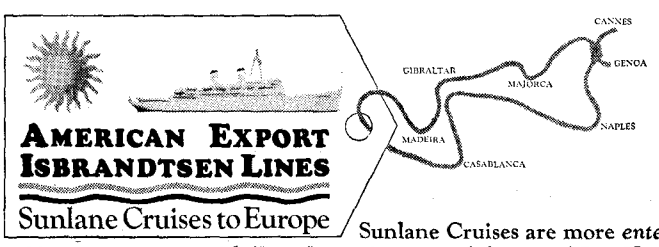

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Everything's Up to Date in Puerto Rico

THE WINTER is over and San Juan may now return, at least for the summer season, to being a normally frantic Latin city. During the past few months it looked a good deal like Miami Beach in the Fifties. So many new hotels were opening that there was an indication that some telltale symptoms of the this-year's-hotel syndrome, which had infected Miami Beach during the years of its tremendous if almost unnatural growth, had cropped up here. When I told a friend that I was staying at the Puerto Rico Sheraton there was almost a hint of disappointment in the response. It looked new to me, but then I hadn't been in Puerto Rico when it opened in late 1963. Fortunately, I managed to make it this winter in time to view three new hotels.

Already the seaside resort strip is being called the Gold Coast. All season long the Gold Coast rocked with the five-star cabaret names—Chevalier, Durante, Eartha Kitt, Ella Fitzgerald, José Greco, Los Chevales de España, Andy Russell, Xavier Cugat, Leslie Uggams, Tony Martin. Out of semiretirement came Milton Berle and down from Borschtland came Myron Cohen. A musical revue called *Hits of Broadway* disported at the Condado Beach nightly and the Sheraton presented another called *Los Pretty Americanos.*

Despite the wholesale displacement of Broadway and Hollywood eastward from their winter lair in Florida to the shores of Puerto Rico, there was an effort in some quarters to recall the island's Latin roots. La Concha stayed Latin. The Caribe Hilton booked the Antonio Gades Spanish Ballet and Marco Antonio Muniz, advertised as the Mexican Frank Sinatra. The night I got to town the Sheraton's Salon Carnaval opened with the Brothers Castro, a Mexican combine sporting an unfortunate name and an enormous amount of talent. Done up in brown tails with black lapels, they played, sang falsetto, twanged an electric bass, and otherwise raised the rafters.

UP on the roof Sheraton has topped off its sky room with a modest palace called La Alhambra. Although the local version covers somewhat less than the thirty-five acres required by the original, and though there isn't a trace of the ghost of Washington Irving in the place, it's an opulent nest, all right, with an enormously sophisticated menu for the West Indies. Besides the capon with ham and brandied truffles and duckling with wild rice and the breasts of chicken with prosciutto and cheese, there is a whole assortment called Caribbean cookery, a mixture of local and Spanish kitchens. It includes *paella, arroz con pollo,* and *carne empanada*—fried beefsteak with saffron rice, grilled pineapple, and baked bananas.

Of this year's hotels, two of the most impressive sit side by side just up the avenue, the Da Vinci and the Lee. Although they are utterly different (Da Vinci is Italian Renaissance and the Lee is new and kosher), they share the Da Vinci's pool and the Lee's beach. The Da Vinci sets its tone with its lobby, a small, quiet foyer with heavy, dark furniture, bright paper flowers, and a stone bas-relief on the wall. It has bright, tomato-hued corridors inside the masses of open arches outside that are rather reminiscent of the Foro Italico, built by Mussolini to mark the memory of his time. It has ninety-eight rooms in the main hotel and another fifty-six in its annex and is another element in the lengthening chain of San Juan hotels and restaurants that started when two enterprising Swiss opened the Swiss Chalet, once considered the *only* restaurant in the city.

The Lee, on the other hand, is not merely comfortable but also elegant. Every room has king-size beds, a Murphy bed in the wall, a television set, a radio, a refrigerator, and a view of the sea. The first kosher hotel to be built in San Juan, it must provide two dining rooms, one for meat and one for dairy. In the Lee's case they are separated by the entire height of the hotel. The Shalom Room on the roof serves dairy and the Terrace Room, hanging over the beach on the ground floor, serves meat. The night I walked into the Terrace Room, a pink and white salon with pink candles flickering on the tables, the waiters were frantically fetching trays of chopped liver while four violinists serenaded the seaside tables. I had only come to look, but the maître d'hotel, Irving Davidman, made me feel I would have insulted his soul had I left without trying something. A table in the corner was laid, as it normally is for guests, with a whole loaf of *chale* and a bottle of sacramental wine which Mr. Davidman poured himself. In Jewish orthodox law, wine loses its sacramental value if poured by a non-Jew and Mr. Davidman wanted us to have the best of everything. The menu was speckled with such items as *schmalz, gefulte* fish, stuffed *derma,* matzoh ball soup, boiled beef flanken, chicken in the pot, and brisket of beef with potato pancakes. Before long the waiters were fetching *me* the chopped liver and Mr. Davidman was on hand urging me to follow it with a little stuffed cabbage. I demurred at this point and took an elevator for the

The new San Juan—"like Miami Beach in the Fifties."

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The European Literary Scene

ATHENS.

It has recently become a commonplace in France to say that while Albert Camus has lost his appeal for older readers, he now has an enthusiastic following among the young. Logically enough, since this same generation, according to the sumptuous new volume dedicated to Camus in Hachette's collection of *Génies et Réalités*, is busily engaged in writing an astronomical number of theses on France's 1957 Nobel Prizewinner. Gallimard has now issued the second volume of Camus's *Notebooks*, covering his jottings from January 1942 to March 1951. This was the period of the *Etranger* (1942), *Sisyphe* (1942), and the bulk of the plays. (Notes on his trips to North and South America in 1946 and 1949 will appear in a separate volume.) When all of his *carnets* are in print, many a degree candidate will seek analogies between these *obiter scripta* and Camus's formal works. Obviously, the gloomy note of a world war is reflected in this second volume, which comes to the almost inevitable conclusion that men live increasingly "like dogs." Camus felt a strong desire, as he put it, to set down *pêle-mêle* everything that passed through his head. Never a philosopher, always a *moraliste*, Camus's random thoughts make interesting reading, as the following sampler attests:

• Why am I an artist and not a philosopher? It is because I think according to words and not ideas.

• The aim is to live lucidity in a world where dispersion is the rule.

• The great problem to be solved "practically": can one be happy and alone?

• All life directed toward money is a death. The rebirth is in disinterestedness.

• The secret of my universe: just imagine God without man's immortality.

• I am not made for politics because I am incapable of wishing for or accepting the death of my adversary.

• He who despairs over an event is a coward, but he who holds hopes for the human condition is a fool.

• Every fulfillment is slavery. It drives us to a higher fulfillment.

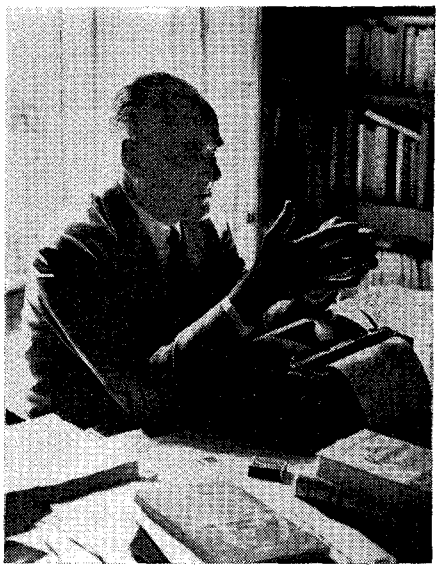
• Write a story about a contemporary cured of his anguishes by the mere lengthy contemplation of a landscape.

As Maurice Chapelan observes of this last entry, "Whatever religious there was about Camus was Taoist."

Following Italy's notorious leftward break-through (*apertura*) in politics and the weakening influence of the Demo-Christian party, the doctrine of committed art and literature logically should become more widespread in that peninsula. However, many of the liberal or leftist critics of the influential *Espresso* group find the doctrine inacceptable if not repugnant, even while remaining tolerant of Communism as a social experiment. They are still able to remember the "literature of the black era," which Mussolini sought to make into a vehicle of his movement, descending to such *obstats* as the depiction of suicide in plays and novels, self-destruction being an idea offensive to his dynamic state.

Alberto Moravia is a good case in point. Leftists are impressed by his distinction of having his *opera omnia* placed on the Church's Index of Forbidden Books (both under his pen name of Moravia and his family name of Pincherle, just to be safe). His writings sell abundantly in the USSR itself, and his travel notes to Russia are his only such diaries to exist in print. He once told me of his satisfaction at his popularity in Russia, but that in view of Moscow's lack of consumer goods and luxuries, he had never troubled himself to collect and spend his royalties there.

Moravia's thoughts on art and communism are expressed in his essays *L'uomo come fine* ("Man as an End"), published by Bompiani in Italy and to be issued here by Farrar, Straus & Giroux (see SR, page 23). It must come as an unhappy surprise to the Russians to be told by Moravia that their unshakable attitude about *engagé* literature is a dubious one at best, that the greatest genius matures most fully in a cultured and aristocratic state, that their esthetic amounts to little more than a "suspension of art," and that even if their idea of directed literature were valid, their own literary production is mighty poor armament in the battle between East and West. Moravia's points, expressed with a syllogistic clarity that comes as a relief after Sartre's ambiguities on this subject, add up to one of the most important recent statements on literature and politics.



Alberto Moravia—points made with a syllogistic clarity.

In view of Moravia's arraignment of controlled literature in Russia, it is significant that the Central Committee on Ideological Matters (Moscow), recently deploring that too little control was being exercised by the Ministry of Culture, established a state committee usurping the powers of that ministry and curbing Russian publishing and printing. The committee's new head is Pavel Romanov, former head of Soviet censorship. So much we learn from the *Sunday Telegraph* of London. The pendulum of forces controlling art and literature is enough to mesmerize an observer. For example, among the new members elected to the board of the Moscow Writers' Union are three recently scolded by Khrushchev and by *Pravda*. These are the poets Yevtushenko and Voznessenski and the novelist Sergei Mikhalkov, who replaced as secretary a stalwart of the old guard, Georgi Markov. Yevtushenko has been under a cloud ever since his indictment of anti-Semitism in Russia in "Babi Yar."

In the latest issue of *Soviet Literature* Alla Marchenko's article "New Features in Contemporary Literature" finds Russian literature of the past ten years better than alleged by Sig. Moravia.

> Almost a decade has passed since the 20th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. The literature of this decade is characterized by an active incursion into life and intense topicality. In overcoming the habit of illustrative and descriptive representation, it continued and deepened the traditions of genuine Socialist realism which had persisted despite unfavorable conditions in the best works of

(*Continued on page* 62)

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Books on First Base

SO HERE it is again, and from now until World Series time next October—or so think certain happily demented characters who long ago became aware of the truly enduring values of this fleeting, earthly span—life once more will seem worth all the trouble it takes to live it. The New York Mets will struggle with Houston for last place in the National League, and do you suppose for a moment that a Mets or a Houston fan will expire of disappointment when the final returns are in?

He will not.

Well, yes, it's fine to be able to root for a winner, or at least for a contender, but the all-important thing is to be there, in spirit if not in person, day after day, when the local heroes take the field, and every addict in or out of the stands becomes a genius-manager, or a Walter Mitty-ish forty-game winner, or a home-run slugger destined to leave Babe Ruth in the shadows.

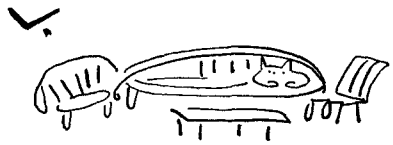
For obviously commercial reasons, the books that nourish these happy daydreams usually coincide with the opening of the major league season, when public awareness of The National Pastime comes to life after a dreary winter of basketball, indoor track, and other interim time-killers. If Publishers' Row really knew what it was doing, though, it would issue such tomes directly the baseball marathon ends in the autumn, and thus reap a rich harvest from those right-minded citizens—*i.e.*, the baseball addicts—who can take a new Arnold Toynbee treatise or leave it alone but know an earned-run average when they see it and like nothing better than to spend a midwinter evening dissecting it in the company of a hot toddy and a fellow fan.

The older he is, it hardly needs saying, the more fascinated a baseball ancient will be by the lore that reaches back into that past when all the world was young and so was he. Thus, of a trio of books lately come to hand, your grandstand manager for today naturally regards with special favor *Kings of the Diamond: The Immortals in Baseball's Hall of Fame*, by Lee Allen and the late Tom Meany (Putnam's, $4.95). Of the more than 100 Immortals chronicled here, I am startled to note (but one who still thinks of the New York Yankees as the New York Highlanders really shouldn't be startled) that with my own hero-worshiping eyes I have seen no less than fifty-seven of them on the field, beginning on a certain golden afternoon in 1913 when John McGraw roared up and down the coaching lines at third base at the old West Side Park in Chicago and our Cubs beat him and his hated New York Giants on a desperate slide by Frank "Wildfire" Schulte.

We are a proud company, you see, who joined the fraternity of fandom in time to see Napoleon Lajoie, Honus Wagner, and Roger Bresnahan—respectively a superlative second baseman, shortstop, and catcher—closing out splendid careers that had begun in the last century; saw the greatest of them all, Detroit's Tyrus Raymond Cobb, in his slashing prime; admired the incomparable grace at first base of the St. Louis Browns' George Sisler, even when he was making life unpleasant for our White Sox and every other team in the American League; blinked as Walter Johnson's fast ball streaked through the late afternoon shadows (how did anybody ever get a hit off him, except by pure luck?).

We veterans are actually sorry for those who don't share such memories, and in our dotage must be grateful to the Messrs. Allen and Meany for inviting us to experience them once more. Even the more knowledgeable of the survivors may pick up some information here that they overlooked along the way, unless they already had known that, say, Joe ("Iron Man") McGinnity won three doubleheaders in one month in 1904, that Carl Hubbell once pitched an eighteen-inning 1-0 victory without walking a batter.

Reading and daydreaming over *Kings of the Diamond*, one of those survivors fell to remembering how, at the age of about ten, it never occurred to him that he would *not* one day succeed the marvelous Eddie Collins at second base for the revered White Sox. Thanks to a kindly Providence, such illusions fade gently, and maybe it is just as well that I had no inkling of baseball as described in *Low and Outside* (Coward-McCann, $4.50), by Jerry Kettle with Ed Addeo, Mr. Kettle being a onetime minor-league pitcher who never made it all the way to the big time; or in *The Story of Jim Bunning* (Lippincott, $3.95), by Jim Bunning as told to Ralph Bernstein, Mr. Bunning being a pitcher who did make it, with the Detroit Tigers and the Philadelphia Phillies, after sundry vicissitudes on the all-night-by-bus-to-the-next-town circuit.



Mr. Kettle is properly—it would seem—sore about the treatment accorded him by the Phillies, who kept farming him out but never bringing him up to the majors. Even so, his lively lament leaves the impression that he fell short of glory chiefly because he lacked the necessary skills. Mr. Bunning had—and has—them, as attested by the perfect, no-man-reached-first-base game he pitched last June against the Mets, one of only six such triumphs in this century. To one old fan, though, what most emphatically comes out of Mr. Bunning's pages are echoes of the greatest baseball book ever written, Ring W. Lardner's *You Know Me Al*.

Mr. Bunning: "So I went to him [the manager] and told him I would like some kind of understanding about taking me out for a pinch hitter in the late innings. 'What do you mean?' he asked. 'I mean I don't like getting pulled like in a tie ballgame for some lousy pinch hitter. It costs me games.'"

Mr. Lardner's rookie pitcher, Jack Keefe: "In our half of the seventh inning Weaver and Schalk got on and I was going up there with a stick when [the manager] calls me back and sends Easterly up. I don't know what kind of managing you call that. I hit good on the training trip and he must of knew they had no chance to score in the innings they had left. . . ."

So life, in baseball as elsewhere, has a way of imitating art, as all young Cubs-White Sox fans, who got a copy of *You Know Me Al* with our annual subscription to *Baseball Magazine*, did not appreciate at the time. We merely memorized it, much as we knew by heart the essential data concerning, for instance, our noble spitball pitcher, Urban "Red" Faber of the Sox. (Born Sept. 6, 1888, Cascade, Ia. 1915 record: 24 wins, 13 losses.) It was years later that we discovered a certain difference between Lardner's subtly ironic artistry and the rather simpler drama of another baseball epic, *Courtney of the Center Garden*, by an author whose name unfortunately escapes me. At the time, all books about baseball were simply baseball.

But I digress. The new season has started, and I'd better get out to Yankee Stadium and have a look at some newcomer named Mickey Mantle, who hit .303 last year, and someday may turn out to be the equal of Elmer Flick of Cleveland, who led the American League in hitting in 1905 with .306. The vote here is for Elmer, but maybe that's just a baseball gaffer's prejudice.

—JOHN K. HUTCHENS.

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The Literary Sampler

The Good of One and All

IT IS SELF-INTEREST to want to live in a society operating by the love of justice and the concept of law. We have not been living in such a society. It is self-interest to want all members of society to contribute as fully as possible to the enrichment of that society. The structure of our society has prevented that. It is self-interest to want to escape from the pressure to conform to values which we feel immoral or antiquated. Our society has maintained such pressures. It is self-interest to want to escape from the burden of vanity into the hard and happy realization that in the diminishment of others there is a deep diminishment of the self. Our society has been organized for the diminishment of others.

More than a half-century ago, in *The Souls of Black Folk*, W. E. B. Du Bois called us "this happy-go-lucky nation which goes blundering along with its Reconstruction tragedies, its Spanish War interludes and Philippine matinees, just as though God were really dead." A lot has happened since he said that, but perhaps God is not dead yet.

It would be sentimentality to think that our society can be changed easily and without pain. It would be worse sentimentality to think that it can be changed without some pain to our particular selves—black and white. It would be realism to think that that pain would be a reasonable price to pay for what we all, selfishly, might get out of it: our own freedom.

—From "Who Speaks for the Negro," by Robert Penn Warren (Random House, May).

An Existential Epidemic

IT [*Blood of Others*] was labeled not only a "Resistance novel," but also an "Existentialist novel." Henceforth this label was to be affixed automatically to any work by Sartre or myself. During a discussion organized during the summer by the Cerf publishing house—in other words, by the Dominicans—Sartre had refused to allow Gabriel Marcel to apply this adjective to him: "My philosophy of existence: I don't even know what Existentialism is." I share his irritation. I had written my novel before I had even encountered the term Existentialist; my inspiration came from my own experience, not from a system. But my protests were vain. In the end, we took the epithet that everyone used for us and used it for our own purposes.

So that, having planned it, what we launched early that fall turned out to be an "Existentialist offensive." In the weeks following the publication of my novel, *The Age of Reason* and *The Reprieve* appeared, as well as the first numbers of *Les Temps modernes*, Sartre gave a lecture—"Is Existentialism a Humanism?"—and I gave one at the Club Maintenant on the novel and metaphysics. . . . When Sartre gave his lecture, so many people turned up that they couldn't all get into the lecture hall; there was a frenzied crush and some women fainted.

This uproar was partly a result of the "inflation" that Sartre was denouncing at that very moment; now a second-class power, France was exalting her most characteristic national products with an eye on the export market: *haute couture* and literature. Even the humblest piece of writing was greeted by cries of acclaim, and its author immediately surrounded by an enormous fuss. Other countries were affected by the racket and seemed only too happy to make it even louder. However, if circumstances happened to be so favorable to Sartre it was no accident; there existed, at least at first glance, a remarkable agreement between what he was offering the public and what the public wanted. His petit-bourgeois readers had lost their faith too, in perpetual peace, in eternal progress, in unchanging essences; they had discovered History in its most terrible form. They need an ideology which would include such revelations without forcing them to jettison their old excuses. Existentialism, struggling to reconcile history and morality, authorized them to accept their transitory condition without renouncing a certain absolute, to face horror and absurdity while still retaining their human dignity, to preserve their individuality. It seemed to offer the solution they had dreamed of.

—From "Force of Circumstance," by Simone de Beauvoir, translated from the French by Richard Howard (Putnam, May).

For His Father's Causes

[INTERVIEWER]: You started out with these enormous political ambitions. Why do you think that they never came to anything?

CHURCHILL: Well, I suppose a country finds it's an inconvenience except in a major war having a Churchill around and to have two barging around at the same time I suppose is felt to be doubly inconvenient. I loyally embraced, with conviction, all my father's causes, but I then blotted my copybook with the Conservative Central Office by going and fighting a by-election in 1935 at Wavertree and neatly splitting the Tory vote in half and letting the Socialist in. And I don't think I've ever really been forgiven for that. I don't think the Central Office may remember what it was about but there is a sort of vague black mark in their minds. For many years it went on, but now that I've abandoned all political ambitions I find them very helpful and cooperative people.

But I think my father was big enough and sufficiently well known with his immense genius and power of self-expression—he was able to weather the storm and survive in those difficult and unhappy years in the Thirties, when he was immensely isolated. But in the nature of things there wasn't room for me. I'm not making excuses—it was largely my own fault, but I think it was a handicap to me and, of course, I'm not very good at kissing babies and I don't tolerate fools very gladly, and I didn't really get on terribly well with most of the devoted party workers in the various constituencies which I invited to return me to Parliament.

—From "Twenty-One Years," by Randolph Churchill (Houghton Mifflin, April).

Murder, Madness and Mercy

EDMUND PEARSON, in his sardonic rules for murderers and murderesses, advised that, if one aspires to murder, to be safe from punishment one should either go in for mass murder or make the single murder a particularly cruel and unusual one. "The person who kills some one obscure individual, who does it quietly and with moderate civility, is in a rather perilous position, perilous, that is, for a murderer. There are about three chances in a hundred that he may be executed."

But the person who indulges in whole-

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plation of the purpose and destiny of man by the naturalist-writer, who has long lived with "sunset and moonrise."

THE TROUBLED PARTNERSHIP: A Reappraisal of the Atlantic Alliance. *By Henry A. Kissinger. McGraw-Hill.* $5.95. In this first of the twelve-volume, Council of Foreign Relations-sponsored Atlantic Policy Studies, Harvard's military analyst foresees a more cohesive Europe and forewarns against our present nuclear policies.

UNFINISHED REVOLUTION: America and the Third World. *By C. L. Sulzberger. Atheneum.* $5.95. The *New York Times* foreign correspondent assesses the lands and leaders of the emerging, unaligned and underfed nations whose "world" is being wooed by the free and Communist blocs.

TAKEN CARE OF: The Autobiography of Dame Edith Sitwell. *Atheneum.* $5.95. To be an authentic eccentric in England would be recognition enough for anyone but the also-honored poet, whose captivating life was recorded just before her death last year.

May

THE MAKING OF A QUAGMIRE. *By David Halberstam. Random House.* $4.95; THE NEW FACE OF WAR. *By Malcolm W. Browne. Bobbs-Merrill.* $5; MISSION IN TORMENT: An Intimate Account of the U.S. Role in Vietnam. *By John Mecklin. Doubleday.* $4.95. Two Pulitzer Prize-winners for their Vietnam reportage and the Public Affairs Officer of the American Embassy during the Diem régime turn a powerful spotlight on a war that until recently has been notable principally for its obscurity.

HENRY VIII. *By John Bowle. Little, Brown.* $6.50. A worthwhile look at the splendid tyrant who steered the ship of England to full sovereignty, while embarking on a few celebrated shore leaves of his own.

THE BLUE HEN'S CHICK. *By A. B. Guthrie, Jr. McGraw-Hill.* $5.95. Mr. Guthrie's reminiscences of *The Big Sky* and mountain streams of turn-of-the-century Montana, where he was born, learned to "newspaper," and left for a fictional world.

O CANADA: An American's Notes on Canadian Culture. *By Edmund Wilson. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* $4.95. The noted critic goes North to assess the literary contributions and political controversies of the very independent Provinces.

HENRY MILLER: Letters to Anaïs Nin. *Edited by Gunther Stuhlmann. Putnam's.* $7.50. On the backs of old menus, envelopes, anything, Miller scrawled notes from 1931-1946 to his novelist-friend that reveal an original man reaching professional and personal statehood.

WITH MACARTHUR IN JAPAN. *By Ambassador William J. Sebald and Russell Brines. Norton.* $6.95. A salute to the General's ability and amiability from the diplomat who served as the liaison between the State Department and the five-star leader of our Japanese invasion.

A DICTIONARY OF MODERN ENGLISH USAGE. *By H. W. Fowler. Second Edition. Revised and edited by Sir Ernest Gowers. Oxford Univ. Press.* $5. An eventful up-dating of the classic. And, none too soon!

HEMINGWAY: An Old Friend Remembers. *By Jed Kiley. Hawthorn.* $3.95. The author, who edited a magazine and operated a Montmartre nightclub, was bound to cross paths with Papa, which he did in 1926, the beginning of this irreverently recalled friendship.

BETWEEN NIGER AND NILE. *By Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford Univ. Press.* $4.25. Mr. Toynbee's perceptive impressions of the people and events he observed during his visits to the UAR, Morocco, Nigeria, Sudan, Ethiopia, etc., contribute valuable insights into the world's fomenting affairs.

FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCE. *By Simone de Beauvoir. Putnam's.* $10. In this final volume of the memoirs of a woman of *raison*, Miss de Beauvoir discusses sex, politics, her post-1944 life, her art, and, of course, her Sartre.

WHO SPEAKS FOR THE NEGRO? *By Robert Penn Warren. Random House.* $5.95. The taped opinions of Negroes representing all phases of the Movement, recorded by the distinguished civil rights partisan who, thirty-five years ago, essayed a defense of segregation.

INTRODUCTION TO RUSSIAN REALISM. *By Ernest J. Simmons. Indiana Univ. Press.* $6.50. To his previous studies of Dostoevsky, Pushkin, Tolstoy, and Chekhov, whom he here reassesses, the Columbia University professor adds Gogol and Sholokhov in this scholarly consideration of Russia's lettered luminaries.

THREE LIVES FOR MISSISSIPPI. *By William Bradford Huie. WCC Books.* $4.95. The human drama that denied the lives of the three civil rights workers, Mickey Schwerner, James Chaney, and Andrew Goodman, and damned the murder-sanctioning community of Philadelphia, Miss.

WINSTON CHURCHILL: An Intimate Portrait. *By Violet Bonham Carter. Harcourt, Brace & World.* $8.50. Unique as a politician herself and daughter of an earlier Prime Minister, Miss Carter brilliantly qualifies as a biographer of her lifelong friend and history's newest super-star.

THIS IS MY COUNTRY TOO. *By John A. Williams. New American Library.* $4.50. How a routine travel-magazine assignment turned into a near terror-logue for the Negro novelist, who is able to distill hope out of the hate he encountered as he crisscrossed the land.

RAMAKRISHNA AND HIS DISCIPLES. *By Christopher Isherwood. Simon & Schuster.* $7.50. This life of the nineteenth-century Indian saint and guru has the endorsement of leading Hindu scholars as the authoritative work on the remarkable religious leader.

PROCESSION. *By John Gunther. Harper & Row.* $6.95. Mr. Gunther's inside-information on the people he has met, who make up a roll call of the world's renowned.

MY FIRST HUNDRED YEARS IN HOLLYWOOD. *By Jack Warner with Dean Jennings. Random House.* $5.95. A well-produced "talkie" by the man whose studio pioneered the sound revolution and who, as sole head of it, survived television, near-death, and Bette Davis.

DULLES ON DIPLOMACY. *By Andrew H. Berding. Van Nostrand.* $4.95. A case for the controversial Secretary of State, argued by a constant companion who covered 200,000 miles of decision-making with the late statesman-brinkman.

SEX OFFENDERS. *By Paul Gebhard, Wardell Pomeroy, Cornelia Christiansen, and John Gagnon of the Institute for Sex Research. Harper & Row.* $12.50; HOW MANY MORE VICTIMS? Society and the Sex Criminal. *By Gladys Denny Shultz. Lippincott.* $6.95. SEX AND CRIME. *By Clinton T. Duffy and Al Hirshberg.* Doubleday. $4.50; SEXUAL BEHAVIOR AND THE LAW. *By Samuel G. Kling. Bernard Geis.* $6.95. An onslaught on a subject that affects the behavior of the "decent" and the deviate, and ultimately the quality of our society.

June

THE WAR, 1941-1945: Volume V of Men, Years—Life. *By Ilya Ehrenburg. World.* $5.95. The popular Soviet novelist, who endured Stalin and Stalingrad, recalls the years when his people were imperiled by Hitler.

THE PAST THAT WOULD NOT DIE. *By Walter Lord. Harper & Row.* $4.95. What began as a story about the Negro student James Meredith became a root-deep study of the South and a quest to clarify a national crisis.

CASTROISM: Theory and Practice. *By Theodore Draper. Praeger.* $5.95. With Lippmann, Rovere, Lerner, and a State Department official in his corner, the author continues his fight to fix the Cuban star in history's firmament.

"IS PARIS BURNING?" *By Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre. Simon & Schuster.* $6.95. A thrilling account of Hitler's attempt to darken the City of Light and of a magnificent moment in the life of a German general who helped the Allies accomplish the historic Liberation.

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS: A New Historical Approach. *By Cecil Roth. Norton.* $4.50. The distinguished scholar and former president of the Jewish Historical Society of England comes to the controversial conclusion that the Scrolls were written by the Zealots, not the Essenes.

Early July

AMERICAN WOMEN: The Report of the President's Commission on the Status of Women and Other Publications of the Commission. *Edited by Margaret Mead and Frances B. Kaplan. Scribners.* $5.95. This comprehensive social document was initiated by President Kennedy and that champion of the subject matter Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

—PATRICIA BUNKER.

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TITLES TO THAW OUT BY

Fiction

Late April

THE AMBASSADOR. *By Morris L. West. Morrow.* $4.95. Mr. West goes East to Saigon, where his hero-envoy is lodged in our Embassy and surrounded by headaches.

MR. RIGHT IS DEAD. A Short Novel and Five Stories. *By Rona Jaffe. Simon & Schuster.* $4.50. A swing-along with the new pleasure-seekers, who know how to get the best of everything their romantic predecessors dreamed about.

May

THE TOBACCO MEN. *By Borden Deal. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $6.95. The unfiltered driving force of a nineteenth-century tobacco man to gain control of a burgeoning multi-billion-dollar industry is the leaf-*motif* of Mr. Deal's new novel.

DESOLATION ANGELS. *By Jack Kerouac. Coward-McCann.* $5.95. This odyssey from Zen to Luce of the author's self-styled hero gains considerable momentum when Mr. Kerouac in-group gossips about the singular in-bed and in-print one-upmanship practiced by beat-buddies Ginsberg, Corso, Burroughs, etc.

A GREEN TREE IN GEDDE. *By Alan Sharp. New American Library.* $5. The publishers are bagpiping this first novel of a proposed trilogy by a young Scotsman, whose protagonists are preoccupied with the "twin pillars of existentialism," religion and sexuality.

NOT FOR PUBLICATION AND OTHER STORIES. *By Nadine Gordimer. Viking.* $4.95. Intrusion of the blood-stained past on South Africa's present and future is the collective theme of Miss Gordimer's always individual stories.

QUADRILLE. *By Frank Swinnerton. Doubleday.* $4.50. In this story of friendship and revenge, Mr. Swinnerton broadens the human horizons of his fictional Grace family.

DOG YEARS. *By Günter Grass. Harcourt, Brace & World.* $6.95. To those who have forgotten the storm troopers, Mr. Grass administers literary shock treatment in this bizarre manipulation of the people and their deportment during the defiled days that defined the rise and fall of Hitler.

THE SOURCE. *By James A. Michener. Random House.* $7.95. Mr. Michener digs into 11,800 years of Palestinian history and fills in with a love story between an American archeologist and a beautiful Israeli.

EVERYTHING THAT RISES MUST CONVERGE. *By Flannery O'Connor. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* $4.95. This collection, upon which Miss O'Connor was working at the time of her unseasonable death, is a final example of an artistic promise abundantly fulfilled.

AUGUST IS A WICKED MONTH. *By Edna O'Brien. Simon & Schuster.* $3.95. The purgatorial experience of an exceptionally emancipated young Irishwoman who junks her marriage for a "jaunt into iniquity."

A SOUVENIR FROM QAM. *By Marc Connelly. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $4.50. In this beguiling banter, a famed nuclear physicist, engaged to the "Seventh Most Beautiful Woman in Washington," finds greener romantic pastures during a top-secret assignment in a Middle Eastern kingdom.

June

BEWARE OF CAESAR. *By Vincent Sheean. Random House.* $5.95. A Hitchcock-handling of the story of Nero and the suspenseful events that culminated with the Stradivarius.

ONCE A GREEK . . . *By Friedrich Duerrenmatt. Knopf.* $3.95. The off-beat genius of Mr. Duerrenmatt generates this satirical wink at a middle-aged "loser" who wins the Hellenic hand of a Mercouri-designed millionairess, mad about him.

Early July

NOTES FROM A SEA DIARY: Hemingway All the Way. *By Nelson Algren. Putnam's.* $4.50. So he could write about the Old Man on the sea, and log his on-deck and in-port perceptions, Mr. Algren boarded an India-bound freighter, disembarked with a book.

GOING TO MEET THE MAN. *By James Baldwin. Dial.* $4.50. The brilliant short-story surface of the many-sided, if sometimes edgy, Mr. Baldwin in this assemblage of his best since 1948.

Nonfiction

Late April

AN AREA OF DARKNESS. *By V. S. Naipaul. Macmillan.* $5.95. England's literary-awards winner uses his novelist's gifts to evoke the India of his ancestors in all her human and humorous variety.

THE OXFORD HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. *By Samuel Eliot Morison. Oxford Univ. Press.* $12.50. An inspired documentation and interpretation of this country's past from the aborigines to the assassination of President Kennedy.

THE PRINCE'S PERSON. *By Roger Peyrefitte. Translated by Peter Fryer. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* $4.95. The *enfant terrible* of French letters tells the true story of some unbelievable late-Renaissance goings-on to establish the manly competence of an otherwise eminently eligible member of Italian royalty.

WITH EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE: The Poisons in the Air, What They Are Doing to Our Health, and What We Can Do About Them. *By Howard R. Lewis. Crown.* $5. This anticontamination proclamation, issued by a noted public health consultant, entreats informed citizens and elected officials to care about their air.

FRED ALLEN'S LETTERS. *Edited by Joe McCarthy. Doubleday.* $4.95. The nasal twang can almost be heard in this correspondence stamped with the wit of the once fastest tongue in radio.

COUNTRYMAN: A Summary of Belief. *By Hal Borland. Lippincott.* $3.50. A contem-

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Young Men

Continued from page 27

world and to think in terms of lesser evils. A few studied nuclear strategy. The CND took stands on the MLF and Vietnam, and some found themselves spreading the net of their concern still further afield.

Richard Boston, a young pacifist on the Committee of 100, expressed his dilemma in a pained and personal article in one of the committee's publications: "You start with the slogan 'Ban the bomb,' and you very quickly find that you cannot take a stand on this one isolated issue without taking a stand on many other issues as well. You begin to look at the causes of war, and you find that you have to make up your mind about race relations, the Common Market, industrial conditions, and housing schemes."

But this also made it more difficult to feel that the bomb is qualitatively different from any other social evil.

Most of the big names on the CND and Committee of 100 dropped away, though few took the step of formally renouncing their connection (no one wants to seem *pro*-bomb). Canon Collins resigned to devote more time to writing. Bertrand Russell, with Ralph Schoenmann, set up his own peace foundation.

At its beginnings, the movement was a brave attempt to draw a line somewhere in international politics, somewhere this side of genetic mutation, to say that the use of force can go this far but no farther. But the line became blurred, harder to define.

Some in the Committee of 100 extrapolated from their anti-bomb stand the way to a world view. The committee has contributed new vigor and new blood to two radical ideologies: pacifism and anarchism.

Some of its followers thought their way into a modern kind of pacifism, a tough-minded, knowledgeable rejection of war as a method of conflict. The leadership of the pacifist movement in Britain has largely passed into the hands of these young intellectuals who tend to find the older, mostly Quaker pacifists fustian and woolly-minded.

Many of the Committee have become anarchists. These see nuclear bombs as the *reductio ad absurdum* of government and seem to be developing an anarchist sociology.

Others in the movement, however, came to accept the world that had the bomb, in order to manipulate it for the better. They devoted their moral energy to politics, the art of the possible. Some former CND figures who were left-wing members of Parliament are now in the Labor Government.

The CND still has an organizational life. Last year at Easter it staged a one-day demonstration. It has organized a march this Easter, a three-day march this time, ending in Trafalgar Square on Easter Monday, but starting at the Royal Air Force Bomber Command headquarters at High Wycombe; the Aldermaston factory is no longer producing bombs.

It still issues statements, it has the same dingy offices plastered with peace posters in several languages, and the same General Secretary it has had since the North London women's group days: Mrs. Peggy Duff, a cheery, energetic woman who looks absurdly like Margaret Rutherford.

At its last conference, in December, it split along the lines of an old dilemma. A majority voted to continue as an anti-bomb political pressure group and public propaganda organization. But a minority report argued, "CND is played out as a purely anti-bomb movement," and urged broadening the front of its attack "to equate nuclear disarmament with the struggle for civil rights, equality, and adequate welfare."

The start of this movement was a human reaction to a qualitative change in the nature of political force: the arrival of the thermonuclear bomb and the ICBM (this, rather than the Hiroshima bomb, was the real quantum jump in weaponry). But now Pandora's box is well and truly open, and its evils spread far abroad in the world. Several countries have thermonuclear bombs, and more are on the way to acquiring them.

These weapons are no longer an innovation that can be separated from the web of international affairs. To be against the bomb today is to be against power politics.

For a little while, a great many people felt that there was something simple that they could say, something positive and right that they could do, about the big things in the world that they fear and hate. Now, again, these things seem too big and too complicated.

In its first great evangelical phase, the ban-the-bomb movement posed the question of nuclear weapons, not in terms of politics but in terms of conscience.

Its questions were sometimes oversimplified or distorted. But its voice will remain a nagging reminder of what we are talking about when we discuss nuclear strategy or nuclear politics. It insists that we are trafficking in a gigantic evil, that can produce pain and death on a new order of magnitude. It is a reminder that will always be needed, for human beings find it easy to be abstract, and remote in imagination from the consequences of their actions.

This is a function that the CNDers will always perform, whatever the validity of their particular arguments. They are a pressure group for those consequences.

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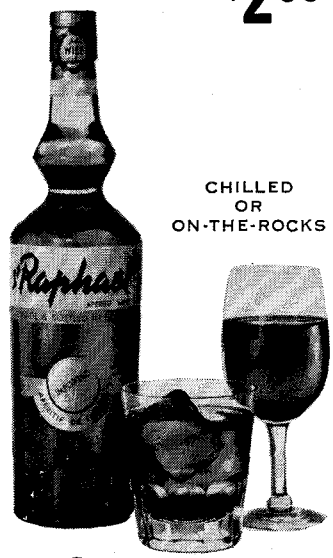

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Cole Mining

TAKING the thirty-five Cole Porter songs least likely to be heard on Musak, Ben Bagley and five musical comedy stars have fashioned a contagiously joyous evening of theater titled *The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter, Revisited.*" As its modest title implies, this is not to be one of those sentimental tributes to a late, great composer, but simply an irresponsible romp through that part of Porter's work and attitude which constitutes (in that currently fashionable word) "camp." And by juxtaposing the saucy sophistication of the various numbers with period lantern slides, the show keeps reminding us that Cole Porter songs lived and breathed in a rarefied demi-mondaine atmosphere in which the ups and downs of pleasure-pursuit were embraced without guilt.

The performers at the Square East cabaret theater appear to enjoy Porter as Porter appears to have enjoyed life. Like friends at a merry and relaxed party, they entertain us and themselves by performing each lyric as if they were rediscovering the fun or the quietly accepted grief in it. The first few songs set the show's style and serve to warm everyone up. This accomplished, Kaye Ballard, Carmen Alvarez, and Elmarie Wendel proceed to bust loose with a parody of the sort of trios that used to sing in front of big bands in the Thirties. In their hilarious hands, "Leader of a Big Time Band" at once recalls the era and ridicules it—not to put it down but rather to treasure its happy inanity. This is followed by William Hickey's delightfully forlorn "I'm a Gigolo." And then Harold Lang joins the other four to add a dash of dancer's energy in recreating the old-fashioned, mindless production number with "Red, Hot, and Blue."

Miss Ballard puts her superb gift for mimicry to work, first as Mabel Mercer ("New York City's most incurable diseuse") singing "Down in the Depths on the Ninetieth Floor," then as Sophie Tucker emphatically nodding her way through "Tomorrow," and finally as Beatrice Lillie reciting "When I Was a Little Cuckoo" flat on her back on three barstools. She is also most amusing with her narration of the tale of the "Little Oyster" swallowed up in high society, and with Mr. Hickey as they do the very civilized and naughty "But in the Morning No." And she is hauntingly sad as she sings about the gods who first cause a girl to love a boy unrequitedly, and then perform a miracle to cause the boy to love the girl—only to bring the discovery that she no longer loves him. Titled "I Loved Him But He Didn't Love Me," this last-named song is reported to have been dropped from no less than three musical comedies.

Almost every number is delicious in its fashion, and I particularly relish the fizzy vision of Carmen Alvarez chewing bubble gum as she bounces around with the friendly openness of a Margie Hart in the deliberately raucous "Come On In and See the Show." At the end of the evening Mr. Bagley reluctantly caters to those who may have expected to hear the best-known Cole Porter songs with a quick medley of favorites, although he does reassert his comic supremacy by *closing* with "Another Opening, Another Show."

The contrast between these wonderful but too often played songs and the "lesser" ones that precede it has the additional value of helping us appreciate, and almost to define, the "camp" quality this remarkable show has so inspiredly captured.

ANOTHER very special theater event is the one-man show *Maurice Chevalier at 77.* The famous French performer no longer delivers a song with quite the vitality he once did, and his extroversion seems somewhat muted by a sense of inner preoccupation. Yet there is a gain in genuineness, and his frank and mischievous sense of humor seems at moments even stronger than before.

His diversified entertaining emerges amazingly clear-headed and sure, but the funniest and most extraordinary part of the evening is his Ages of Man speech, which weighs each milestone for the degree of comic anxiety it brings. At forty the *idea* of age begins to be a problem, and soon the effort not to appear old becomes increasingly ridiculous, until one reaches the point where one must choose between holding in one's paunch and being able to speak naturally. Indeed, as he so aptly hints, old age requires more and more deliberate choosing. "You can do *this.* And you can do *that.* But you can't do this and that *at the same time.*" And he puzzles about why it should be so disturbing to find yourself starting things you cannot finish. Nevertheless, when people ask him how he likes being seventy-seven, he ponders and then replies with sudden cheerfulness, "Well, when I consider the alternative . . ."

Inevitably some of the numbers pale beside our memory of the great comedian in his prime, and an evening of movie highlights with in-person comment and supplementation by M. Chevalier might be more wonderful. Nevertheless, what he does give us is warm and unforgettable.

—HENRY HEWES.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

MOTLEY MUTATIONS

By filling in the blanks with the words defined in the second column, you weave a vertical chain in which any two adjoining words have all but one letter in common, though rearranged. (For example: *home–moth.*) Diana Yates of Everett, Washington, is responsible for this anagrammoid challenge; the links are spelled out on page 48.

1. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _	reddish-brown
2. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _	immoral
3. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _	certain mythological creatures
4. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _	to interpret
5. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _	a dreamy composition
6. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _	severely beaten
7. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _	center of mass
8. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _	roundabout
9. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _	fearless
10. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _	pure, original
11. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _	baleful
12. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _	water vessels
13. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _	a royal title
14. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _	to work together, especially secretly
15. _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _	pertaining to law or debate

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The Package Deal

PUBLISHING is not a business in which the more things change, the more they remain the same. When things change, they change—often in a big way. A current example is the package deal, whereby an author sells his rights to everything in sight (including two or three unwritten books) well in advance of publication. The "package" is usually put together by a literary agent, and it can easily add up to a million dollars for the right author.

What is apparent about this practice is not as significant as what is concealed. Behind the wrappings is a good deal of raiding on the part of publishers. The term is not in good standing in the industry and is seldom used above a whisper; nevertheless raiding goes on, and it accounts for some of the big switches that are taking place today.

Raided or not (it depends on which publisher you talk with), James Jones is virtually a textbook case. Until this year he was a Scribners exclusive. To begin with, Scribners paid Jones for a first novel which it never published; recognizing a good writer who was going to get better, they preferred (wisely, as it turned out) to introduce him with a "big book." The gamble paid off with *From Here to Eternity*. Then followed *Some Came Running*. (Scribners did penance for its success with *Eternity* by publishing all 1,500-odd pages of the new one just as they were written.) *The Pistol* followed in 1959, and by the time Jones was able to lay the pistol down, *The Thin Red Line* was taking shape. It sold well, and suggested that there were more novels where that came from.

Then word went around that Jones was up for grabs. Last year Trident Press made him a sizable offer for his next three novels. For reasons best known to himself, Jones declined, whereupon Delacorte stepped in with a bid of $300,000. A counteroffer from Scribners was accepted by Jones, but not long afterward Delacorte showed the color of its money again, stepping up the offer to about $750,000, with an escalation clause that could bring the total even higher. Scribners graciously released Jones from his contract, and in so doing said good-bye to one of its top money-makers.

This is not an isolated example. In a one-shot "deal" worked out by his agent, Norman Mailer sold his new novel, *An American Dream*, to Dial for a $125,000 guarantee. Another $250,000 was advanced by Warner Brothers for movie rights, and, with foreign rights added, Mailer netted well over half a million dollars before the novel got its mixed reception at the hands of the critics.

Harold Robbins switched from Knopf to Trident in a deal that topped even Jones's. "His advance from a group of publishers around the world comes to $1 million," the *New York Times* reported from Hollywood, where Robbins lives. Another $1 million, plus 25 per cent of the profits, is in the bag if Joseph E. Levine picks up his option to do the movie. (He had previously produced Robbins's *The Carpetbaggers* and *Where Love Has Gone*.) Lower on the scale, Irwin Shaw has moved from Random House to Delacorte, Gerald Green from Scribners to Trident. Ian Fleming, just before his death, switched from Viking to New American Library.

THE interesting thing about these brave new publishers is that they are all owned by reprint houses. Trident is an offshoot of Pocket Books; 60 per cent of Dial Press and all of Delacorte are owned by Dell; New American Library's hardcover series is subsidiary to its paperback line. These firms are in a position to control reprint rights at the outset—something the conventional trade publisher can't do. More importantly, the full reprint royalty goes to the author instead of being split fifty-fifty, as per custom; it's this leverage that makes possible the bonanza bid, and it helps explain why authors leave home.

A typical raiding party consists of a literary agency well armed with wampum. By assembling an attractive group of offers, the agency has the wherewithal to bug a writer's eyes clean out of his head. The scalp follows. An advance scout working out of Paris, where Jones lives, softened him up. It is the agent, acting as go-between, who technically protects the publisher from violating the "code" against raiding, attending to this little matter himself.

Generally speaking, the older "name" houses aren't playing this game, and it is they who are losing talent. Some of them have set up a fire break by upping—in certain cases—their authors' share of reprint booty. Simon & Schuster, for example, matched an offer from both Delacorte and NAL to Irving ("The Man") Wallace on a four-book package, and were able to keep the restive Mr. Wallace from straying off the range. Random House's Bennett Cerf beat off at least two raiding parties by giving Kathleen Winsor 75 per cent of the paperback royalties for her forthcoming novel, *Wanderers Eastward—Wanderers West*. A prophetic title, even though Miss Winsor chose not to wander.

PUBLISHERS without a close tie-in with a mass market reprinter are finding the going tough. "You either develop your own authors or buy someone else's," the head of one firm declared not long ago; and for many publishers buying may be cheaper than waiting. It is certainly quicker. Yet the "buy" isn't necessarily a sure thing. The new publisher is getting a name rather than a book, and gambling too, that his man won't run out of steam—or sex.

Is raiding unfair to the original publishers? Sometimes they don't much care. "Harold Robbins never really belonged on our list," a spokesman for Knopf says. And can an author really be blamed for cutting himself in on a better deal? He can go further by pointing out that publishers seldom hesitate to get rid of a writer they don't like, or whose books no longer sell. Yet this bit of gander sauce is not without its dangers, metaphorically and otherwise. The author, in quitting a publisher, is also leaving an editor whom he has learned to work with (and who may well have steered him on the road to success) for someone he has possibly never met.

Moreover, what's to be said for tying oneself up for three books in advance? What does it do to an author's creative life to be writing "under the gun," knowing that his books must sell big; knowing too, that a publisher has invested maybe half a million dollars in him, that it is strictly venture capital, and that, like an investor opening up a coal mine, he expects to get his money out?

The real implications of the package raid are not financial but artistic. The writer literally can't afford *not* to compromise. And, unlike the coal mine, he has no depletion allowance to fall back on when the going gets rough.

—DAVID DEMPSEY.

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Alone with His Wit

Max: A Biography, *by David Cecil (Houghton Mifflin. 507 pp. $6.95), and* ***Max Beerbohm's Letters to Reggie Turner,*** *edited by Rupert Hart-Davis (Lippincott. 312 pp. $6.50), portray a man who spent most of his life self-insulated from the world, expending his talents on private jokes. Stanley Weintraub's "Reggie: Reginald Turner and His Literary Worlds" will be published later this year.*

By STANLEY WEINTRAUB

MATERIAL for a biography of Max Beerbohm, although plentiful, is tantalizingly unmalleable. The problem is Max himself; for, as Lord David Cecil has written elsewhere, the biographer's art "is one of arrangement; he cannot alter the shape of his material, his task is to invent a design into which his hard little stones of fact can be fitted as they are." Max himself had made the problem clear to an earlier biographer: "I've used [my gifts] very well and discreetly, never straining them," he told Bohun Lynch; "and the result is that I've made a charming little reputation. But that reputation is a frail plant. Don't over-attend to it, gardener Lynch! Don't drench and deluge it! The contents of a small watering-can will be quite enough."

As early as the Nineties, at the doddering age of twenty-four, Max satirized his own low creative vitality by publishing what he called *The Works of Max Beerbohm.* Though he became Sir Max and lived to be eighty-four, he missed just about every exciting event of his times.

A young (and innocent) friend of Oscar Wilde, Max was in Chicago with his half-brother Herbert Beerbohm Tree's touring theatrical company when Wilde was arrested (and Reggie Turner fled across the Channel). The catastrophe dethroned literary dandyism; but Max, who was back in London and attended Wilde's three trials, remained unruffled and unaffected, and cultivated his unfashionable dandyism for the rest of his life.

Retiring at thirty-eight, he hoarded his slender financial resources as frugally as his exquisite talents. He sat out both world wars in England, a quiet exile in his own native land; as a sedentary expatriate in Rapallo, he remained almost untouched by Italy. He married relatively late; his tepid matrimonial existence resulted in no children, few physical separations from his wife, and few visits from old friends.

Cecil's substantial "watering-can"—507 pages of handsomely packaged biography—eschews literary criticism while it chronicles Max's professional careers as artist, writer, and critic, and, through his correspondence, his friendships with or hostilities toward many of the great of his time. Often Max's pen—or Cecil's—brings such chronicles to sparkling life. But it is when Beerbohm's writings reveal the inner Max that David Cecil has the makings for an additional dimension for his subject.

Self-insulated from most human intercourse, Max could write smugly—as he did to Turner—of the Italian rape of Ethiopia: "I am sorry . . . for the Abyssinians, but, after all, they are black and barbarous. And their fate is nothing as compared with that of England, Italy, etc."

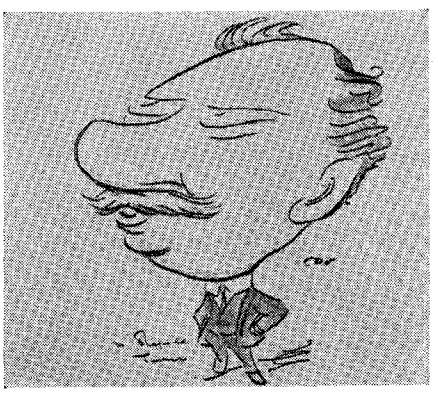
HE could play cruel practical jokes, as he did on Bernard Shaw, who long before had recommended the young man he christened for all time as "the incomparable Max" to be his replacement as the drama critic on Frank Harris's *Saturday Review,* a prestigious bread-and-butter post Max held brilliantly though unenthusiastically for a dozen years. When, in his Rapallo fastness, he discovered a book containing photographs of Shaw in his youth, "Carefully he altered each for the worse; in one amplifying the nose, in another diverting the eyes into a squint. He then had these new versions rephotographed and sent them to various friends in England accompanied by a request to post them back to Shaw along with a letter from some imaginary admirer stating that he had found the enclosed photograph of Mr. Shaw and would so much like him to sign and return it. The friends obeyed. Max was delighted to learn that as one monstrous likeness after another arrived by post, Shaw grew steadily more baffled."

Max's more private practical jokes were, perhaps, pathological for a gifted writer who had earlier found release for his personal fantasies in the nostalgic satire of *Zuleika Dobson* or the mildly venomous parody of *A Christmas Garland,* both acknowledged minor classics. He devoted months to the meticulous "improvement" (his euphemism for the mutilation and embellishment of title pages and text) of books in his library, ranging from Pater's *Renaissance* and Wilde's *Intentions* to Henderson's biography of Shaw and Queen Victoria's *More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands.* "Max, then," David Cecil observes, "was not unoccupied during those years spent on his terrace or in his study. The odd thing is that he was satisfied to lavish such care and art and wit and fancy on private jokes." And the curious preoccupation is explained away, perhaps too easily, as a retention of "the childish ability to be completely satisfied by playing."

Elizabeth Jungmann, Max's faithful secretary-companion, who became his

—Caricature by Max Beerbohm, in "Max: A Biography"

Max Beerbohm—unfashionably a lifelong dandy.



—Caricature by Max Beerbohm, in "Max Beerbohm's Letters to Reggie Turner."

Reginald Turner—"droll, engaging, yet terribly lonely."

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second wife in a death-bed ceremony, told David Cecil in 1956 that it had been Max's wish that Cecil be his biographer—"the finest compliment ever paid me." The authorized nature of the work and the sympathy of author with subject, it may be assumed, account for both its spaciousness and its tone of affectionate candor. Max chose his man well.

In its way, Rupert Hart-Davis's edition on Max's letters to his best friend, Reggie Turner, between 1892 and 1938 is (with its necessarily chronological setting and the exemplary notes and introduction) a biography, and one almost as revealing as David Cecil's graceful example of the biographer's art. *Letters to Reggie Turner* may prove to be the first in a series covering Max's correspondence with his closest friends, for he was a witty letter-writer. But no future volume can reveal as much of Max as these letters to his Merton College (Oxford) crony, whose writing career faded while Max's flourished, and who—although he was an expatriate in Italy at the same time as Max—kept the relationship going more through letters than through his rarely encouraged visits. Sometimes Max's emotional self-sufficiency caused long hiatuses even in the correspondence, and the post-Oxford warmth and volubility eventually became attenuated into what Max may not have realized was a kindly condescension.

BUT Reggie—often called, next to Wilde, the most brilliant conversationalist of the Nineties—was Max's link with the nostalgically recalled past, a link that remained unbroken until Reggie died in Florence in 1938. While Max retained his careful detachment in most involvements with friends and acquaintances, he was often drawn out by the droll, engaging, yet terribly lonely Reggie Turner into gossipy exchanges reflecting the Mertonian intimacy which may have been Max's only deep friendship. But in at least one matter we may feel that we learn less about Reggie from Mr. Hart-Davis's otherwise fact-filled introduction than from David Cecil, for the former is reticent about the sexual proclivities of Reggie's set. It also oversimplifies the mystery of his still-unestablished parentage, about which David Cecil says only that Turner "was the illegitimate son of a rich man. He did not know who his mother was. . . ."

When Reggie died he left £3,000 to Max. Had he realized just how poor Max had really been over the years he probably would have put his old friend down for more. Today, Beerbohm manuscripts and drawings enrich rare book dealers far more than they ever did Max; and samples of such Beerbohmiana, including the incomparable caricatures, enrich both of these books.

The Critical View from France

***Situations,** by Jean-Paul Sartre, translated from the French by Benita Eisler (Braziller. 371 pp. $5.95), the fourth of five volumes of criticism that have been published in France, looks searchingly at painters Tintoretto and Giacometti, as well as a number of contemporary thinkers and writers. Thomas Bishop wrote "Pirandello and the French Theater."*

By THOMAS BISHOP

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE's predominant position in contemporary letters is no longer a subject for debate. Unquestionably the leading French literary figure of his generation (Camus, before his death, was his only serious rival), his Nobel Prize was so clearly deserved that no one could reasonably quarrel with it, and, though Sartre chose not to accept it, the only possible question is why he had not received it earlier.

Until recently, American readers tended to know him primarily for his plays and novels; *No Exit, The Flies,* and, *Nausea* particularly, created his reputation in this country, and now *The Words* has not only added considerably to that luster but has unexpectedly even landed its author solidly on the best-seller list. Of course, some of his philosophical work is known here also, but the weighty *Being and Nothingness,* by definition a study destined for specialists, remains, in the United States as in France, more talked about than read.

Sartre's sizable critical writings have, on the whole, been slower in finding publication here. But the appearance in translation last year of his monumental study of Jean Genet, together with the previously published *What Is Literature?*, made it evident not only that Sartre is one of the great literary critics of our age, but that his criticism is perhaps the finest part of his works. The present volume of *Situations* will further enhance Sartre's reputation as critic on this side of the Atlantic. It is a collection of ten essays, varying greatly in length, in which Sartre examines the works and ideas of some of the great figures in literature, philosophy, art, and music of the present and, in one case, of the past. One need not always agree with his interpretations to find *Situations* uniformly outstanding in conception as well as brilliant in execution, and to stand in awe of his grasp of ideas and his vast frame of reference.

The first essay, "The Prisoner of Venice," is an absorbing "existential psychoanalysis" of Tintoretto. Through this approach, which Sartre has often applied (*e.g.*, to Genet and Baudelaire) with startling results and which testifies to the fact that he possesses great psychological insight, Tintoretto is situated for us in his city, in his era, and among his contemporaries—one of the great painters of all time who, because of insatiable ambition, bad faith, and what Sartre likes to call a "cursed childhood," allowed himself to stifle his originality, to imitate Veronese, Pordenone, and others. Smarting under the greater glory of Titian, jealous of his rivals, and thirsting for social success, Tintoretto represents for Sartre the perfect embodiment of sixteenth-century Venice.

Of more immediate interest are the studies devoted to contemporary thinkers and writers: Gide, Camus, Paul Nizan, Nathalie Sarraute, Merleau-Ponty, and André Gorz. Sartre invariably goes straight to the heart of the matter with a rigorous analysis that links the work and the writer in an inextricable unit. Most fascinating are his comments on the men who had been his close friends. Maurice Merleau-Ponty, the late Existentialist philosopher whose works have recently become available in English, had been a close associate of Sartre's for many years; it was he who shared for years the work that Sartre prizes most—the editorship of the monthly *Les Temps modernes.* In more than 100 absorbing pages, first published in his magazine after Merleau's death, Sartre traces their common itinerary and the

—*Paris Match.*

Jean-Paul Sartre on the balcony of his home—"constant incisiveness."

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subsequent parting of their ideological ways.

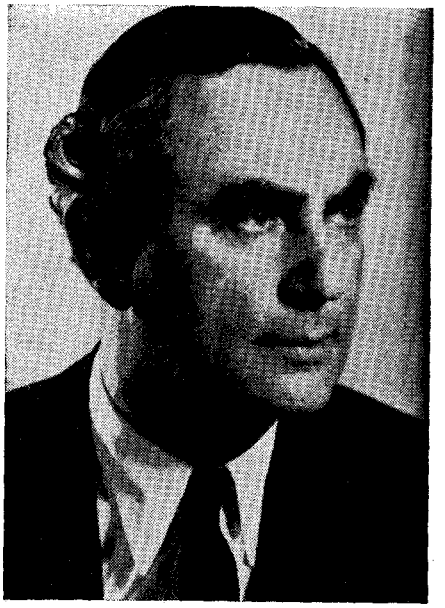
Although neither man had joined the Communist Party, their sympathies were clearly with Marxism and the Soviet Revolution. Merleau, however, was becoming increasingly disillusioned with the Soviet Union and, following the twin shocks of the Korean War and the revelation that Soviet concentration camps existed, he resigned his post with *Les Temps modernes,* broke with Sartre, and sealed himself in silence. As he relates this schism, Sartre, who has continued his political commitment to the East despite any and all disillusions, reveals as much about himself as about Merleau, both with respect to his ideological positions and his sincere grief that their friendship had come to an end. When Merleau's death removed the possibility of reconciliation, Sartre writes in a cry of grief and beauty: "There is nothing to be concluded from this except that this long friendship, neither done nor undone, obliterated when it was about to be reborn, or broken, remains inside me, an ever-open wound."

The most impassioned pages of *Situations* are devoted to Camus. The famous "Reply to Albert Camus" was the strident culmination of the violent rift that had arisen between the two great writers and which had been magnified by the publication of Camus's *The Rebel.* This is not Sartre's most noble hour. The virulence of his attack is not limited to issues; he calls Camus insufferable, accuses him of hypocrisy and of "police tactics," and, crime of crimes, of not having read Sartre! ("I have at least this in common with Hegel. You have not read either of us.") It is a model of vitriolic polemics, but it reeks of bad faith.

Almost eight years later, Sartre was nevertheless to regret the sudden death of his erstwhile friend. He acknowledges that, even after their split, he would always wonder what Camus was thinking, what positions he would take, and he agreed that "this Cartesian of the absurd" was one of the leading cultural forces of his day.

Sartre's brief preface to Nathalie Sarraute's *Portrait of a Man Unknown* is one of the clearest expositions of the literary aims of the "anti-novel"—a term he himself coined in the essay. In other articles he analyzes with perception Giacometti's use of distance as the basic concept in his paintings, and the possibility of extending the notion of commitment to music. The wealth and diversity of *Situations* are impressive, but most remarkable is the constant incisiveness of Sartre's mind and his forceful, free-flowing style wherein complexity and clarity go hand in hand. *Situations* is first-rate criticism and represents an important aspect of Sartre's work.

An Affair of State



—*Mark Gerson.*

Maurice Edelman—"inside gossip."

The Prime Minister's Daughter, *by Maurice Edelman (Random House. 246 pp. $4.95), detours from the corridors of power to concentrate on the aftermath of a young woman's idyll. Julian Gloag, a Briton, is the author of "Our Mother's House."*

By JULIAN GLOAG

THERE are several things one looks for from Maurice Edelman—a good, strong narrative, a well-organized and gripping drama, and, of course, the verisimilitude of the British political setting. In *The Minister of State,* to which *The Prime Minister's Daughter* is a sequel, these virtues were so well displayed there wasn't time, or inclination, to worry about the fact that most of the characters were stock figures and that many of the situations were plain corny.

Unfortunately, in *The Prime Minister's Daughter* one has all too much time to observe these inadequacies, for the pace of the narrative is leisurely, even lethargic. One is used to, indeed one rather expects, novelists of the politico-melodrama school to telegraph their punches, for most of the fun is to see the expected blow slammed home. But, although this book positively bristles with advance signals, the big punch is never delivered—no more than a few light taps to the right cheek.

The main plot is familiar enough: lovesick, neglected young daughter gets herself into hot water and almost ruins Daddy's career. An old brew, but not necessarily the less potent for that. Sylvia is the daughter of Geoffrey Melville, now Prime Minister (after having triumphed over his foes in *The Minister of State*). She has just returned to London after a year in New York (as her mother says, "she looks so strange—no make-up—nothing"), where she had an affair with a married man who dropped her when the going got tough.

AND this is where the going gets tough for the novel too. For Sylvia is not a politician, and all Mr. Edelman's political expertise is no help in making credible the despair of this jilted twenty-three-year-old. There are gloomy murmurs of drugs (only sleeping pills, as it turns out) and—horror!—a New York psychiatrist. The brief lovers' idyll is followed by a depressingly lovelorn, and a depressingly lengthy, aftermath. Both are as stale, flat, and as obviously *papier mâché* as poor Sylvia herself, busy getting back at Mummy for betraying Daddy, and busy trying to get Daddy to treat her, Sylvia, as a bit more important than a spot of bother in a distant colony. There are various subplots, which struck me as unlikely and contrived. But the main dramatic development hinges upon Sylvia, and, consequently, the crisis she provokes is no more high drama than the raining-out of a Girl Guides' picnic.

Luckily, it's not all Sylvia. We turn with relief and interest to Mr. Edelman's politics. It's all, on the surface, very quiet and gentlemanly in these corridors of power; there's none of the hysterical flatulence of similar novels with a Washington setting. But Mr. Edelman's great skill is at getting beneath the surface of the men of power, and the way they think and move is absolutely convincing. In this respect *The Prime Minister's Daughter* is thoroughly readable and has all the fascination of the real inside gossip. For Edelman addicts this will be quite enough.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. chestnut. 2. unchaste. 3. centaurs. 4. construe. 5. nocturne. 6. trounced. 7. centroid. 8. indirect. 9. intrepid. 10. pristine. 11. sinister. 12. cisterns. 13. princess. 14. conspire. 15. forensic.

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Looking Back in Anger

A Scorpion on a Stone: Six Stories of Loyalty and Betrayal in Modern Africa, *by Gwyn Griffin (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 219 pp. $4.95), is largely concerned with the life of colonials in East Africa during the early days of World War II. Edward Hickman Brown is a South African writer who has traveled extensively throughout the dark Continent.*

By EDWARD HICKMAN BROWN

ONE HAS to dig fairly deep, and through some surprisingly poorly realized stories, before striking what gold there is in this collection. And only the final two pieces—unpretentious and affectionate reminiscences of the early wartime days in East Africa, narrated by a callow colonial—qualify on that score. For the rest, they are concerned with unbelievable characters in incredible situations, and further marred by a free scattering of obtrusive, and rather simplistic, anti-British editorial comments.

The first—and possibly the worst—story, entitled "Dawn at Reyn's Kop," is perhaps a good example. Here, a young British Army lieutenant is presented as "not particularly intelligent," and his attempt to recapture an escaped prisoner is one of unsurpassed stupidity. Yet we are expected to believe him simultaneously capable of blindly accepting the upper-class values handed down to him, and possessed of the insight with which to view or sense the Victorian decay that Gwyn Griffin apparently believes riddles every branch of British life. The resulting hodgepodge, concerned with the manhunt of a fleeing young Afrikaner who has been sentenced to death for killing an African, and the thoroughly unacceptable, flagrant insolence and insubordination of the men under the junior officer's command, reads like a Boer War romance. No amount of references to "the British Army of the Sixties" could ever bring it any nearer to the present time.

The story ends in a gory splash of unnecessary brutality that is apparently mistaken for realism. And, for a final, unconsciously ironical touch, it abounds with dashes in the middle of a four-letter word. After all Mr. Griffin has to say, and so variously, about Victorianism, to be confronted by so blatantly Victorian (not to mention fatuous) a literary device left me dumfounded.

Correct usage of the Afrikaans language and idiom would perhaps be too much to expect. But the frequent misspellings and the careless use of Dutch spelling in place of the Afrikaans are an unnecessary and jarring irritation. This reaches its apex in "*dummkopf,*" used on two separate occasions, which belongs to neither language, and is a lot closer to the German than the "*domkop*" sought after. Surely it would have been a simple matter to have had the story read by someone who *does* speak Afrikaans?

The final piece, "Mule Song," may perhaps lay bare the reasons for the failure of most of the preceding stories. The narrator describes himself as "neurotic . . . and endlessly resentful" at the time he is recalling, and he is admittedly a violent Anglophobe. Since the history he recounts—colonial birth, miserable period of schooling in England, and brief but equally unhappy service in the British Army before escaping to the comparably endurable colonial forces—approximates the author's biographical notes, one feels justified in assuming that the attitudes presented were his. They would appear to have largely remained with him. And I submit that if you find a group of people intolerable and their behavior impossible to understand, then it follows that you will experience great difficulty in successfully portraying them and the situations within which you place them.

In that last story Mr. Griffin accurately captures the depth of sensitive feeling involved in the young man's friendship with an Italian prisoner-of-war. And he shows just how well he can write, with some brilliantly evocative passages that engrave the physical presence of that section of East Africa into one's mind.

The subtitle on the jacket, describing the selections as stories of "modern Africa," is totally misleading. For one thing, no major indigenous African character is presented at all. Furthermore, in terms of today's troubled but generally self-governing African countries, the early wartime days in Ethiopia and the Sudanese and Kenyan colonies—which Mr. Griffin depicts accurately and well in the two final stories—are almost as remote as Biblical times.

Death Was Not the End of Dying

The Woman from Sarajevo, *by Ivo Andric, translated from the Serbo-Croatian by Joseph Hitrec (Knopf. 246 pp. $5.95), employs the constricted life of a woman desperately obsessed with "thrift" as a "hard parable of the desecration of human values in our time." Robert L. Stilwell teaches comparative literature at Ohio State University.*

By ROBERT L. STILWELL

FOR READERS whose sensibilities have been honed on the master innovators in twentieth-century fiction—on Proust and Joyce and Hermann Broch, on Kafka and Virginia Woolf and Faulkner—this novel by the winner of the 1961 Nobel Prize for literature may seem a kind of latter-day museum piece. Translations of such operatic tapestries as *The Bridge on the Drina* and *Bosnian Chronicle* had already indicated the essential conservatism of Ivo Andrić's technique; but in its structure and texture *The Woman from Sarajevo* is so remarkably old-fashioned that one might suppose novelistic form had exploited no fresh strategies since Balzac. Its anomalies include a stripped-down plot, ostensibly developed from a newspaper clipping; straightforward chronology; narration through flat statement rather than through dramatized presentation; characters viewed almost wholly from without; the introduction of direct authorial pronouncements and of what our grandparents used to call "leisurely digressions," and a prose that no generosity could regard as poetry.

Having noted these points, however, I should like to add at once that those who will accept Andrić's idiom on its own traditionalistic grounds should find this a novel thick with covert terror, a hard parable of the desecration of human values in our time. Published in the author's native Yugoslavia in 1945 (under the title *Gospodjica*), and only now translated into English, *The Woman from Sarajevo* is the story of Miss Raika Radakovich, who as a young girl had promised her financially ruined father that she would fasten all her energies on amassing as much money as possible. "To [thrift] you should devote all your attention and all your strength," he had told her on his deathbed. "When it

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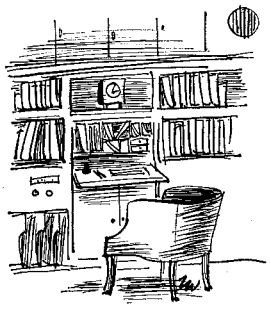
comes to thrift, you must be merciless with yourself and others . . . for the habit of thrift should be ruthless, like life itself. . . . Keep saving always, in everything, and pay no attention to anything or anyone."

These appalling injunctions fix the course for Miss Raika's whole subsequent life. First in Sarajevo and later in Belgrade, she gradually cuts off every human contact, drying up her days with the hoarding and worship of cash, until her entire existence becomes "a vast, splendid, and death-bringing desert of thrift, in which a person lost himself like a grain of sand and in which no other thing could or did exist." Finally, on a cold night in the February of 1935, after mending stockings and shivering over the feeble fire in her dark and empty apartment, she dies of a heart seizure when she mistakes her old coat, hanging on a rack, for an intruder come to rob her. Nothing else happens.

Nothing else happens. The assassinations at Sarajevo in 1914, World War I, the economic disorders of the Twenties and Thirties—all these upheavals barely touch Miss Raika. If they impinge at all upon her desperate obsession with "thrift," they do so as mere nuisances, mere noises from the street. Yet clearly



her blighting mania is meant as an emblem, a reflection in miniature, of these larger manias that grip men and nations all about her (the motif of blind self-interest runs through the novel like an *ostinato* in music). Our common lot is to devour ourselves, Andrić appears to be tacitly suggesting; and "thrift" is simply one means whereby we can do it. Thus the Braille-book of Miss Raika's life, with its grubby factuality and frozen ugliness, takes on a universality.

SEVERAL dubious traits hedge Andrić's craftsmanship in this middle-period work. One of them is the ponderousness, and the extraordinarily high cliché-density, of his authorial comments. For instance, he is obviously pleased with his cleverness in defining childhood as "those early years of which the poets and philosophers speak as the happiest time in human life"—a rhinestone of irony that most writers presumably pawned long ago. Another blemish is his tendency to throw away, with a few sentences, materials of the most crucial importance. Miss Raika's frightened vow to her dying father—the trauma that allegedly determines all her subsequent behavior—gets one meager paragraph; ten years of her later career (yes, ten years) are collapsed into a single page.

Nevertheless, these and similar weaknesses are not fundamentally crippling; and at its best *The Woman from Sarajevo* offers a grim seriousness, a coiled power, that render it worthy of more meditation than the novel will probably receive.

Only the Sound of His Music

***A Drop of Patience,** by William Melvin Kelley (Doubleday. 237 pp. $4.50), emphasizes the humanity of its Negro musician hero rather than his race. Charles Alva Hoyt, who teaches at Bennett College, Millbrook, N. Y., is himself a jazz musician.*

By CHARLES ALVA HOYT

I HOPE I am still around when the time comes that the Negroes feel free to tell jokes on themselves in public, the way the Irish do now, say. More than once, when traveling with bands composed largely of Negroes, I have been present when marvelous stories made their way back and forth, following the path of the community jug. Unfortunately, as we all know, the time just now is not propitious. Let's see, it took the Irish about 100 years to fight their way inside and relax.

There are signs, though, that the young Negro writers are beginning to turn aside from their racial preoccupations, no matter how compelling, and say something about the rest of us; and not just that we are callous or lazy or bigoted, however much we may deserve these adjectives, but that we too are victims of malice and prejudice and fraud. What I really would like to see is an end to good Negro novels and, instead, a great novel by an American who happens to be a Negro.

In the light of what has been going on in Selma this wish may seem fatuous or even cruelly selfish; yet the fact is that Negro writers themselves have expressed it. Bill Gunn, for example, suggests that his recent *All the Rest Have Died* is not "a novel about whites and Negroes as such." And although the present moving book, William Melvin Kelley's *A Drop of Patience*, is the direct and uncompromising story of a Negro musician who lives chiefly among Negroes, it is also something much better: the story of a man.

The tone is set at the powerful and shocking beginning, when the blind hero is abandoned at the age of five to a vicious orphanage. It is not a *Negro* child who has been thus betrayed by his parents and by society, but quite simply a little boy. Ludlow Washington also has a bad early marriage. Here again it is not a case of two Negroes who cannot get along, their happiness destroyed by such familiar *dei ex machina* as the Police or The Economic Exploiters, but rather of two people who have drifted into a foolish and meaningless relationship.

The hectic affair between the musician and a white girl of patrician background is by far the most believable and poignant account of such a bond that I have encountered. Washington's breakdown I find much less convincing.

The novel's big fault is its finale, which is inconclusive and uncertain. But isn't that exactly the result which a critic, no matter how hopeful, might fear to find at the present time? An ambitious novel like this simply has no proper ending available to it; the rest of us have not yet made it possible for there to be one. We must believe, however, that the great novel is coming; and it seems entirely possible that Mr. Kelley may write it.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1132

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1132 will be found in the next issue.

L JFLNL AFGHGA GD L

OBFDQC YKQ DEFOFGDBD HKB

OSLPYFGXKH RP GCTQFNGCX

KGN YKLH KB NBLCH.

YGSDQC NGVCBF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1131

As for what you're calling hard luck—well, we made New England out of it. That and codfish. —BENET.

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The Quiet Moments of Truth

One Touch of Nature and Other Stories, *by B. J. Chute (Dutton. 250 pp. $4.50), reach for the significance of events in the lives of middle-class American families. Warren Bower is the author of "Short Story Craft," to be published by Macmillan.*

By WARREN BOWER

IN RECENT years collections of short stories have become more viable and popular as books, a development good for writers and often for readers as well. Authors may thus take their products twice to market, as Joy Chute has done in a volume of stories all except three of which have appeared first in major popular magazines. Among the ten previously printed are most of the best examples of short stories in the volume—which may be a tentative answer, quite unscientific in determination, to the perennially-raised question: do the mass magazines publish good fiction? However, authors can also use a collection of short fiction as a means to get before a reading public stories that (for whatever reason) are unsold.

Miss Chute is an accomplished craftsman and storyteller in all her work. She writes sensitively, aware that illumination of the significance of quietly dramatic moments is one of the purposes fiction serves best. She is adroit in the choice of words, has a fine appreciation of sentence rhythms and the color of speech. Grace and charm and competence mark her writing style, and recommend her warmly to her audience.

It is in the management of her characters that Miss Chute seems to assent to the tacit demands of the market for which she writes her short fiction. Her women almost invariably are charming; they also manage their households, and all within them, with consummate taste and effectiveness. Their husbands are usually bumbling at home, well-intentioned but limited in ability to sense when they are inept, however successful they may be as providers and pillars of professions.

In the title story, "One Touch of Nature," which is concerned with the theme of togetherness between father and son, the father invites the boy to go with him on a camping trip, which predictably results in blisters on the tender feet, indigestion, and a cold in the head. But because the boy, who was calling his father "Sir" at the start of the story, ends it by saying "Dad," the "long, limping, weary journey home" will be walked "on wings." An eminently satisfactory ending for the readers of a "woman's book"; but we are not persuaded it is the inevitable one.

There is no denying, however, that Miss Chute is at her secure best when she is dealing with a broadly moral problem. She may always come down on the side of the angels, but she provides plenty of arguments for both sides, and the resulting suspense makes for interest well sustained until the very end. Thus one of the best of the stories in this book is "Thank You, Dr. Russell," in which the issue is whether a new headmaster in a boys' school can stand up to the challenge of a recalcitrant boy who knows his father has bought his graduation by an ample gift to the needy school. He does, in something of a surprise ending rather too quickly arrived at; but the story has dimensions and implications and a skill in telling that give it real import.

Another of the distinctive stories in the collection is, oddly enough, one that apparently did not get first publication in a magazine. "The Web" is a wry account of how a man mismanages a mistress and a wife so that they come together and during several moments of truth have revealed to them, and to him, what a cheat and a bumbler he is. This is what Miss Chute can do with an old theme: nothing less than give it point, freshness, and credibility, thus gaining applause from both genders in her audience.

"Dung-Tongue" and Other Matters: The evaluation of a collection of humorous essays is a near-impossible task. Critical objectivity, the reviewer's essential tool, is nonexistent. The only question a reviewer can ask himself is, "Is what I am reading funny?" And the answer can only be a subjective one. After all, one man's mirth is another man's acid indigestion. With that in mind, let us look at *Time Lurches On,* by Ralph Schoenstein (Doubleday, $3.95), a collection of fourteen essays if you count up the titles on the contents page, though in actuality many of the essays break down into several short pieces loosely strung together under a catch-all title.

The bulk of this collection, subtitled "Daddy, What Will You Be When You Grow Up?," is devoted to the author's reactions to contemporary matters: everything from the fight over prayer in the schools to the reshaping of the English language—courtesy of American advertising agencies—into something Mr. Schoenstein labels as "dung-tongue." These pieces range from fresh and funny to tired and silly, with the majority falling pleasantly, if not hilariously, in between.

High in my estimation is a forward look into a grammar school in a fully unionized welfare state, where the teacher informs her charges that "the first thing we're going to do today is to have a shape-up for the Christmas play." Among the tired is a piece on cemeteries that contributes nothing new or half so funny as Jessica Mitford's straight reportage on the same subject. Bottom honors go to the author's swipe at the use of music in dentist's offices, which leads to a silly, unfunny list of suitable selections to serve as accompaniment to different kinds of dental work.

Mr. Schoenstein is at his best not when he is launching his barbed arrows, for he is a haphazard marksman, but when he relaxes into nostalgia. There is a fine tribute to the New York Giants and their loyal fans who stuck with them even when they were in first place and cheered them back to fifth. Another, on the "enchanted reality of radio," recalls the names, adventure serials, and catchphrases of those wonderful days when that eyeless box in the living room created pictures that television will never duplicate.

Since humor, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder, there can be no flat pronouncement on the merits of *Time Lurches On.* For me it is a mixed bag; others may find it pure gold all the way. I doubt, however, that anyone will disagree regarding the likable picture of the author which his book creates. Ralph Schoenstein, as humorist, does not call to mind so rare a being as S. J. Perelman, who can light the sky with language, or Robert Benchley, whose humor suggested a nervous willingness to meet the world halfway if he could frisk it first for concealed weapons. Instead, Mr. Schoenstein comes across as that nice guy down the block who'll never quite make it big because he insists on questioning the existing order of things, instead of closing his eyes and cashing in with the rest of the mob.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

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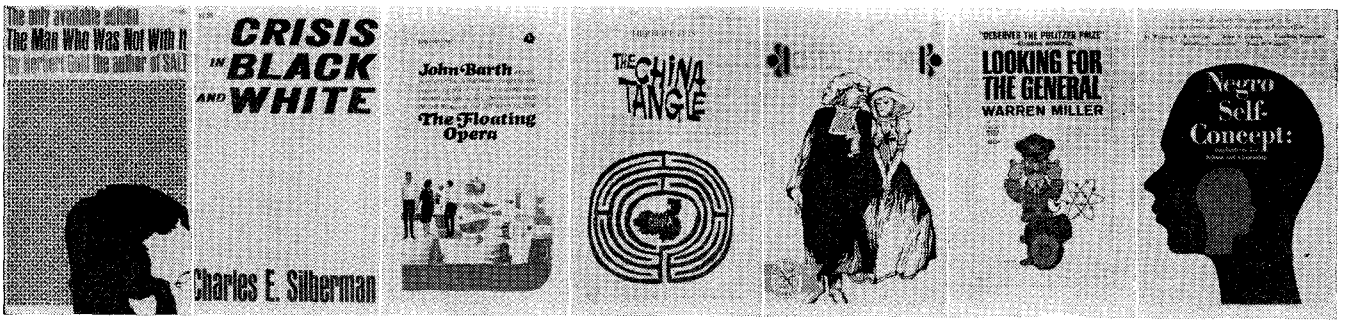

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

What price success? About $400,000. At least that's what Dell is paying John Le Carré for the paperback reprint rights to his yet unpublished novel *The Looking Glass War*. That's quite a boost in pay from the $25,000 Dell reportedly paid for his first novel, the runaway *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*, which has sold more than two million copies in two months. Mr. Le Carré, who recently visited this country under his real name, David Cornwell, is a blond, thirty-four-year-old Englishman, a former schoolteacher and minor civil servant. The father of three small sons, he is a man who seems to take success in sturdy British style. "I had no idea *The Spy* would be so successful," he said. "I think we have grown weary of Cold War attitudes. I think we know there is a self-perpetuating quality of war which can be more frightful than war itself, because it advances new hostilities while pretending to solve the old ones. I would describe that as the propitious and fortuitous atmosphere in which *The Spy* was published." Be that as it may, the atmosphere in which Mr. Le Carré-Cornwell dwells is highly propitious, salutary in fact. His last address was simply "Somewhere in the Greek Islands."

The culture hero of our times may indeed be James Bond, but back in the 1930s the literary adventure market was dominated by a titan named Doc Savage, created by Kenneth Robeson (pen-name of the late Lester Dent). Savage was an intrepid, square-jawed, nonsmoking teetotaler and a woman-shy battler against evil in a world where the bad guys were simply bad and promptly defeated. Bantam, encouraged by the rerun popularity of Tarzan, another of nature's noblemen, has published six Doc Savage novels. The jacket art of *The Lost Oasis*, *Brand of the Werewolf*, and *The Polar Treasure* (45¢ each) depicts Doc fighting off, respectively, vampire bats, hairy wolfmen, and an outsized bear. Without even reading the books, it's safe to say that ol' Doc lived to fight yet another day. . . . From Denver, Colorado, Alan Swallow writes that his publishing house is bringing out Yvor Winters's *In Defense of Reason* ($3.75). Mr. Swallow says, "This one volume has had more influence than any other critical volume published in the last decade and a half." . . . Saul Bellow, winner of the 1964 National Book Award for *Herzog*, is here, there, and everywhere these days. His long introductory essay to Dostoevsky's acerbic comments about European travel in *Winter Notes on Summer Impressions* (McGraw-Hill, $1.95), charmingly recalls Bellow's own confrontations with his *concierge*. . . . "My emotions during the ceremony had been a mixture of fear and elation. Afterwards I felt exalted with a new spirit of power and strength. All my previous life seemed empty and meaningless." That's how Josiah Mwangi Kariuki, a thirty-six-year-old member of the Kenya parliament, describes his initiation into Mau Mau in *Mau Mau Detainee* (Pelican original, $1.25), a grimly fascinating account of revolutionary and nationalist activities in and out of British prison camps.

—Rollene W. Saal.

Fiction

One of the great pleasures of reading paperback fiction is the discovery of some literary curiosity, a novel either little known or long out of print. It's a joy second only to finding a best-seller in paper covers just when you were about to buy the hardcover edition. Among the newly published oddities are some early novels that are interesting somewhat less for complex character development than for the reflection they give of their own times. Fanny Burney's first published work (1778) was *Evelina or The History of a Young Lady's Entrance Into the World* (Norton, $1.65), told in letters which give glittering glimpses into the manners of the eighteenth century. Another lady novelist was Maria Edgeworth, who chose the "memoir" as her novel's disguise. *Castle Rackrent* (Norton, 95¢) reveals the dark plights of Irish gentry, "the drunken Sir Patrick, the litigious Sir Murtagh, the fighting Sir Kit, and the slovenly Sir Condy." Then of course there was Emily Brontë, far more "counter, original, spare, strange" than either the Misses Burney or Edgeworth. Her *Gondal's Queen* (McGraw-Hill, $2.45), a novel in verse patched together by Fannie E. Ratchford from bits and fragments scrawled on bits of paper, stands as a weird, wild tribute to that fanciful imagination which peopled a mythical land.

New and noteworthy: John Barth's *The Floating Opera* (Avon, 75¢) and Warren Miller's *Looking for the General* (Crest, 60¢), both devilishly humorous, satiric, and almost always original; Herbert Gold's *The Man Who Was Not with It* (Random House, $1.95), poetic exploration along the "carny" circuit where the midway offers prime pain of living; Erich Maria Remarque's *The Night in Lisbon* (Crest, 60¢), the secret, shuffling world of refugees in transit along the labyrinth of intrigue and lost hopes; Eudora Welty's *Thirteen Stories* (Harvest, $1.65), finely wrought and better than we remembered.

The American Negro

The greatest national issue of our time is unquestionably race relations, and any number of books have been published recently examining the problem from every vantage point. Some are purely historical, like *Black Cargoes* (Compass, $1.85), a history of the Atlantic slave trade. Written by Daniel P. Mannix in collaboration with Malcolm Cowley, the book is a violent, fascinating record of three hundred years of a grotesque and financially successful commercial enterprise.

No era was so important to subsequent events as Reconstruction in the South, the subject of Vernon Lane Whar-

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ton's *The Negro in Mississippi 1865-1890* (Harper Torchbooks, $1.75). When the old order of slave and master was destroyed, the Negro was left free but unprotected, a condition which in many areas has changed only theoretically through the years.

Three Negro Classics (Avon, $1.25), comprising Booker T. Washington's autobiographical *Up from Slavery*, W. E. B. Du Bois's *The Souls of Black Folk*, and James Weldon Johnson's anonymously printed *Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man*, etches indelibly the struggle for recognition. More imperious protests, most of it by such masters as Richard Wright, James Baldwin, and Martin Luther King, are eloquent mainstays of *The Negro Since Emancipation* (Spectrum, $1.95), edited by Harvey Wish.

In 1930, when Paul Lewinson wrote *Race, Class, and Party* (Universal, $1.95), a pioneer work on Negro suffrage and white politics in the South, the Negro vote was "negligible." Ten years later Negro voters in eight Deep South states numbered nearly 90,000, and by 1964, there were nearly two million in eleven Southern states. Along with the more obvious reasons for this growth, the author discusses the Negro's own feelings of increased self-confidence. This aspect is the topic of a timely study, *Negro Self-Concept* (McGraw-Hill, $2.45), by William C. Kvaraceus, a report of a conference sponsored by the Lincoln Filene Center for Citizenship and Public Affairs. The major problem reviewed was the low esteem in which Negroes have customarily held themselves, reinforced by the familiar pattern of the culturally deprived —illegitimacy, school drop-outs, delinquency, unemployment. Yet the picture presented is a hopeful one, with young Negroes asserting a more positive image of themselves in society.

Social aggressiveness can lead to crime or it can be directed to economic advantage. *The Negro Challenge to the Business Community* (McGraw-Hill, $1.65) was edited by Eli Ginzberg from the representative papers of a 1964 gathering of major corporation executives who met at Columbia University Graduate School of Business to seek new ways in which the Negro may assume his proper role in the marketplace. Charles E. Silberman's *Crisis in Black and White* (Random House, $1.95) cogently analyzes the white-Negro relationship and the degree to which racial unrest in the United States is either "black" or "white." Ultimately, Mr. Silberman sees the major battle taking place in the classroom—not the elementary school, where he finds it too late to combat a hostility that has already been instilled, but at the nursery school level, when eager curiosity and natural friendliness still prevail.

China

Most Westerners, when confronted with the question of modern China, are quick to acknowledge the totality of their ignorance, confusion, and concern. One of the best attempts to illuminate this darkness is *Twentieth-Century China* (Columbia University Press, $2.75), by O. Edmund Clubb, who was U.S. Consul General in Peking in 1950, the time of the break in Sino-American relations. This political history moves from the days of imperial splendor through the feeble attempt at democracy, to the China-blend Communism of today. If the author offers no simple solutions to the problem, he is aware of the possible consequences, observing dryly, "The dangers involved in being wrong about China today are vastly greater than they were at the time of the Battle of Manila Bay."

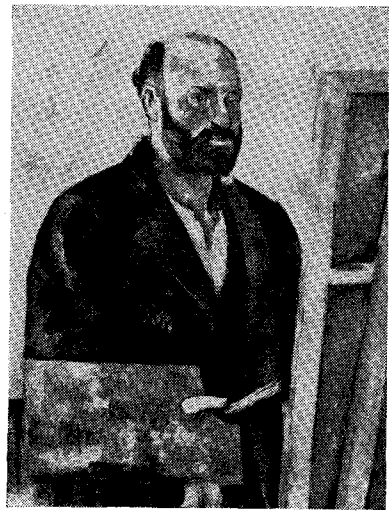
Another book that relates China's chaotic present to her unstable past is *The Birth of Communist China* (Pelican original, $1.25), by C. P. Fitzgerald, who surveys the eras of economic unrest and revolutionary ferment. Guy Wint's *Communist China's Crusade* (Praeger, $1.75) reviews part of the same period, which has culminated in the orgy of nationalism by a country now reveling in its renewed potency as a world threat. Herbert Feis's *The China Tangle* (Atheneum, $2.75) appraises American policy in China from Pearl Harbor through the early postwar years. It's a sad story of incomplete attempts to prop up Chinese resistance, of high hopes and blurred proposals, of good intentions gone awry.

Theology

In *The Meaning and End of Religion* (Mentor, 75¢), Wilfred Cantwell Smith, director of Harvard University's Center for the Study of World Religions, has delved into some subtle aspects of comparative religion, stressing far more than the obvious similarities or differences of faith, and insisting that "the future progress of one's own cherished faith even within one's own community depends more largely than most of us have realized on the ability to solve the question of comparative religion." The "human torches" in Vietnam have dramatically called attention to the political implications of religion. In *The Religions of the Oppressed* (Mentor, 75¢), by Italian ethnologist Vittorio Lanternari, modern messianic cults from Kenya to Indonesia are analyzed as chilling examples of how people seek escape from what they consider captive roles.

Selections in Walter Kaufman's anthology of writings on religious truth, *Religion from Tolstoy to Camus* (Harper Torchbooks, $2.95), highlight major aspects of contemporary thought. Among the contributors are such familiar names in modern theology as Jacques Maritain, Albert Schweitzer, Martin Buber, and Paul Tillich. Both Maritain and Tillich are represented in individual recent paperbacks: Maritain's slim *On the Uses of Philosophy* (Atheneum, $1.25) reviews among other matters the relevance of science and God. Paul Tillich's *The Eternal Now* (Scribners, $1.25) touches upon loneliness, salvation, solitude, conformity.

A bold break with academic rigidity marked the painting of the last century. True, during the early 1800s the cool neoclassicism of David and Ingres held sway, but soon romanticism burgeoned, accompanied by a self-assertive individualism. Georges Peillex's *Nineteenth Century Painting* (Compass, $2.25) reviews in text and reproductions, both color and black-and-white, the entire scope of one of art's most fertile eras.



Cézanne self-portrait.

Corot: "Girl Reading."

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A Difference of Dangers

China and the Bomb, *by Morton H. Halperin (Praeger. X, 166 pp. $4.95), favors the eventual inclusion of Peking in some sort of general disarmament agreement. Harold C. Hinton is a senior staff member of the Institute of Defense Analyses.*

By HAROLD C. HINTON

POPULAR thinking about the proliferation of nuclear weapons usually holds that all Nth countries are dangerous, but some are more dangerous than others. Communist China, in particular, is widely believed to "want war," and its first detonation of a nuclear device last October 16 naturally aroused a great deal of interest and concern.

Thus the publication of Morton Halperin's brief book is timely. It is also fortunate, because it is a basically sound and useful study. The author, a student of international relations with a special interest in Communist China, has given much thought and research to the Chinese nuclear problem over the past few years, under the sponsorship of several respected institutions. He has gone carefully over the Chinese Communist documents relating to nuclear weapons and other relevant materials. Although he has a tendency to use too many long direct quotations from his sources, his analysis is generally good.

He correctly points out the important fact that, even though Communist China has ambitious foreign-policy objectives and in former years made some lighthearted statements about nuclear war for political effect, its leaders have a reasonably good understanding of the facts of nuclear life and are certainly not anxious to become involved in a nuclear war themselves or to see the outbreak of general war. The main differences between them and the Russians over the question of war relate to such matters as the risk that a local war may escalate to the level of general war (the Russians rate the danger considerably higher than do the Chinese), the duty of Communist states to render active support to "national liberation movements" against "imperialism" (the Russians are somewhat more cautious than the Chinese), and the problem of nuclear proliferation. Even though the Russians, who have exaggeratedly accused the Chinese of recklessness for partisan purposes, gave the latter some limited although indispensable aid in the nuclear and missile fields, they have been and remain basically opposed to proliferation of national nuclear forces (including non-Communist forces, a point Halperin does not seem to grasp) as the best means of frightening the two thermonuclear super powers into agreeing to the ultimate Chinese objective in the field of disarmament: complete nuclear disarmament without conventional disarmament, which would leave China probably the strongest military power in Asia and in a much better position both to protect its security and promote its influence. In the meantime, the Chinese view their own future nuclear weapons as a stopgap means of enhancing their security and influence.

Halperin is on doubtful ground in adding the comforting thought that the United States could contain Communist China even if the former had no nuclear weapons; it seems to me that our conventional deterrence under present conditions gains a probably indispensable part of its effectiveness from the general knowledge that American nuclear power is always on call. He espouses other improbable theories when he says that the Russians believe that a general war would mean the end only of "capitalism," that the Chinese really thought that the Soviet ICBM test and Sputniks of 1957 tipped the strategic military balance in favor of the Soviet Union, and that the Chinese were satisfied with the degree of Soviet protection and cooperation that they received during the Taiwan Strait crisis of 1958.

Halperin concludes with some commonsense recommendations for coping with a nuclear Communist China, which he correctly sees as a complication and even a danger, but not necessarily an unmanageable or catastrophic one. He advocates the familiar and unexceptionable combination of firmness and flexibility in American policy, including if necessary the knocking out of the Chinese nuclear installations. He favors the eventual inclusion of Communist China in some sort of general disarmament agreement and seems to think this is possible if Soviet cooperation can be secured. I doubt it. The Chinese have so far shown interest only in nuclear disarmament (meaning at the present time other people's nuclear disarmament), to be achieved preferably through a summit conference among all the countries of the world. There is probably no royal road to the solution of the Chinese nuclear problem; it can be managed, but not necessarily eliminated.

More Than One Way to Win a World

Détente: Cold War Strategies in Transition, *edited by Eleanor Lansing Dulles and Robert Dickson Crane (Praeger. 307 pp. $5.95), examines the validity of some of the underlying assumptions of our foreign policy. Frank Altschul is chairman of the Committee on International Policy of the National Planning Association.*

By FRANK ALTSCHUL

IN CONSECUTIVE essays, *Détente* deals with the manifold problems that confront us in the field of foreign policy as we seek to re-examine Cold War strategy during a period of transition. It is a rewarding book. The authors, most of them associated with the Center for Strategic Studies at Georgetown University, are highly qualified. In a penetrating foreword Robert Murphy voices the feeling, which will be widely shared, that "if there is a more timely and effective presentation of facts relating to basic elements of our international situation . . . I am unaware of it."

To test the continuing validity of some of the underlying assumptions on which our foreign policy has long been based is the purpose of this exercise. As Klaus Mehnert remarks in the opening essay, "Political Evolution in the Communist World," "there are times when people must rethink their positions. Such a time came to the world when the beginnings of a possible détente, in 1963, affected the Cold War positions to which everybody had grown accustomed during the past fifteen years." In a sense this sets the tone of much that is to follow.

In these days, when we are all exposed to the highly cultivated art of the propagandist, it is easy to be beguiled by such attractive but ambiguous expressions as "détente" and "peaceful coexistence." Accordingly, it is the part of wisdom to explore any lurking ambiguity they may contain. In the United States we look

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upon détente as a step in a continuing effort to relax and, hopefully, to remove the underlying causes of tension and hostility. Malcolm Mackintosh's essay in the present book strongly urges us to guard against the possibility that in the Russian view this represents no more than the well-known maneuver "*reculer pour mieux sauter.*" And Richard V. Allen, in a scholarly examination of the effective use of the expression "peaceful coexistence" as an instrument of Soviet psychological warfare, demonstrates how far removed this is from our conception of a genuine peace. Allen reaches the dismal conclusion that "the great paradox of our time may well turn out to be our inability to recognize that the Cold War has in reality become more intense despite the increasing appearances of peace . . . to mistake the illusion of peace for genuine peace would be a profoundly dangerous, perhaps fatal mistake."

General and complete disarmament—a frequently alleged objective of Soviet policy—is exposed for the myth it is in two essays by James E. Dougherty. To its proponents it may be an effective element of propaganda addressed to the almost universal yearning for peace and tranquillity; but, as Mr. Dougherty demonstrates, it has no substance or reality. In fact, he asserts, "at the present time neither the United States nor the Soviet Union are engaged in serious negotiations for general and complete disarmament in the near future." He underscores the many obstacles that lie in the way of its realization, not the least of which is the impossibility of detecting a well-concealed array of nuclear weapons.

The utter suicidal insanity of thermonuclear warfare, today recognized by the Soviet Union no less than by ourselves, is a theme that recurs throughout this book. We are doomed, it seems, to no brighter prospect than a prolonged period of mutual deterrence, during which the struggle between two conflicting ideologies will be waged by all available means short of thermonuclear war. In this struggle the Communists appear to have a genuine confidence in ultimate victory. Their strategy, as Mr. Dougherty indicates, "prescribes the gradual envelopment of the West over a relatively long period of piecemeal conquests, feints, maneuvers, political turnabouts, economic and diplomatic forays, social penetrations, and the psychological manipulation of élite and mass attitudes."

This is the challenge that we are called upon to meet; this is the challenge that, as David M. Abshire suggests, requires the integration of "all forms of power and influence—military, economic, political and psychological—to further the aims of . . . strategy." And here the finger is pointed at some of the fundamental shortcomings in the present conduct of our affairs. Can we seriously argue that in the psychological field our propaganda has been as effective as that of the Soviet Union, or that our attempts at a discriminating use of our economic potential have always produced the desired result? With a view to the coordination of policy, these questions should be thoughtfully re-examined.

But above all it is in the field of diplomacy that a fresh approach is urgently needed. The broad lines of such an approach are dealt with by David M. Abshire in his chapter entitled "Grand Strategy Reconstructed." He argues persuasively for the necessity of repairing the disarray within NATO: "Any Russian détente," he contends, "must be with the entire Atlantic community—North and South—not just with us while the rest of that community is being subverted . . . real and genuine détente cannot precede a successful strategy of alliance."

The difficulties in the way should not be minimized. They are underscored in the chapters "European Unity, the German View," by Klaus Mehnert, and "Nuclear Strategy, the French View," by Pierre M. Gallois. Needless to say, from both chapters there emerges as the unyielding obstacle to unity the towering figure of Charles de Gaulle. To find some common ground with him will tax the ingenuity of no less a person than the President of the United States. The General's aversion to "*les* Anglo-Saxon" partakes of the pathological; "*les* Anglo-Saxon" have twice saved France from the Germans. It is just possible that with the exercise of supreme skill they may yet succeed in saving France from de Gaulle.

Decision at Sinai

Crisis: The Inside Story of the Suez Conspiracy, *by Terence Robertson (Atheneum. 349 pp. $6.95), and* ***Suez: The Seven Day War,*** *by A. J. Barker (Praeger. 223 pp. $5.95), take a dim view respectively of the statesmanship and the military strategy behind the 1956 invasion of Sinai. John C. Campbell, senior research fellow at the Council on Foreign Relations, wrote "Defense of the Middle East."*

By JOHN C. CAMPBELL

THE SUEZ crisis of 1956 will never lose its fascination. The more of the inside story that is told, the more there seems to be for others to write about. And it does not make for detached writing. Perhaps it is because passions ran so high among the actors in the drama that the chroniclers—and some of these were actors, too—have themselves been so passionate. Suez has made a quiet and respected scholar, Herman Finer, turn prosecutor in *Dulles Over Suez,* a strong attack on the policy of the late Secretary of State; it has driven an enterprising journalist, Erskine Childers, to write a bloodhound of a book, *The Road to Suez,* which tears Sir Anthony Eden to shreds. Others have contributed a share of tendentious writing, along with interesting revelations and careful analysis.

Now comes Terence Robertson, a Canadian journalist, with a fast-moving, well-written story that leaves none of the principals with much claim to honor or statesmanship. Only the two peacemakers, Dag Hammarskjöld and Lester Pearson of Canada, appear as knights in shining armor, and Hammarskjöld's is slightly tarnished.

High drama it was, and for some a searing tragedy. The word "Suez" is engraven in Anthony Eden's heart as "Calais" was in that of Mary Tudor. A "League of Nations man, a U.N. man," as he termed himself, he took the fatal decision to use force in defiance of the U.N. Charter, and in so doing he divided his own country, split the Commonwealth, broke historic ties with the United States, and left no way out except that of retreat and humiliation. In the end he laid down the high office of Prime Minister, for which he had waited so long, a beaten and broken man.

Mr. Robertson is not vindictive. But it is clear from his story that he regards Eden as no match for the men of stronger will who were his co-conspirators, Pineau of France and Ben-Gurion of Israel, nor for Secretary Dulles, whose moralism and duplicity had behind them the power of the United States, nor even for the despised Nasser, who managed

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to pull a political victory out of a military defeat.

Colonel A. J. Barker's book, *Suez: The Seven Day War*, fits in nicely here, for it tells the military story from the British side in complete and unvarnished form, so thoroughly that it need not be done again. The failure of the Eden government to find the delicate balance that was essential to the combined use of force and diplomacy to attain a political objective—to say nothing of failure to define the objective and stick to its pursuit—is already known. What is especially well demonstrated by Colonel Barker is the unpreparedness from the strictly military standpoint, first, to take any effective action immediately after Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal Company, and second, to carry through a quick and decisive campaign after three months of preparation. It was a lumbering World War II type of operation, faulty in its overestimate of the military worth of the enemy forces and in its lack of flexibility when time was of the essence.

SCHOLARS may fret over Mr. Robertson's failure to cite chapter and verse for his quotations and controversial statements. They will not be satisfied with his simple assertion that "the facts and conclusions are supported by a formidable collection of records, papers, and diaries," to say nothing of exhaustive interviews. At times the narrative reads like a historical novel, with many conversations given in direct quotation. But to say that the author writes like a journalist and not like a historian is not to deprecate the value of his book, which reveals parts of the Suez story that have not been made public before.

Information provided by those responsible for French policy at the time leaves no doubt about the collusion of France with Britain and Israel weeks before the invasion of Sinai. The book illuminates the whole course of French-British relations, in which the conduct of the two partners presented so stark a contrast. The French objective, to overthrow Nasser as a means of opening the way to victory in the Algerian war, may have been wrongheaded; but Mollet and Pineau pursued it with a fixed and firm purpose and a magisterial disregard for the United Nations, world opinion, or the good will of the United States, until Britain's decision to quit left them no choice.

Mr. Robertson's inclusion of texts of the reports and conversations of Canadian diplomats bears witness to the extensive cooperation provided him by Mr. Pearson and his colleagues—data that shed some light on the course and tone of the Anglo-American relationship and also on the role played by Canada. Perhaps that role is exaggerated in the pervasive picture of Pearson the constructive conciliator, guiding the errant British, the unimaginative Americans, and the emotional and irresponsible Afro-Asians toward a settlement in the interest of all. But it is largely a true picture, and it is good to have the record set forth to prove it. The creation of the U.N. international force was a real accomplishment.

As Terence Robertson suggests, while we can wait fifty years for the historians to have their say, we cannot wait that long to absorb the lessons of the Suez crisis. Some, surely, have already been learned from living with the untold and still evident damage done to the Western alliance. Others may be learned but not so easily applied. How can the United States and Britain guard against having a Dulles and an Eden in office at the same time? How can a Ben-Gurion be made to change his views on Israel's vital needs, or a Nasser to see "reason" as we see it?

So far as the truth about Suez may help, these two books make a real contribution. But for the final story let us wait for others to speak, as it is certain they will.

Hitler and the Generals

Barbarossa: The Russo-German Conflict, 1941-1945, *by Alan Clark (Morrow. 576 pp. $10), and* ***Hitler Moves East 1941-1943,*** *by Paul Carell, translated from the German by Ewald Osers (Little, Brown. 640 pp. $10), express opposite views concerning der Führer vis-à-vis his generals. Alexander Werth, who spent the war years in the Soviet Union, is the author of several books on that period, including "Russia at War, 1941-45."*

By ALEXANDER WERTH

WE HAVE had excellent books on Hitler by John Wheeler-Bennett, H. R. Trevor-Roper, Alan Bullock, William Shirer, Walter Goerlitz, and so on. We've had the Nuremberg documents, and Hitler's secret conversations, and dozens of books by German generals. So, surely, the subject is pretty well exhausted. And, although Alan Clark has worked on "original" documents, his book adds practically nothing to what we already know.

The main difference between *Barbarossa* and some of the others is a certain prejudice on his part in Hitler's favor, and in the generals' disfavor. He even thinks it very "courageous" of Hitler to have shot himself in his Berlin rathole. I think, on the contrary, that it would have been much more courageous for him to have faced up to the Nuremberg Trial; when I was in Berlin soon after Hitler's death, I could not help admiring the German soldiers who had fought fanatically in the streets of the Berlin inferno up to May 2; I certainly did not admire the Führer and his pseudo-Wagnerian nonsense.

But Mr. Clark goes out of his way to show how frequently Hitler was right and his generals were wrong. He even argues, not very convincingly, that it was Paulus's rather than Hitler's fault that the Germans were trapped at Stalingrad.

Occasionally he makes some sound observations, for instance when he questions the common assertion that Leningrad could easily have been captured if, in September 1941, the Germans had made an additional effort. He is also reasonably good on the Warsaw uprising in August 1944, though he spoils his argument by quoting a wholly fanciful Polish story that Russians and Germans were peacefully bathing on opposite sides of the Vistula while Warsaw was burning, which is plain rubbish.

Mr. Clark, being too young to have had any experience of World War II, makes rather a virtue of this by saying that "no one expects an expert on Richard II to have *lived* through that period. He re-

—From "Hitler Moves East."

Wartime madonna—before slave labor.

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lies on the documents." Unfortunately, what results in his book is just the kind of lifelessness one would expect from a book on Richard II. For "color" he can think of no one better to quote than, believe it or not, Curzio Malaparte. But, above all, his knowledge of Russia and Russian sources is practically nil. Thus he tells us that Molotov was "Foreign Minister from 1939 to 1952"; that Malenkov "was branded as 'anti-Party' at the 20th Congress"; that Beria "was chief of the NKVD from 1935 to 1952" and "was the only member of the anti-Party group to be liquidated." In reality, Molotov was Foreign Minister until 1956; Malenkov was "branded" not at the Congress of 1956, but in 1957; and Beria became head of the NKVD not in 1935 (has Mr. Clark not heard of Yezhov?) but in 1938, and kept the job not till 1952, but till 1953, *i.e.* after Stalin's death. Although he was shot in 1953, Beria could not possibly have been liquidated as a "member of the anti-Party group," which did not come into being until four years after his death. One expects something better than that from an "expert."

PAUL CARELL'S book is the story of the invasion of Russia as told from the—or should one say, *a*?—German point of view. Perhaps the most interesting, if rather disquieting, fact about it is that *Hitler Moves East* should have been a great success in Germany. For does not this suggest that the Germans of today—who should know better—still like to think that the invasion of Russia, and World War II generally, was a rather jolly and glorious affair, which would have been even more so if only that idiot Hitler had not interfered with those splendid generals? But for him, they would have captured Leningrad and Moscow in no time, won the war in the East, and then dictated terms to Britain and the USA.

The critic of the Paris *Monde* accurately described *Hitler Moves East* as "an interesting book, but an essentially *false* one." Its fearful falseness is, if anything, stressed by the beautiful colored photographs illustrating Carell's story: for instance, an idyllic picture of pretty Russian village girls apparently getting on splendidly with those nice, kind, chivalrous boys of the Wehrmacht. The fact that these very girls were sent to Germany as slave labor only a few months later is simply not mentioned, nor are any of the even greater horrors that the Germans perpetrated in the East. Perhaps a colored photograph of an Auschwitz gas chamber, or of a camp where some of the three million Russian war prisoners were literally starved to death, would have added plausibility to Herr Carell's bright and breezy narrative.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Current Affairs

THE AFRICAN NETTLE: Dilemmas of an Emerging Continent. Collected by Frank S. Meyer. John Day. $5.

BREAKTHROUGH TO THE GREAT SOCIETY. By David Coyle. Oceana. $4.50.

COMMUNIST CHINA'S CRUSADE: Mao's Road to Power and the New Campaign for World Revolution. By Guy Wint. Praeger. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.75.

CRISIS IN OUR CITIES. By Lewis Herber. Prentice-Hall. $5.95.

THE FREE MEN. By John Ehle. Harper & Row. $5.95.

VIETNAM: Inside Story of the Guerilla War. By Wilfred G. Burchett. International. $4.95.

Fiction

GOODBYE ROSIE. By James Lowell McPherson. Knopf. $5.95.

THE JING AFFAIR. By D. J. Spencer. Funk & Wagnalls. $4.95.

A NIGHT AT SEA. By Margaret Lane. Knopf. $4.95.

A NIGHT OF THEIR OWN. By Peter Abrahams. Knopf. $4.95.

THE SAINT OF MONTPARNASSE. By Peter Neagoe. Chilton. $5.95.

SHILAPPADIKARAM (The Ankle Bracelet). By Prince Ilangô Adigal. Translated by Alain Daniélou. New Directions. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $1.65.

TAKE ME WHERE THE GOOD TIMES ARE. By Robert Cormier. Macmillan. $4.50.

A VOICE FROM THE WINGS. By Nancy Hallinan. Knopf. $5.95.

Government, Politics

THE ROAD TO NUMBER 10. By Anthony Howard and Richard West. Macmillan. $5.95.

THIS HONORABLE COURT. By Leo Pfeffer. Beacon. $10.95.

History

HOODED AMERICANISM. By David M. Chalmers. Doubleday. $5.95.

Lincolniana

THE DAY LINCOLN WAS SHOT. By Jim Bishop. Centennial edition. Harper & Row. Hardbound, $4.95. Paperback, 85¢.

THE FAREWELL TO LINCOLN. By Victor Searcher. Abingdon. $5.95.

LINCOLN: His Words and His World. By the editors of *Country Beautiful*. Hawthorn. $4.95.

MASK FOR TREASON: The Lincoln Murder Trial. By Vaughan Shelton. Stackpole. $14.95.

SONGS AFTER LINCOLN. By Paul Horgan. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $3.95.

Miscellany

AN AREA OF DARKNESS. By V. S. Naipaul. Macmillan. $5.95.

LETTERS TO THE METS. By Bill Adler. Simon & Schuster. $2.

RAILWAY HOLIDAY IN FRANCE. By George Behrend. Taplinger. $6.50.

THE ROMAN SOLDIER. By H. E. L. Mellersh. Taplinger. $5.

THE WHEELS OF FASHION. By Phyllis Lee Levin. Doubleday. $5.95.

Personal History

COCKERELL. By Wilfrid Blunt. Knopf. $7.50.

I WILL TRY. By Legson Kayira. Doubleday. $4.50.

TEILHARD DE CHARDIN: A Biographical Study. By Claude Cuenot. Helicon. $9.75.

THAT PELLET WOMAN! By Betty Pellet with Alexander Klein. Stein & Day. $5.95.

Poetry

NOTHING FOR TIGERS: Poems 1959-1965. By Hayden Carruth. Macmillan. $3.95.

THE SELECTED POEMS OF JOHN HOLMES. Beacon. $7.50.

Religion

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE BIBLE. By P. A. Marijnen. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $5.50. Paperback, $2.95.

RELIGION IN THE UNITED STATES. By Benson Y. Landis. Barnes & Noble. Hardbound, $2.50. Paperback, $1.25.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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Sampler

Continued from page 37

sale poisoning or commits the shockingly cruel and unusual murder "attracts the sob sisters and sob brothers of the yellow press; causes quack alienists to rally to his defense like buzzards around a carcass, invites the wildest oratory and the most unmitigated flapdoodle from his attorneys; and finally, if he be convicted at all, makes thousands of persons move heaven and earth, slander the living and vilify the dead, in order to save his precious body alive."

It might be legitimately argued that persons who plot murders for cash benefits are simply carrying business methods too far. But how can there be any question about the abnormality of a murderer who has already been institutionalized because of mental illness, or one who tortures, desecrates, murders and mutilates total strangers for the sole purpose of gaining sex satisfaction from his horrid act? Yet when such a man reaches the point of murder, in many of our states "due process" requires that a lay jury shall decide whether or not the man is insane, and it may perforce base its decision, since few of us laymen are qualified to give an expert medical opinion, on the kind of courtroom act staged by the opposing counsel.

—From "How Many More Victims?" by Gladys Denny Shultz (Lippincott, June).

Allen, the Merry Andrew

DEAR SYLVESTER [Weaver] . . .

i have been mulling over a variety of ways to thank you for your kindness in bestowing your american tobacco company's free samples on our little company as we departed your city. as i dispatched from kansas city, everyone was put to work on your products. women and children were smoking "luckies" in the club car, the porters were puffing coronas in the aisles, the brakemen were lighting pall mall, after pall mall, using the long, lighted ends instead of lanterns. i was perched out on the observation car tacking and spitting and spitting and tacking as the winds changed coming across the country. we arrived here a nicotine-infested little band if ever i have seen a nicotine-infested little band. how to thank you for contributing to the curtailment of our life-spans has bothered me since i saw the newly-baked depot at los angeles in the offing.

finally, i turned to yesteryear for my inspiration. as you know, in medieval times, when the jester has been made to rejoice through some kindly prank of his king, the merry andrew strummed his lute, retired to the rear of the regal outhouse, and composed an ode to his lord.

i have no lute to seize, i have no regal outhouse behind which i can retire for inspiration but i have a nice gingerbread apartment at the el royale. to cope with the circumstances and to get in the mood to write you an ode, i made a small lute, stringing a ping pong paddle with dental floss. i retired behind an overstuffed chair, twanged my dulcet lyre and composed a rondo which i have duly dedicated to you. you will find it enclosed.

—From "Fred Allen's Letters," edited by Joe McCarthy (Doubleday, April).

A Full, Vicarious Life

IN READING the letters Henry James wrote to Edith Wharton and about her at the time of her divorce one is struck by the extremity of his participation. James, the witness of life, the outsider, the bachelor guest, the emigré, the novelist who had loved to situate his heroes and heroines among strangers and foreigners and to tell his stories from the point of view of detached observers, had lived quite intensely through his friend's experiences. Imaginative involvement was perhaps the secret of his great knowledge of the variety of human relationships he dealt with in his fiction. He knew that the life of art, the life of the mind, could, if lived fully enough, incorporate all other kinds of life. James's answer to Hawthorne's "The Artist of the Beautiful"—the tale of an artist who fashions his ideal only at the price of renouncing life—is Strether's discovery in *The Ambassadors* that he has lived after all, he, the contemplater, as keenly as any of the others.

—From "Edith Wharton and Henry James," by Millicent Bell (Braziller, April).

The Lessons of the Heart

. . . WE HAVE SEEN what a retarded child can do in a family where he is loved and accepted. He makes the hearts tender, the hearts of his parents and his brothers and sisters. He teaches them lessons of patience and consideration, those qualities so essential for every good human relationship. He teaches them that each member has his rights, however weak the member, and this lesson, too, is essential if we are to live together in the world with justice and mercy for all. We are not born equal in this world. Some are strong and some are weak. Our equality lies only in the right, for each of us, to grow to our full capacity, whatever it is. And that there may be this equality, the strong may bear the burdens of the weak, not only for the sake of the weak, but for the sake of all. So in a family where there is a retarded child, it is essential, for the very principle of justice itself, that the retarded child have his share of love and opportunity in the family.

—From "The Gifts They Bring: Our Debt to the Mentally Retarded," by Pearl Buck (John Day, May).

Beauty in Search of Brains

. . . MELBA LATCHED ON TO ME as a special friend. She needed someone who was a Nice Girl but totally amenable, and because I had gone to college, she seemed to get the idea I was an intellectual. Melba herself had gone to college (I don't remember whether or not she graduated), but she seemed to have escaped entirely without an education. Her passion for Zen came later. In all the time I have known her I never asked her what she majored in, but I secretly enjoy the idea that it was surf-boarding. I can just see her poring over the college catalogues, saying, "That one looks like a gas, you can major in Deep Breathing!" Or picking the one that shows a photograph of the freshman class in Scarlett O'Hara dresses getting ready for the Orange Blossom Queen contest. . . .

As a matter of fact, maybe she didn't go to college at all, maybe she just says she did because it's part of the image. Like all the things about her, you're never quite sure unless you get documentary proof, and Melba always has documentary proof, including three driver's licenses from three different states, gotten over a period of six years, all of which list her age as twenty-one. She would rather go to a new state and take a new driver's test than let anybody know she is getting older. She's getting to look like a pretty beat-up twenty-one, and she may be an insecure prevaricator, but she certainly is a good driver.

—From "Mr. Right Is Dead," by Rona Jaffe (Simon & Schuster, April).

A Place in the Past

SOME YEARS AGO, my boys asked me, "Dad, where do we come from?" Although years before I had started thinking what to tell them, I was startled. Quickly I mentioned Jackson, but I was in panic. A man *ought* to be able to tell his children where they come from. I envied those Italians who return to Italy to visit their homes, the Polish and Hungarian Jews who return to see their relatives, the Irish who make the hop to Shannon and go off in search of old homes and friends. But the boys and I, seeking our lineage before Mississippi, moved to the map of Africa on the wall. We looked at the West African coast, and with falling voices and embarrassed eyes concluded that we could have come from anywhere along the 3,000-mile coast and up to 1,500 miles inland. Then to books with photographs of Africans. Did we resemble any of the people shown? Around the eyes? The cheekbones? The mouth? Which were our brothers? Another check: which peoples were brought to Mississippi? Ah, how

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can you tell, when they arrived in coffles from other states, already mixed with a hundred different peoples? Mandingo? No, most certainly not. Kru? What, then —Baule?

"Dad, where do we come from?" Up to great-grandfather, some trace; beyond him, fog. We came out of fog. We did not perish in it. We are here.

—From "This Is My Country Too: An American Negro's Odyssey Through the U.S.," by John A. Williams (New American Library, May).

Barefoot for Dinner

THE HE-MAN WINCES at the prospect of having to remove his shoes; to his mind unshoeing comes close to cultural rape. The female of the species, deprived of the sting of her heels, feels defenseless and insulted. The trauma of ending up in stocking feet has often spoiled a visitor's welcome, yet unshoeing is only the preamble to his further vexations. As soon as he lowers himself to the matted floor, his legs turn into a formidable stumbling block. Lacking the insectlike facility of the Japanese to fold them in various ways, he finds they behave erratically or go to sleep. Unfortunately the Japanese fail to see the comical side of his predicament. The man who midway through a dinner slides into the supine position is met with stony silence. As in hara-kiri, it is disgraceful to fall backwards.

—From "The Kimono Mind," by Bernard Rudofsky, (Doubleday, May).

The Outspoken Sphinx

WE WERE MUCH in the company of Ada Leverson shortly after the time of which I write. She had been named "The Sphinx" by poor Oscar Wilde, to whom she had shown a goodness to be remembered, forever, with gratitude. I do not know why he called her this, for there was nothing mysterious about her.

In appearance she resembled a very wise owl entangled in a bush of singularly thick, singularly bright forsythia. She also bore a strong likeness to Sarah Bernhardt in the latter's old age.

She could always be relied on for "le mot juste." On one occasion, looking at a young lady who was obviously afflicted with incipient nymphomania, she said to me, in a stage-whisper, "Oh, my dear, I have always so much preferred the bread-and-butter miss to the tartine." Referring to the same young lady, whose arms were in an unfortunate state of nudity from the shoulders downward (in those days arms were shrouded during the daytime), she inquired, in the same stage-whisper, and with a look of mingled bewilderment and horror: "Oh, my dear, do you suppose those are legs or arms?"

She could safely be left to deal with any situation. Called upon to accompany an afflicted mother in pursuit of an errant (and very rich) twenty-one-year-old son, who had fled to the Carpathians with a shop-soiled married lady twenty years his senior, her aid in dealing with the matter was invaluable. On their arrival at the hotel where the errant one was staying, he advanced to meet the ladies, exclaiming almost with tears, "Oh, what have I done, what have I *done*? We were walking in the mountains and an enormous black bear dashed from behind a rock, and I—ran away and left her."

"Poor beast," said Mrs. Leverson, drawing her furs around her, and shuddering slightly. "I suppose it hugged her, and now she is blackmailing it."

The romance was at an end.

—From "Taken Care Of: The Autobiography of Edith Sitwell" (Atheneum, April).

Leonine at Old Bailey

MY DEAREST REG,

I am very sorry I have not written before. Ever since I arrived I have been all day at the Old Bailey and dining out in the evening—and coming home very tired. Please forgive me. Oscar has been quite superb. His speech about the Love that dares not tell his name was simply wonderful, and carried the whole court right away, quite a tremendous burst of applause. Here was this man, who had been for a month in prison and loaded with insults and crushed and buffeted, perfectly self-possessed, dominating the Old Bailey with his fine presence and musical voice. He has never had so great a triumph, I am sure, as when the gallery burst into applause—I am sure it affected the gallery. Public opinion too has undergone a very great revulsion, so everyone seems to think—nine out of the twelve jurors were for him. Today they renew application for bail, but I don't think they can get it. Somebody has written to Ned Clarke offering Oscar the sole use of his house and grounds at Camberwell or somewhere. Ned Clarke has done splendidly and is very much implected with Hoscar—and talks of shaving his whiskers. Hoscar stood very upright when he was brought up to hear the verdict and looked most leonine and sphinx-like. I pitied poor little Alfred Taylor—nobody remembered his existence, and Grain made a very poor speech and he himself a poor witness. Hoscar is thinner and consequently finer to look at. Willie [Wilde] has been extracting fivers from Humphreys. It was horrible leaving the court day after day and having to pass through a knot of renters (the younger Parker wearing Her Majesty's uniform—another form of female attire) who were allowed to hang around after giving their evidence and

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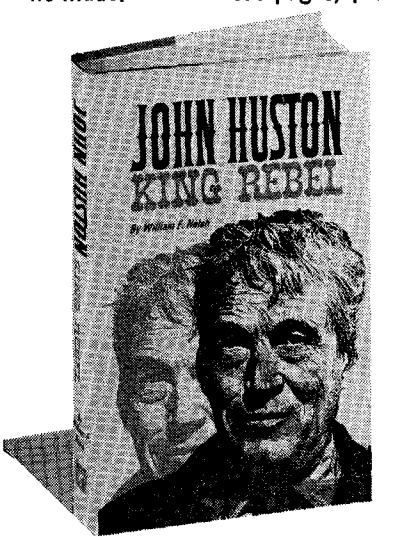

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to wink at likely persons: Trelawny is raising money for the conduct of the case. Leverson has done a great deal. Clarke and Humphreys are going to take no fees. The Leversons have got the full-length portrait of Hoscar and Rothenstein's pastel of Bosie [Lord Alfred Douglas] and also of him and a larger nude picture by Ricketts. Rothenstein is most sympathetic and goes about the minor clubs insulting everyone who does not happen to be clamoring for Hoscar's instant release.

I saw Bosie the night before his departure. He seemed to have lost his nerve. The scene that evening at the Leversons' was quite absurd. An awful New Woman in a divided skirt (introduced by Bosie) writing a pamphlet at Mrs. Leverson's writing-table with the aid of several whiskey-and-sodas: her brother, a gaunt man with prominent cheek-bones from Toynbee Hall who kept reiterating that "these things must be approached through first principles and through first principles alone": two other New Women who subsequently explained to Mr. Leverson that they were there to keep a strict watch upon New Woman number one, who is not responsible for her actions: Mrs. Leverson making flippant remarks about messenger-boys in a faint undertone to Bosie, who was ashen-pale and thought the pamphlet (which was the most awful drivel) admirable: and Mr. Leverson explaining to me that he allowed his house to be used for these purposes not because he approved of "anything unnatural" but by reason of his admiration for Oscar's plays and personality. I myself exquisitely dressed and sympathizing with no one. . . .

Your loving MAX

—From "Max Beerbohm's Letters to Reggie Turner," edited by Rupert Hart-Davis (Lippincott, April; see page 46).

Qualification

"I HAVE your letter about your wife's cousin's husband who is a dentist who would like to be postmaster. You left out a very important piece of information. Does he do extraction work? Because pull helps."

—From "My Appointed Round: 929 Days as Postmaster General," by J. Edward Day (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, July).

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Diverting "Dummies"

GRANVILLE HICKS, in his review of Norman Mailer's *An American Dream* [*SR*, March 20], tells us that Mailer's main character has no reality, the other characters are "dummies," the writing is sloppy, and the plot is absurd. One might say the same about Dostoevsky's *Notes from the Underground.*

Perhaps *An American Dream* is not a great book, but it is most certainly not a "bad joke." It contains scenes of great power and pages of brilliant imagery. It holds one's interest. It is an entertaining book to read.

W. K. MASON.

Madison, Wis.

Dignity on All Levels

IN HIS REVIEW of Sally Carrighar's *Wild Heritage* [*SR*, March 20] . . . [Peter Farb] does not like her tendency toward "anthropomorphism (endowing things not human with human characteristics)." I am unable to understand the scientific objection to this attitude. . . . Can we . . . state that animals do not ascribe some meaning to existence other than those involved in survival of the species? . . .

My dim view of Mr. Farb's remarks is generated by my overwhelming respect for the "dignity" which I find inherent in all forms of animal life. Now, I realize that "dignity" is a word so hallowed by its application to the human race that its usage in reference to "lower" forms of animal life is considered veritable sacrilege. But I know of nothing in the behavior of animals to indicate that *they* would consider this attitude anything but an unwarranted *human* superstition. . . .

People of other races, creeds and color fall into this "lower" category too. . . . I wonder if the first step toward making any long-lasting adjustments in this attitude would not have to be a change in our attitude toward animals. When we learn to identify with and love all forms of animal life, it will be much easier to view all of mankind with the same kind of tolerance. . . .

FLOY M. MORTON.

East Marion, N.Y.

No *Olé* for Maia

I DOUBT Cleveland Amory and Joseph Wood Krutch would agree with Alice Dalgliesh that the "choice for the Newbery medal is a happy one" [*SR*, March 27]; nor do I agree that the book "is about much more than bullfighting." Even though the young hero rejects the idea of becoming a bullfighter, he does so more for the sake of saving his own skin than for any compunction for the cruelty to the horses and bulls, and the book ends on the happy note that if he doesn't wish to become a toreador, there are plenty of others in his home town

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who do and that his feelings are in the minority. . . .

Maia Wojciechowska . . . when interviewed by your Haskel Frankel . . . breezily informed him, "I fought some cows and I killed one bull slated for slaughter anyway. . . . No one was there but some drunken Indians. I made six passes before the kill. The blade went in like butter. . . ." If this is the kind of sadism the American Library Association believes in rewarding, its judges must be an odd lot. . . .

MARGARET S. ATKINSON.

Canton, O.

Message from Barzini

I DO NOT AGREE with the comments made by Michael A. Musmanno, Justice, Supreme Court, Pittsburgh, Pa., regarding *The Italians*, by Luigi Barzini [*SR*, March 27].

Leonardo da Vinci, Marconi, Vespucci, and Mazzini are not typical of any large group of people in any society. The book is not a report of the great battles of history. The author merely made some observations of the reactions of men to aggression and warlike activities—a caricature of battles.

I see nothing in this book that caricatures the love of Italian mothers for their children. Mr. Barzini made an interesting point: the Italians are expressive people. Their expressions are often demonstrations of high degree of control rather than release of true feelings.

GABRIELLA VAN MATRE.

Washington, D.C.

AS A NATIVE AMERICAN of Italian parentage (my parents migrated here from Southern Italy) . . . I was a little surprised to find that Judge Musmanno . . . claims the book belittles the Italians. Well! . . .

Barzini by implication tells himself and his fellow Italians that there can be no return (*cf.* Mussolini) to the glory that was Rome. I'm sure that the native Italians got the message.

LOUIS SALBITANO.

Utica, N.Y.

Ultimate Legitimacy

WITH REGARD TO John Hick's review of *The Existence of God*, by Wallace I. Matson [*SR*, Feb. 6]. . . . Our experience consists of two universes—the outer, physical universe and the inner, spiritual one. Though related, these two universes are nevertheless fundamentally distinct. The subjective personality, for all that biologists say it has been molded entirely by the outer world, has an "ultimate legitimacy" in the scheme of things. It is a distinct reality in itself, differing radically in kind from the other. It is far more "valuable" in the eyes of the Creator than the outer, soulless physical reality. It is no derogation of this inner reality to say that it was fashioned by the outer reality, since the outer reality also had *its* Fashioner. . . .

The proof of this inner reality's ultimate legitimacy is amply demonstrated by the phenomenon of answered prayer. This inner reality, or universe, of man, by its exercise of faith, persuades the Divine Will to intervene on its behalf—and a "miracle" occurs. This is not poppycock, fairy-tale stuff. Miracles—breaches in the operation of "known" natural laws—are as certainly events in the world around us as is anything the atheists can discern. . . .

TERRELL E. STEWART.

Columbus, Ga.

Our "New Town"

JONATHAN BAUMBACH'S review of *Late Call* by Angus Wilson [*SR*, Jan. 16] is accurate as far as it goes, but he fails to appreciate the author's understanding of life in a "new town," perhaps because he never lived in one. As a long-time resident of one of America's oldest "new towns," I can say that he captures the spirit of the place better than all the sociological treatises (*i.e.*, *The Organization Man*) put together. In the tradition of Arnold Bennett and Jane Austen, Wilson has pictured an aspect of contemporary life that has not had literary treatment before.

MRS. ROBERT A. DINERSTEIN.

Park Forest, Ill.

Twins

I'M FURIOUSLY FUMING at the reviewers' high praise of Saul Bellow's *Herzog* [*SR*, Sept. 19, 1964]. . . . I was terribly disappointed after spending about three evenings ploughing through it, although it is a good illustration of the fact that we're all beset by . . . being human and subject to various resulting lunacies. Also, the portrayal of immigrant Jewish family life and its effect on the second generation was interesting.

Probably I would have left it at that if the very next week Irwin Shaw's new novel, *Voices of a Summer Day* [*SR*, March 6], hadn't come my way. . . . Well!! To me, it's a much better version of the *Herzog* story. . . . If it weren't for the fact that both men are reputable authors, one would think there had been a steal by one or the other. . . . The coincidences are amazing. In my opinion, they are much more effectively handled by Shaw than by Bellow, yet the reviewers are panning the Shaw version. All except me, that is. . . .

LEVA L. STAFFORD.

Laramie, Wyo.

Gospel According to Webster

I AGREE with Jeanne Judson in *SR* April 3 in regard to the inaccuracies and euphemisms common to American language. However, let's not be nice Nellies! The word "drape," which she excludes from any except verbal use, is actually listed as a noun in the unabridged Merriam Webster dictionary of 1957. Unless Miss Judson would rather stick to "portière" or "lambréquin"?

MARJORIE M. BITKER.

Milwaukee, Wis.

CECIL HEMLEY'S review of *Hurry Sundown* [*SR*, Mar. 6] was instructive and amusing. It does just leave me wondering though whether a "poet, editor, and novelist" who can bring himself to make a verb out of the adjective "trivial" is in any position to attack the "barbarisms" of his fellows.

ALICE MITCHELL.

Linwood, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The lexicographers beat him to it. See Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition, page 2718.*

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European Scene

Continued from page 39

the 1940s and 1950s. Moreover, it added new specific features of the present day.

These, it is further explained, include breadth of subject matter, sharpness of the problems raised, activism and relevancy and a striving for well-thought-out generalizations. In theory Moravia's essay should be welcome, for controversy is now officially authorized. "Symptomatic is the very urge for debate, for this is a barometer which shows that the bustle of literary life, the clash of views, tastes, and judgments and a destruction of the right to 'monopoly positions of the truth' have also become an ethical norm of behavior."

The critic Metchenko, in the *Literary Gazette*, is not so eager to abandon his monopoly-position of truth. He has lately criticized the publishers of Ilya Ehrenburg's complete works for including *The Egotist* (1925) and *Protochny Lane* (1927), especially since the hero in the first narrative is a Communist "representing the negation of the personality of the revolutionary period." The tale and the novel date from that period when Ehrenburg was capable of such disillusioned witticisms as, "The Cheka shot people, but the Chekists called their prisoners 'comrade.'" In *Protochny Lane*, Ehrenburg described the Russia of 1927 as "childlike and homeless, dreamy and embittered, without a corner of her own, without anyone to give her love or care."

The other day I learned with pleasure that the Royal National Institute for the Blind is translating one of my books into Braille. The news was also surprising, for it seemed that a book on an artist (*Michelangelo: A Self-Portrait*) would be less meaningful to a public that could never see the masterpieces of Buonarroti. Moved to inquire of the Institute the extent of its generous publishing program, I learned that England gives the blind a chance to keep abreast of literature of all ages and many languages. Last year, for example, 150 transcribers produced 851 volumes of Braille, including such varied masterpieces as Aristotle's *Clouds*, Bertolt Brecht's *Der Kaukasische Kreidekreis*, Bretón de los Herreros's *El pelo de Dehesa*, William Empson's study *Milton's God*, and so on.

This magnificent enterprise was started started about 40 years ago to meet the needs of blind university students. The Institute recruited and trained a number of volunteers who transcribed the works in their own homes, sending the volumes to the Institute for proofreading and binding. Now the training of transcribers is much more efficient: a Braille Writing Machine is sent to volunteers, who set to work on practice lessons and must eventually pass a proficiency test. Thirty thousand volumes are currently available to England's blind. With increased demands made on it, the Institute is continually seeking new volunteer transcribers. (Address: 224 Great Portland St., London, W.1.)

How welcome then is the news from MIT that an electronic Braille printer has been perfected, capable of embossing reading texts ten times as fast as any present method. Indeed, it can produce 200 Braille words a minute. This will surely be a boon to the Royal Institute and to our own American Foundation for the Blind.

Winkler Verlag is issuing a three-volume selection of the works of Christoph Martin Wieland, Goethe's close friend at Weimar. He was a translator of Shakespeare and the author of *Agathon* (whose style was described by Georg Brandes as "erotic rococo"), as well as founder of the important German genre the *Bildungsroman*. Even more, he is hailed as one of the two (with Lessing) great writers of the German Enlightenment.

Wieland's verse epic *Oberon* was Englished by no less than the sixth President of the United States (John Adams). Goethe was capable of ribbing Wieland unmercifully, especially in his parody *Gods, Heroes, and Wieland*. Still, Goethe felt deep gratitude for what he had learned from his older friend. He wrote to an acquaintance in 1770: "After Oeser and Shakespeare, Wieland is the only man whom I can look upon as my real teacher. Others have shown me where I was wrong. He showed me what was right, and how to do it right."

Bibles are selling in Italy today the way they sold in Germany during the Reformation. The Church's traditional uneasiness about free examination of scripture has obviously given way to permissiveness. One illustrated Bible brought out in weekly instalments by the Fabbri Brothers of Milan has sold more than 200,000 copies. Other publishers are joining the boom. Religious revival? Fear of hydrogen doom? The more cynical trace the interest to Hollywood's colossal Bible pictures and to the series of Biblical movies being filmed in Rome by De Laurentis.

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—Robert J. Clements.

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Art and Propaganda

Continued from page 25

nothing is easier than to show how Western art is the expression of an over-all *cupio dissolvi* whose origins inevitably lie outside art itself. But all they can do to counter Western art is to propound theories. With regard to their artistic production, the best we can say about it is that it is the fruit of good will.

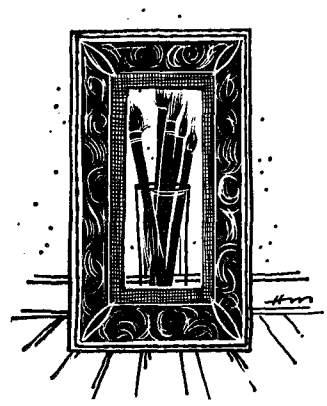
The Communists, though they may well be unaware of it, propose not so much a new art as a suspension of art. In the country, when a field has been sown too often, you let it lie fallow for two or three seasons so that it can rest and regain its strength. In similar circumstances Christianity decided that pagan art, the only possible art at that time, was the work of the devil. The Communists do not believe in the devil, but they believe in the decadence, immorality, corruption, and downfall of capitalism. In reality Communism now, like Christianity in its time, is an instrument of an exhausted nature that clamors for rest. But men do not like admitting that they are determined by simple biological laws. So, in the field of art, tiredness is called, let us say, abstract art; and rest is called socialist realism.

THE relation between art and Communism may at first sight appear the same as the relation between art and any of the numerous dictatorships that have occurred in history. And in this connection we could be led to make the usual reflections applicable to all dictatorships. Yet on second glance it can be seen that the problem does not alter even when the dictatorship ceases to exist. We see that the relation between art and Communism is, in reality, a relation between art and a given society that is or is not capable of granting art the autonomy it needs. There have been nondictatorial societies that have not granted autonomy to art, and dictatorial societies that granted a wide measure of autonomy. In any case, the autonomy of art has never really been granted so much as won, and sometimes at a high price—for it is a characteristic of all societies to deny autonomy to separate human activities, so as to lead everything back directly and immediately to themselves. This happens most of all when societies are in their first stages, and rules are strict, and interests near and pressing. A society that is permissive of tangential and remote interests is already a cultivated, mature, and reflective society.

A picture depicts a poor little barefoot shepherd boy grazing his sheep on a mountainside. The boy is smiling and looks happy. On seeing a picture of this kind even someone ignorant of Marxism cannot help thinking, "Here we have the bourgeois concept of art, one that seeks to project the happiness of a shepherd in spite of his rags and bare feet." But what are we to think of the no less happy workers in paintings by Communist artists? The Communist state tells us, "My workers do not go barefoot and ragged. They're truly happy in pictures as they are in fact." To this we could object that, were it true, Communist pictures would be better painted. But being painted as they are, Marxist criticism with regard to these pictures is as justified as it is with regard to bourgeois pictures.

Marx said that it was time philosophy set itself not to explain the world but to change it. But he never said that art should do the same thing. If he had been questioned about it he would probably have said that the task of art, as always, was to represent the world once it had changed. But Communism demands that art should contribute to such a change in a direct and active way. This means, to begin with, a change in art itself, as regards both its means and its ends. And perhaps, what's more, the absolute end of art, at least as it has been conceived of for centuries.

What is the artist's duty in a time of struggle, supposing he wants to take part in the struggle? In my view the artist's duty is notably different from that of those who contribute to the struggle with arms and political action. The artist's first duty is to create art, for he knows that an art which is non-art can make no efficient contribution to the cause in which he believes. If he succeeds in creating genuine art, the question resolves itself, indeed it does not even arise. But if he fails to create genuine art, then we need to find out where the fault lies, whether with the artist who was unable to create art because he did not really believe in the cause for which he thought he was fighting, or with the society that required him to create a particular kind of art that was non-art, or in some way prevented him from creating art. Obviously society, through the mouthpiece of its official representatives, will always blame the artist, and how could it be otherwise?



But I am convinced that in certain cases the blame for an artist's bad art can lie with society, and that in what concerns art there cannot be, and should not be, a relationship between the artist and society as of an inferior to a superior, but one of equality.

In a 1937 speech, Mao Tse-tung defined the task of art as follows: whatever its level, it should work for the people and only for the people. Fair enough, but who is to tell art *in what way* it should work for the people? Obviously not the people themselves, since, for historical reasons, they may be unaware of what is in their interests, but the rulers who are the depositories and administrators of the dominant ideology. And here precisely lies the weak spot in the marshaling of Communist art—that the Communist ideology, in its authoritarianism, is often led to confuse what is in the people's interest with what is in the rulers' interest.

WE have nothing against socialist realism or any other esthetic system derived from Marxism, but we are not at all convinced when this or any other similar system becomes the official esthetic of a powerful state that owns all the publishers, all the newspapers and reviews, all the museums, all the concert halls, all the film studios, and all the theaters. Were art allowed all the autonomy indispensable to it, socialist realism would triumph and then decay (following the law that regulates all things human), and its place would be taken by another more suitable esthetic in a quite spontaneous way through the discussions and the work of artists. But when socialist realism or any other similar esthetic becomes an affair of the state, we have grounds for fearing that it will obey the rules that govern all affairs of state; that is, it will become an affair of bureaucracy, of regulations, of infringements, of conformity, of controls and authority. And this cannot fail to lead to a serious limitation of that very autonomy, however relative it be, that we have already declared as indispensable to art.

Do not delude yourself that things have changed. When prehistoric man fixed the postures of a bison in flight on the wall of his cave he was not all that different from Balzac who, in one of his novels, described the bearing of stockbrokers at the stock exchange. Yet prehistoric man lived by hunting and Balzac's brokers by the game of rising and falling shares. What concerns the artist in both cases is not the why but the how, the movements of life, not the cause of those movements.

Marxism is a powerful instrument for recovery and renewal in the present-day world. It has been at work for almost fifty years and is partly responsible for

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the liquidation of the enormous passive inheritance of the last part of the nineteenth century and for the character that the taste and art of the twentieth century have been able to assume. The abandonment of Marxism in its accepted sense of diagnosis and criticism in all Communist countries can mean two things: either a development of art not unlike that of the bourgeois compromise art of the nineteenth century, or the installation of a classical-type art such as we have already indicated. But for the time being this second hypothesis remains a hypothesis, since there are no signs whatsoever of work that confirms it.

The reality of the Communist revolution is not in question here. In 1917 the Communists were a handful of men; today, forty years later, the Communist flag waves over more than a third of the globe. What is in question is, after all, only a very tiny detail of that revolution, one with no great significance in view of Communist ambitions and effective conquests. For those of us who have only a partial and conditional belief in the theory of art as superstructure this detail would at most imply that in the Communist countries there were no good artists. But it is because the Communists propound the superstructure theory that they force us into thinking that in the Communist countries the lack of good artists must be attributed not to nature (for not bringing them to birth) but to the society which prevents them from expressing themselves. The Communists' answer is, "Time will show." To which we reply, "Time is a gentleman and must perforce lead to the recognition of art's autonomy."

Or again, the Communists say, "We are at war, we are involved in a struggle, a crusade, and in these circumstances art is bound to be a weapon, an instrument, a means." To which again we reply, "You may well be right, at least as far as you yourselves are concerned, but are you not aware that your art cannot be a weapon, an instrument, a means, because it is bad art? A novel like *War and Peace* would do more for the revolution than a victorious war. But your novels are a series of lost battles. And don't go telling us that we're not in a position to judge. The form and content of art may possibly be bound up with an ideology, but not its value. And even if we restricted the standard of value to political usefulness, it would still be nonexistent for the very good reason that your novels are not admired."

The problem of Communist art is closely linked to the question of the decadence of all the arts throughout the world. In the West this decadence shows itself explicitly, in the East implicitly—but in both by the crudity and childishness of the artist's métier. In view of this general decadence we cannot help wondering whether the real revolution of the modern world does not lie in the advent of a mechanical and practical, a scientific and bureaucratic, a eudaemonistic and state-centralizing civilization, in which art no longer has any place at all, and of which the Communist revolution would be a mere episode. It is the Communists themselves who tell us that man is not immutable but capable of change as his social environment changes. Now among changes that may occur is the production of a dumb man who cannot sing. They tell us that in certain Pacific islands there are non-singing birds. Yet they are still birds, that fly and beget their kind as in the past.

WHAT do Communists usually answer to the sort of objections we have raised so far? They have a lot of answers, some very subtle and sophisticated, some simply negative. They can confute the objector point by point, or they can dismiss the question with the simple epithet "decadent bourgeois." But in the last analysis they do not produce the real answer—and how could they? The real answer is that when Communism seizes power it does so with the determination that it shall keep it for centuries. And that in very long-distant matters such as Communism or art, time does not count. And that one,

or two, or three generations of bad artists and good propagandists is a thing without the slightest importance. And that in the end art, like every other human activity, will flow through the channels Communism has dug for it. And that—finally—man is infinitely adaptable and hence so is art, whereas Communism is not. Or perhaps Communism is adaptable, too, but this is something we will not know for centuries.

The victories in Asia have brought no solace to Eastern Communism, at least so far as art is concerned. In Asia art has always been subjected to rules and norms, to state or religious laws. The testing-ground for Communist ideas about art is the West. But, alas, neither a victory of the East over the West, nor of the West over the East, would clear up the question of art. Art profits by exchanges, not by victories.

Admittedly Western art has reached a degree of disintegration that plays into Communist hands. But we must realize that this disintegration has little to do with the social factor. Rather, it is a biological factor. Communists may be able to suppress it, but not to rectify it. When biology knocks at history's door, it is not satisfied with a revolution. It needs the great migrations of people, the invasions, the Middle Ages. And history obligingly gives it all it asks for, even if it involves making use of the Communists.

Your books are not in line with the dominant ideology; therefore we will not publish them. But I cannot stop myself from writing in that way. In that case you are a traitor. Am I a traitor because I write these books, or because I can't stop myself from writing them? You are a traitor because you can't stop yourself from writing them.

What is the relation between Marxism and party art? If we look closely, there is none. With its brutal but healthy determinism, Marxism reveals the party character of bourgeois art, and so contributes to purifying it and liberating it, whereas socialist realism tends to put things back as they were before Marxism. In other words, the proletariat, though perhaps unconsciously, imitates the bourgeoisie of the worst Victorian period. One example is enough: In *David Copperfield* the scatterbrained and incompetent Micawber, in keeping with typical Victorian compromise, is packed off to Australia, where for some reason he becomes an exemplary citizen. Put Central Asia in the place of Australia, and factories in the place of sheep farming, and you will get a character from some Russian novel, a character whose positive and extrinsic transformation is dictated not by an inner logic but by the writer's desire to compromise with Soviet society.

Communist critics usually contrast art for art's sake with party art. But this contrast does not really exist, for neither the one nor the other could be said to be healthy and direct expressions of a given society. Healthy and direct art is born of an encounter between society and the artist on equal terms. We find such an encounter in the classical writers of the great epochs of art, whereas art for art's sake and propaganda art avoid the encounter, the first out of pride and the second out of a spirit of oppression. In other words they both withdraw from reality, whose real needs are study, patience, humility, sincerity, a sense of truth, and disinterestedness. In this sense abstract art and socialist art, which are both childish, weak, and lacking in power, are of equal value.

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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Who Makes University Policy?

COLLEGE STUDENTS everywhere are on the march. Though Berkeley has captured the headlines, students on hundreds of other campuses are also in search of a cause with which to identify and for which to fight. While some are demonstrating against injustice in Alabama and throughout the world, others are demanding freedom from adult control over their personal behavior and still others are calling for better teaching, less emphasis on research, and more attention to undergraduates.

When their demands bring students into conflict with administrative authority, the faculty is prone to side with the students—for professors everywhere are distrustful of administrators (Robert Maynard Hutchins was exaggerating only slightly when he said that professors really prefer anarchy to any form of government). But when students demand changes in academic policy or control over it, when they ask for better teaching and less emphasis on research, or when they protest the dismissal or denial of promotion to a popular professor—as they have done at St. Johns University, Brooklyn College, Yale, and Tufts—they come into direct conflict with the faculty. It is the research-oriented faculty that is primarily responsible for the neglect of undergraduates, and on all but the most backward campuses a faculty committee rather than an administrator decides which professors shall be retained and promoted. If students are to have more influence over university affairs, faculty members will have less.

The recent student protests have reopened an ancient question: "Who runs the university?" There is no simple answer. A university is an enormously complex institution consisting of students, alumni, instructors, professors, administrators, and a vast array of supporting personnel—secretaries, clerks, accountants, and maintenance people. It differs from an undergraduate college in that it has not one but several faculties that preside over many professional and graduate schools. And it is responsible for the advancement of knowledge as well as for its dissemination—a fact that undergraduates critical of the research emphasis are prone to overlook.

By a tradition that dates from the Middle Ages, the faculty is the policy-making body. But the faculty of a contemporary American university shares its responsibility for policy with a board of trustees or regents which, in most cases, holds the final legal authority. The fact that a university president stands midway between these two policy-making bodies, each of which frequently wants more power at the expense of the other, makes his task far more difficult than that of the head of an industrial, governmental, or military organization in which power flows from the top downward.

To an undergraduate or a junior instructor, a university president, because he symbolizes authority, seems a natural target for attack from liberal groups. But, as Clark Kerr has pointed out in *The Uses of the University*, the president is primarily a mediator of countervailing forces. He has some control, or at least some influence, over the budget, usually he has a hand in the selection of deans and department heads, and he can

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use his office as a platform from which to persuade, but he has no real authority over the tenured faculty. His own job is always insecure. Not only can he be dismissed at any time by the board, but his resignation can be forced by a simple vote of no confidence from the faculty or by persistent protests from students, as was recently demonstrated at the University of California. After the president announced his intention to resign, both faculty and students conceded that the Kerr administration was their best defense against the forces from the outside that threaten freedom in the university. But if either faculty or the student body had continued to oppose him, Kerr's position would have been untenable.

The fact that university administrators must face enormous responsibilities with only limited authority is inherent in the nature of academic institutions. The obligation of a university to push back the frontiers of knowledge requires that both students and faculty be free to inquire, to challenge, and to examine critically all the assumptions and beliefs that society holds most dear. Inevitably, a strong academic institution will harbor individuals who hold divergent and unpopular views. An institution of higher learning ceases to be effective when the administrator attempts to exert the kinds of control considered normal in a nonacademic institution of similar size and complexity.

Professors, when frustrated by administrative decisions that have gone against them, sometimes dream of a university without presidents or deans and are prone to point to the medieval university as a model. Perhaps such an institution might survive if professors were willing to take vows of poverty and if students were willing to forego credits and degrees. But in a world in which professors demand salaries and fringe benefits, in which credits are deemed necessary, and in which education requires expensive libraries and laboratories, there is no way to run a university without a highly skilled administration. And, if the university is to be better than second-rate, the administrator must be an intellectual leader with a clear sense of purpose and direction.

But he cannot be an autocrat. Policy in most of America's great universities, as well as in the better small colleges, both public and private, is not made by administrators. Only in the broadest sense is it made by the board; it results from the interaction of countervailing forces. The board reflects the public conscience and acts as a buffer between the university and the larger community that supports it. The faculty, through its elected representatives—a faculty senate, council, or committees—has the primary responsibility for academic policy. It decides what kinds of students may be admitted, what courses and curricula shall be offered, and what the standards for graduation shall be. The administration clarifies and enunciates policy, reconciles conflicting points of view, mediates disputes, protects students and faculty against threats from outside the institution, and tries to keep the institution solvent. In a few universities the alumni play a part in policy-making but, in the majority, its major activities consist of making annual financial contributions and attending homecoming games. The minority of alumni who would like to play a larger and more intellectual role have not yet made their voices heard.

This leaves the students. What part do they play? Traditionally, not very much so far as academic policy is concerned. In past decades their major protests have been against unsuccessful coaches (who are routinely hanged in effigy), dormitory regulations (which are universally held to be too restrictive), and faculty control of the student press. On only a few campuses have students expressed concern for educational quality, for the competence of the faculty, or for the content of the curriculum—until recently. But now all this is changing. And because it is changing, faculties must now decide how much responsibility they should give to undergraduates. They will find the decision painful.

A properly organized student body with responsible leadership can play a useful role in making policy on matters of student discipline, since regulations governing student behavior should reflect the mores of the current college generation as well as those of the larger community. Students accused of violations have the same obligation to demand their constitutional rights, including due process, as do other citizens. But students who deny that either university officials or public law enforcement officers have jurisdiction over their personal behavior take an untenable position; the fact of being a student does not exempt one from the law. And, if the university is to fulfil its purpose, it cannot avoid the necessity for some regulations of its own.

The greatest potential contribution of students—and the one most threatening to the faculty—is that of rating the competence of professors as classroom teachers. Students who sit through entire courses know much more about the effectiveness of teachers than do professors who rarely visit the classrooms of their colleagues. The judgment of any individual student may reflect his own biases, but if entire classes are polled anonymously, as they now are in a number of universities, the combined judgment cannot safely be ignored. Final decisions about promotion, however, cannot be made by students because they must include consideration of research and other professional obligations as well as teaching.

Though a university should provide open channels of communication to allow students to express their views on all matters of concern to them, a faculty would be most unwise to transfer to undergraduates the responsibility for such basic academic policy as curriculum-making, course content, or the determination of the long-range goals of the institution. Such decision requires a vast array of scholarly information, long years of experience, and maturity of judgment. Given time, a bright student can, of course, acquire the information, gain the experience, and achieve the maturity. But by the time he has done so he will no longer be a student. He will be a professor or, if fate is unkind, a university president. —P.W.

"Of course, I don't expect to have a job like yours right away."

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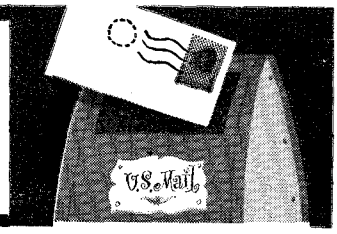
LETTERS TO THE Education Editor



Education Overdone?

IN REGARD TO your editorial "Education in a Pressure Cooker" [*SR*, Mar. 20], your sentiments match mine. As a high school teacher in frequent touch with former students in college and a mother about to send a fourth child to the University of Missouri, I could say a lot. But just let me quote from one son's recent letter: ". . . I can't think of anything else to write, and who has time to *think* when he's getting an education?"

MRS. ALBERT DUNHAM.
New Cambria, Mo.

YOU HAVE expressed exactly the losses of the student under the continuing pressure for higher standards. Before entering college I looked forward to long, earnest "bull sessions" of discussing the many issues and ideas of such vital interest to me and to other students. I have found, however, that in the rush to keep up with all the required reading and with the strain of maintaining high grades there is precious little time to discuss all the intricate and stimulating ideas we encounter or to take time to read materials that would be so meaningful at that time.

I felt you should know that I and many of my friends face the frustration of seeking to be good students academically and trying to really "get an *education*."

JUDITH HELEN MATTSON,
Sam Houston State Teacher's College.
Huntsville, Tex.

IN REGARD to "Education in a Pressure Cooker," I only wish that I were in a position to answer your questions with some degree of certainty. I'm sure hundreds of other admissions officers would also be forced into making the same confession. I do feel, however, that we have grossly oversold the need for a college education.

The fault lies not with the high schools or the guidance counselors, I don't envy them their jobs; the fault lies with the parents. They won't take no for an answer. Joan and Tom have to go to college—some college, any college.

We are, I believe, rushing our youth through their golden years. No wonder we find they are rebelling; no wonder they want more privileges. We no longer have children and college youth. All we have is miniature adults.

Yet even with all this, most colleges are sincerely trying to do a better job. The students are brighter; the problems are more manifold. I wish I had the answers to give you. If you, by some miracle, should find the answer to one of them, please write me immediately.

W. J. BRIGGS, JR.,
Director, Freshman Admissions,
Morris Harvey College.
Charleston, W. Va.

IN MY CAREER as an elementary, high school, and now college teacher; I have heard teachers time and again say, in no uncertain terms: "I'm sure glad I'm not in school today—I don't think I could make it"; or "I gave a test today that even *I* would have trouble passing."

In many informal discussions with students, I have found their attitude one of fright, anxiety, and hope for escape. Their feet are tied so they have little or no time to drift into a daydream or even get sick for a few days; this would put them "too far behind" to "catch up."

Each teacher should try some of the examinations of his colleagues teaching in the same area. This might awaken some of us to the nightmarish standards we expect of our students. I must stop writing now, as I have a "quiz" to make up.

GERALD F. ROONEY,
Assistant Professor,
General Education Department,
Agricultural and Technical College.
Alfred, N.Y.

YES, THE PRESSURES are greater for all students, sincere and otherwise. There is more to learn because more is known. Competition is keen. All pre-professional requirements are much higher. Most positions of any kind require degrees and competency. Cheating does not substitute for learning.

To a biologist, this trend on college campuses is nothing more than natural selection, which operates in terms of adaptation. All cannot be successful. Our very destiny depends on effective pruning and the greater mental and spiritual development of *Homo sapiens*.

ADELPHIA MEYER BASFORD, Chairman,
Division of Biological Sciences,
Henderson State Teachers College.
Arkadelphia, Ark.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR has received many letters in response to the editorial "Education in a Pressure Cooker." Next month we will present a summary of the many points of view expressed.*

Nongraded School

JOHN GOODLAD'S ARTICLE was a joy to behold. Teachers have long seen the folly of grouping children in "boxes," and they are searching for ways to cut through the tradition of grouping by grade level. Dr. Goodlad's rationale for individualizing instruction was soundly developed. His descriptions of a faculty solving basic instructional problems will inspire and encourage teachers and administrators who are seeking to create organizational patterns for the purpose of facilitating real learning.

JUNE DEBODE OXSTEIN,
Assistant Professor,
California State College.
Los Angeles, Calif.

JOHN GOODLAD'S ARTICLE "Meeting Children Where They Are" [*SR*, Mar. 20] was poignant and appealing. Yet I am disturbed over his comment, "The proper question to ask in starting a child off on his school career is not 'Is this child ready for school?' but 'What is this child ready for?'"

I would like to think that a better question would be "Is the school ready for the child?"

JOSEPH CRESCIMBENI,
Assistant Professor,
University of Bridgeport.
Bridgeport, Conn.

A Dissent

PETER SCHRAG'S ARTICLE "Newton: Pipeline from Harvard" [*SR*, Jan. 16] was a factual reporting of the public school setup in Newton and made some worthwhile points until near the end when it said, for no apparent reason, "In the Back Bay of Boston, in Everett and Chelsea and Cambridge, the schools are left in the hands of politicians who operate them like the street department and the water works, while the people who should know better are just not willing to run or to fight for the election of others."

This statement, as far as Cambridge is concerned, is basically untrue and highly offensive.

Since School Committeeman is a political position in any city, I suppose School Committee persons are politicians and certain affairs of the schools are necessarily left in their hands. It is also true in any city, including Newton as well as Cambridge, that people who should know better are not willing to run or to fight for the election of others. Let us look at the comprehensive picture.

I am one of many parents who have run for School Committee in Cambridge. I am now a member of the Mayor's Citizens' Committee for a Cambridge School Building Program that has been functioning since 1950. The other members are lay people like myself. Five tremendous and beautiful schools have been built in this period and three more are at this moment in a state of preparation. The steady improvement in the Cambridge schools in the last fifteen years has not been limited, however, to renovation of its physical plant. There are very few aspects indeed of administration or curriculum that have failed to be overhauled and totally revamped during this period. Two recent members of the School Committee have been on the Harvard School of Education Faculty; one is now. Special liaison with the Harvard School of Education for a definite and extensive working program has been established. More important, very close ties with Educational Services, Inc., creators of Physical Sciences Study Committee and other major innovations, have been in effect for several years. Pilot investigations of major projects have been undertaken jointly with them in our Cambridge schools. Are these facts consistent with Schrag?

DOUGLAS P. ADAMS,
Associate Professor,
Mechanical Engineering,
Massachusetts Institute of Technology.
Cambridge, Mass.

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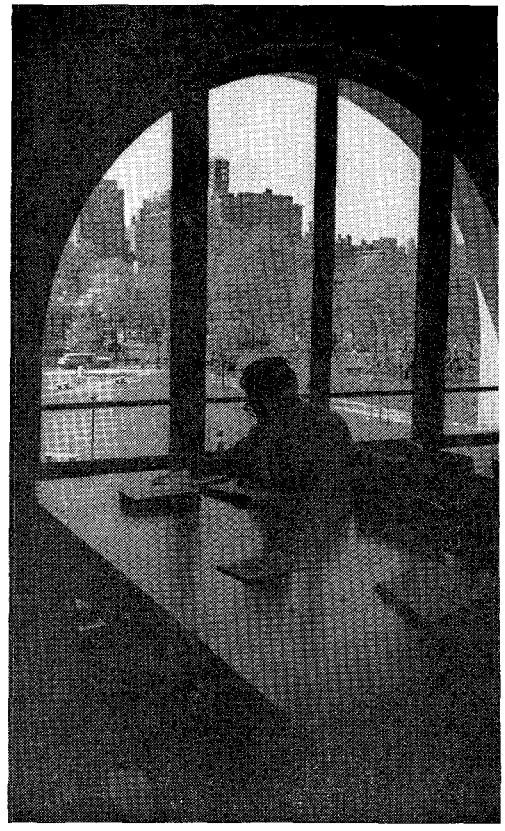
NYU: Mecca for Transfers



—William R. Simmons (N.Y.U.).

"Students who feel that they are done with fun and games on sleepy campuses recognize that NYU is the big time."

By DAVID BOROFF, *Associate Professor of English at New York University and a distinguished interpreter of the U.S. college scene.*

THE TRANSFER STUDENT, who used to be something of a pariah, has come into his own. The sheer weight of numbers has conferred respectability on him. Estimates of this year's transfer students run in excess of 300,000. But numbers alone do not tell the story. If the transfer student is no longer viewed with suspicion, it is because his behavior is regarded as part of the normal pattern of American mobility. If corporation executives and foreign service officers and professors move around, why not college students? Transferring, in other words, is no longer viewed as a symptom of emotional instability or academic insufficiency but rather as evidence of a certain scholastic earnestness.

It is, moreover, part of the same pursuit of independence that has been such a striking feature of campus life during the last few years. What is being enacted at Berkeley and elsewhere on a mass basis is expressed through transfers on an individual basis. In other words, students, as they never have before, are assuming responsibility for their education. The old style used to be that one went submissively to a college for four years, and the really important questions were never asked. Even today, choosing a college initially is likely to be a collaborative process with parents, guidance counselors, and status factors exerting pressure. The transfer student, on the other hand, usually makes the decision on his own—often in the dark night of his soul. There is an unprecedented connoisseurship at work here. Like no generation before it, students are very knowing about the resources of academia. They have firm ideas about what college should provide, and if one school doesn't have it, another might.

Implicated in the increase of transfers is another major shift in higher education—the movement from the country to the city. (This change, to be sure, merely parallels what has been happening in American life for the last hundred years or more.) During the nineteenth century, when a great many colleges were established, there was a tendency to locate schools—especially church-related ones—in the country, far from the corruptions and temptations of the city. It was a charming Rousseauian notion that suited students because college was for them a kind of extended adolescence, a moratorium on adult responsibility. And what could dramatize this better than to be away from the great centers of commitment and responsibility?

All of this is now changing. "The most relevant preparation," President James M. Hester of New York University has argued, "is provided in the metropolis, at a highly developed university that is infused with the city's vitality and perspective." Transfer students are responding to this cue and others. They realize that rural living, for all its Wordsworthian nobility, is claustral, dull, and sometimes brutish.

There is, of course, a more ominous side to the new transfer pattern. The current crop of students may well be called "the restless generation," and among the transfer students are the existentialist voyagers who are looking for ultimate answers that no campus can provide. With the new permissiveness about transferring (students no longer lose credits the way they did), there is a new subculture of academic migrants who move gropingly from place to place.

But these, happily, are a small if distressing minority. For most transfer students, the second college of one's choosing is usually like a second marriage: one starts on a lower level of exhilaration, but this time one is determined the union will stick. Although statistics are unavailable, the evidence suggests that the attrition rate for transfers is far lower than national norms.

New York University, which is very much on the move (it recently received a $25,000,000 challenge grant from the Ford Foundation), has long been hospitable to transfer students. The largest private university in the country, with 42,000 students, NYU has always had a sense of its unique urban destiny. It was established in 1831 as "a different kind of institution . . . not in the seclusion of cloistered halls but in the throbbing heart of the city." And it has long been receptive to those who want to partake of the city. Thomas Wolfe, for example, came to NYU in the mid-Twenties to teach, even though the chairman of the English Department knew full well that Wolfe's real objective was to immerse himself in the tumultuous life of the city and to become a writer. NYU frankly exploits its location as one of its most attractive assets and offers a Junior Year in New York for out-of-town students who crave the big city as others yearn for Florence or Paris or Madrid.

One of the leading transfer schools in the country, NYU last September admitted 1,008 transfer students out of 2,710 applicants to its five undergraduate colleges (Washington Square, Education, Commerce, University College, and Engineering). These students came from all the Ivy League schools, all of the Seven Sisters (except inviolable Radcliffe), the Big Ten, and every part of the country including the Far West and the Deep South.

Quintessentially urban, NYU is located at Washington Square in downtown Manhattan. (Some of the lovely old Georgian houses on the Square—Henry James country—belong to the university, and Greenwich Village, at its very borders, is part of its allure for students.) There is also a forty-seven-acre Bronx campus, overlooking the Harlem River, where the University College and the Engineering School are located. Unlike Columbia, which tends to be sealed off from its environs, NYU downtown merges imperceptibly with the city around it. Urban reality doesn't have to be pursued. It envelops the students at every turn.

For transfer students who want New York City, the choices are not as abun-

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dant as one would think. The tuition-free city colleges are first class, but they bear the curse of homogeneity—all of their students are from New York City—and it is precisely the homogeneous campus from which transfer students are in flight. Columbia and Barnard are niggardly about admitting transfer students and also seem to demand a certain allegiance that some students on the move are reluctant to give. (It is interesting how little the Ivy League badge means to these battle-hardened veterans.) The other schools in New York aren't good enough, big enough, have religious affiliations, or lack dormitories. For a great many transfer students, therefore, NYU is a logical, even an inevitable, choice.

The transfer student is essentially a sophisticated consumer in the great supermarket of higher education. He would like the wares to be available, but he wants to do the shopping. Mostly he wants to be left alone. He comes to NYU in much the same spirit in which people move to a New York apartment house—in quest of urban anonymity and impersonality.

Everything about NYU is calculated to provide all this. Though there are about 1,100 students living in dorms, most students are off-campus, living either in Greenwich Village and East Village apartments (the limited dream of the autonomous generation) or commuting from their homes in the five boroughs and in the suburbs. Moreover, there is no cohesive student culture molding students into a uniform shape. On the other hand, NYU is not really as forbidding as it sounds. The undergraduate colleges are quite small—never over 2,500—and one can find community if that is what one wants. But community is not imposed upon one.

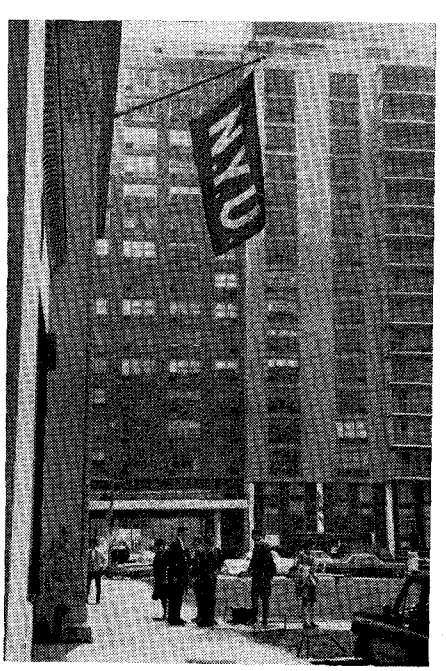
Most schools boast a little unconvincingly about the diversity of their students; NYU really has it. There is the Forest Hills contingent sitting in the glass-enclosed cage of Loeb Student Center and planning their next junket to Miami Beach. There are the foreign students—over 3,000 in the entire university—in sari and turban and dark, bristling beard. There are the bohemians huddling introspectively in Harout's, a murky coffeehouse around the corner from Main Building, or making their daily pilgrimage to the Holy City across the park. There are innocents from Allentown, Pennsylvania, and worldlings from Old Greenwich and Darien. Then there is the vast army of nondescripts—the heart of the university—who might be anything and prove to be almost everything. This is the unique charm of the place—the astonishing variety of its students. At NYU, I have taught failed actors and aspiring dancers, airline pilots and housewives, six-

—George Zimbel (Monkmeyer).

"NYU is not really as forbidding as it sounds. . . . one can find community if that is what one wants."

teen-year-old rebels and sixty-year-old retired naval officers appalled by the rebels. One of my students was a dazzling beauty—Method-oriented but neat—who lasted three weeks before she received an imperial summons from Hollywood. And once a *Life* photographer came to my class to take shots of a rather ill-dressed, almost mousy-looking girl who proved to be one of the country's top fashion models.

NYU's geographic distribution also



—George Zimbel (Monkmeyer).

"The transfer student comes to NYU in much the same spirit in which people move to a New York apartment house—in quest of urban anonymity."

reflects its diversity. Under half the students are from the city's five boroughs. A little over 30 per cent are from a five-state area within a radius of 100 miles from New York. Twenty per cent are from all the other states in the union and ninety foreign countries.

The faculty is distinguished—nationally recruited—with lots of the glamour boys of academia. NYU is a great research center, and the faculty's gaze is turned outward to the great world. The great world also comes to NYU. The Modern Language Association is located there, as is the Courant Institute of Mathematical Sciences, and the University is the scene of academic conferences in many fields. Free from bureaucratic excess, too busy to fiddle with silly infighting and academic politics, the faculty is remarkably civilized and genial. Students who feel that they are done with fun and games on sleepy campuses recognize that NYU is the big time. Those, in other words, who don't want to play at life but want to live it are prone to come to NYU.

But that perhaps is a little high-flown. There are sometimes narrower, more prudential motives. Often education majors in obscure upstate schools shift to NYU because they want the prestige of an NYU degree. There are the urban provincials—native New Yorkers—who sojourned in Arcadia for a season and found it desolating. They retreat from the prairie lusting after the soot and grime of New York. Many, to be sure, are merely lusting for marriage. These are the girls who find themselves romantically obsolescent at out-of-town campuses at the age of nineteen or twenty. (If you are not pinned by your junior year at many schools, you are consigned to the dustbin.) They return to New York where the men—not the boys—are.

Many students transfer because they are in flight from the incestuous intimacy of the small college. "At Williams," a young man remarked, "I had the feeling that someone was always looking over my shoulder." A girl from Colby summed up in this fashion: "They always wanted to know why you didn't fit into the Colby family—what went wrong and what they could do about it. The dean of women tried to mother me all over the place." Even militantly permissive Bard College imposes an intimacy from which some students shrink. "You can't escape at Bard," a transfer student remarked. "Wherever you go, you see the same faces. It was like prison—in its own free way."

Sometimes the social atmosphere of the out-of-town campus grows oppressive. A young man from a school with a notorious reputation as a playground confirmed the reputation—"the school *is*

(*Continued on page* 84)

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WHO RUNS OUR BIG CITY SCHOOLS?

1. Room for Whom at the Top?

By FRED M. HECHINGER, *Education Editor, New York Times.*

EVEN FOR those who had reluctantly seen the handwriting on the wall, it came as a shock when New York City's Board of Education asked Dr. Calvin E. Gross to resign as Superintendent of Schools.

On the local scene, the shock was mixed with deep concern over the future of millions of children who will, in the years ahead, attend the city's schools. High hopes of reform had been pinned on Dr. Gross, who had come to New York as the first "outsider" in the long history of the school system's superintendency. He had been "found" after a nationwide search by a high-powered panel of experts, headed by Francis Keppel, the United States Commissioner of Education. He had been highly recommended by a meteoric career that had led, via mathematics teaching, the Harvard Graduate School of Education, and two small-town superintendencies, to the 75,000-pupil system of Pittsburgh. There he had attracted nationwide attention as a fund-raiser, innovator, and popular chief school executive. He had won the support of the Negro community by offering the schools in the *de facto* segregated ghetto areas first call on virtually every reform step. Moreover, he had forcefully spoken out in support of quality education, unashamedly putting the three R's at the head of the list of priorities.

On the national scene, the shock waves triggered a series of fundamental questions. Has the big-city superintendency become an impossible job? Is the entire machinery of local school control in the problems-plagued urban areas obsolete? Are growing conflicts between lay school boards and the professional chief administrators inevitable and beyond ultimate hope of settlement? After all, the going is far from smooth for Benjamin C. Willis, Chicago's superintendent, and it is not at all certain that his contract will be renewed this year. Harold Spears, in San Francisco, has recently been confronted by admittedly silly but nonetheless troublesome attacks over the ludicrous charge that the morals of high school seniors might be corrupted by an article in *Harper's* magazine that examines certain hypocritical laws governing sexual conduct. The list could be extended—and new battles may indeed have been begun by the time these pages go to press.

—*Wide World.*

Benjamin C. Willis, Chicago's superintendent of schools—"The going is far from smooth."

In order to consider the issue fairly, it must be conceded that New York is in some ways an extraordinary case. With more than 1,000,000 children in its 860 schools, taught and supervised by an army of 45,000 teachers and administrators, the system is gigantic enough to stop even a good and brave man in his tracks. It is, moreover, a system that, despite its tradition of excellence in a few outstanding schools, has been sliding downhill. It is located in a city that is at the same time smug and arrogant, complaining of existing conditions but hostile to change.

Yet in the very exaggeration of its problems, New York also offers something of a test-tube study of any big city's problems. The Gross affair can constructively serve as a textbook example by which some of the myths that obstruct realism in urban school control might be studied.

The first of these myths was tested the very minute Dr. Gross came to New York two years ago. The Board of Education was locked in negotiations with the United Federation of Teachers over a new contract, and as Dr. Gross joined the fray, the threat of a strike was real.

Equally real was the eventual recognition that neither the board nor the superintendent and his staff were in control of any aspect of the fiscal show. The day was saved by an outside mediator who resolved in one night all the myriad conflicts that were presumably matters of professional concern and thus were thought to require the expertise of the professional education staff, under the superintendent's guidance. As for the extra funds the mediator had to offer, they had to come from those political quarters of which the schools, in the year-round myth, are entirely independent: the mayor and the governor.

While the fiscal wrangling was still under way, the superintendent was beginning to get his baptism of fire in another area of violent controversy—integration. Despite prior efforts on the part of the school system to cope with growing rather than decreasing *de facto* segregation, the situation was approaching the breaking point. Civil rights groups threatened boycotts against the schools unless certain steps were taken in conformity with specific timetables; groups composed of predominantly white parents, presumably supported by real estate and neighborhood business interests, issued equally adamant counter-threats against any disturbance of the status quo. Eventually, as is now well-known history, both sides translated their boycott threats into devastatingly effective boycott actions.

The details are unimportant for the purpose of this thesis. What matters is that big-city school systems—under the guise and even in defense of their independence from all other city agencies—have permitted themselves to be put on a pedestal of mythical omnipotence. It is a stance that makes their relative impotence even more apparent and turns them into an object of target practice for snipers rather than an organization of potential leadership.

Consider the actual situation. The schools of Manhattan today enroll a majority of Negro and Puerto Rican children—about 70 per cent of the total. Even in the city as a whole, white children are barely a majority. The residential-racial dividing lines, in this city as in most others, have been sharply drawn as a result of what Clarence Senior, a member of the Board of Education and a long-time liberal expert on minorities, has called "the law of the jungle" in housing policies. Rather than preventing

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the spread of slums, the city's lack of policy and inability or unwillingness to enforce multiple-dwelling laws have permitted slums to multiply and ghettoes to become increasingly depressed and self-contained.

To these problems of *de facto* segregation could be added the vast issues of lagging job opportunities—brought about in part by the restrictive attitudes of some unions and employers.

Yet the fiction persists that the school leadership can somehow provide the key to the solution of these vast political, sociological, and economic problems. City officials are, by the myth of the independence of the schools, pledged to keep hands off. They do so gladly. They take credit for their lack of interference. Political angels are glad to tread with fearful caution where only the fools of professional or lay education leadership rush in. In fact, at least one city agency —the Commission on Human Rights—has often made it a practice to deliver public lectures to the Board of Education, as if it alone were responsible for the discrimination that faces Negro citizens and their children in the *de facto* segregation of the cities.

When the opening of the World's Fair was thought to be in jeopardy, under the threat of "stall-ins" in protest by some extreme civil rights groups, the city fathers (sensing the danger of huge financial loss) quickly mobilized agencies of law enforcement and prevented disaster before it could strike. But neither the civil rights boycotts nor the white parents' equally illegal counter-boycotts against the schools elicited any similar interest in law enforcement. Civil authorities were safe behind the myth of non-interference.

These, however, are relatively minor myths since they operate only under crisis conditions. More basic are the everyday myths of big-city school independence. For example, the powers of the city's fiscal and other agencies are omnipresent. The Planning Commission can not only take money away from the board's budget proposal, but can also determine the pace at which schools are to be built. Thus, to cite one example, the board's new school improvement and integration proposals depend to large measure on the switch from a three- to a four-year high school curriculum. But with the existing high schools already overcrowded, the key to the proposals obviously is the speed with which old schools can be expanded and new schools built.

While the burden of proof in this vital issue of school reform and integration is squarely on the Board of Education, the budgetary and planning authorities of the city hold the decisive, behind-the-scenes power.

Two years ago the board tried to resort to mobile classrooms in an emergency effort to alleviate overcrowding. As it turned out, the intricate provisions of the city's building code required conventional foundations or the equivalent to be dug for these temporary, emergency classrooms. This meant that the construction, instead of being virtually overnight as it might have been, took almost as long as the construction of permanent annexes. In addition, something approaching a major demolition job will be required when even the mobile schools are to be moved. In short, the decisions about the way in which emergency action might be taken to cope with extraordinary conditions were determined, not by the education authorities, but by a host of city regulations. All these regulations had, moreover, been created for reasons entirely unconnected with the problems of the schools.

—*N. Y. Times.*

In April, 1962, New York's School Board President Max Rubin, Mayor Robert Wagner, Governor Nelson Rockefeller, and United Federation of Teachers President Charles Cogen, announced the resolution of the teachers' strike.

The real nature of the myths was exposed most persuasively in the aftermath of the Gross resignation. In his statement of principles, Dr. Gross wrote: "Independent school boards are the cornerstone of America's school systems. They guide and determine our fiscal policies, our financial means, and all of the non-educational aspects of our schools."

Here, in simplest terms, is not one myth but a double myth. The fact that fiscal policy is frequently not in the hands of the big-city school boards has already been shown. But even where it is, the idea that any governing board can or should limit its influence and powers to fiscal and non-educational matters is naïve and misleading. The

(*Continued on page* 87)

Calvin E. Gross, former superintendent of the New York City public schools—"Baptism by fire."

—*N. Y. Times.*

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2. How to Pick a School Board

BY PETER BINZEN, *Education Writer, Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THE LOCAL SCHOOL BOARD is, in many respects, the most American of all democratic institutions. But this does not protect it from criticism and controversy.

Some commentators are convinced that no local agency can, in the 1960s, fulfil the nation's commitment to equal educational opportunity. They would banish school boards from the American scene as anachronisms that have outlived their usefulness. Others see them as the bright symbol of local autonomy—the last bulwark against the steady encroachments of federal bureaucracy on local freedom. But symbol or anachronism, there is general agreement that the 137,000 men and women who make up the nation's 25,000 school boards are charged with one of our society's most crucial responsibilities—management of the nation's schools. The way these men and women should be selected is therefore a subject of continuing debate.

A survey of eight of the country's largest cities helps to throw light on the question: "What is the best way of picking big-city school board members?"

The question arose in Philadelphia when mounting dissatisfaction with its system of judicial appointment of board members led to creation of a special study commission last year.

After months of hearings and investigation, the commission has now proposed that Philadelphia school board members be appointed by the mayor from nominations of a citizens' screening panel. It wants the board reduced in size from fifteen members to nine, with a twelve-year limit on service. Its proposals will go before the electorate at a city-wide referendum on May 18.

While there's no way of knowing what the voters will decide, it does seem clear to observers that, for many reasons, Philadelphia's present school board selection process has failed. The public plays no role in it and hence feels neglected. With board members being picked by twenty-four Common Pleas Court judges meeting privately, there has been no way to pinpoint responsibility for weak appointments.

And, most significantly, the impression is widespread that the entire procedure is secretly controlled by political leaders who take turns telling the judges whom they want named to the school board.

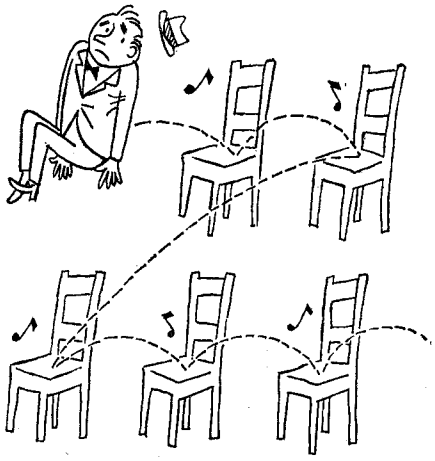
Their choices over the years, critics say, have tended to be older men and women who regard board membership as an honor rather than a responsibility. Fiscally conservative, which may explain why they were picked in the first place, the board members have not, until very recently, shown much awareness of the enormous education problems confronting the nation's fifth largest school district (270,000 pupils). There has been no danger of angry young men rocking the boat because terms have been virtually for life. The average age of board members once actually exceeded seventy-five years. They are generally younger today—in fact, a callow thirty-nine-year-old was appointed a couple of years ago—but the average age is still high. Two members have served for over a quarter of a century and only two of the fifteen have children in public school.

Philadelphia's school board selection procedures hardly seem ideal, but what city has better ones? Over 85 per cent of the nation's estimated 30,000 school boards are elected and, in the large cities, only Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Washington use judicial appointments. Among the big cities with elected boards are Los Angeles, Detroit, St. Louis, Boston, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Atlanta, San Diego, Dallas, Seattle, and Miami.

Among those with boards appointed by the mayor are New York and Chicago, both of which employ citizens' panels similar to the one Philadelphia has in mind, and Baltimore and San Francisco, with their own variations.

ON paper, the question of how best to pick a school board appears simply to involve a choice between appointment or election. In practice, however, the issue is far more complicated. This is borne out by close examination of actual procedures in the four largest school districts—New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, and Detroit—and in representative districts of about 100,000 pupils each in the East (Boston), Middle West (St. Louis), and Far West (San Francisco). One discovers that while these districts may not put up with a Philadelphia-style "House of Lords," as its board has been dubbed, they do have some curious procedures.

—Drawings by Doug Anderson.



Take San Francisco. Its seven school board members are appointed by the mayor and then confirmed by the voters. Theoretically, the mayor has a completely free hand to pick the most qualified San Franciscans for the school board. Actually, however, his appointments are tightly controlled by what is known locally as the "gentlemen's agreement."

Under this unwritten rule, San Francisco's Board of Education must consist of three Protestants, two Catholics, and two Jews. Two of the seven must be women and there must be a labor representative. A 1961 stipulation added a Negro to the board for the first time.

The religious quota was set up when the appointive-elective system of picking school directors started in San Francisco in 1922. It apparently has been followed unwaveringly except for a brief period when only one Catholic sat on the board. At that time, however, the superintendent of schools himself was a Catholic, which may explain the lapse.

SO inflexible is the quota, so much a fact of school board life in San Francisco, that when an appointment is due the newspapers can predict with certainty that the next board member will be a "Protestant housewife," or a "Catholic labor leader," or a "Jewish attorney."

"It sounds un-American and outrageous," said a San Francisco school board member as she discussed the "gentlemen's agreement" one night. "But the important thing is, it works."

Indeed it seems to. In forty-two years only one mayoral appointee to the school board has been rejected in the confirmation election. While some San Franciscans criticize the quota system, there has been no strong attempt to drop it. Dr. Harold Spears, the city's superintendent of schools, is a firm believer in the religious quota. "It gives

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our people a feeling of unity," he said. "All the various interest groups are represented. This builds security and helps develop popular support for the board."

James E. Stratten, who was the first Negro named to the board under the 1961 stipulation, has no quarrel with the system. "If I went off the board I would hope that another Negro would be named," said Stratten, who was board president last year.

When outsiders express shock at San Francisco's selection procedure, its defenders are quick to point out that such "ticket balancing" is standard practice in many cities. "The quota system," said Lee Dolson, political science teacher at San Francisco City College, "permeates every large school district. The difference is that in San Francisco we're more open and honest about it. There's nothing wrong in this procedure; it works quite well. But if you want to see a deeply ingrained quota system, take a look at New York City. There, it's practically codified."

Dolson is right. As Professors Wallace S. Sayre, of Columbia University, and Herbert Kaufman, of Yale, pointed out in their book, *Governing New York City*, a long-standing religious quota for the city school board was "institutionalized" in 1948 when board membership was expanded from seven to nine. This made it possible to allocate three seats to each faith.

New York's mayors, who appoint its school board members, stuck to the 3-3-3 setup until 1961. Then the nation's largest school system (just over one million pupils) was shaken by scandal. The New York State Legislature threw out the school board and established a new selection process. Up to then the mayor had not been required to consult with anyone on board appointments. Under the 1961 law, he was obliged to follow the recommendations of a blue-ribbon nominating panel. And the panel promptly junked the religious quota.

In May of 1963 Mayor Robert Wagner, following the panel's instructions, named a Jew to fill a "Catholic vacancy" on the board. All three religious groups rose up in protest. In an "unusual and historic joint effort," the Catholic Archdiocese of New York, the New York Board of Rabbis, and the Protestant Council of the City of New York expressed "deep concern" over the breakdown of the quota.

Subsequently, a resignation reduced Catholic representation on the board to one. But the objectors got their message across. Mayor Wagner's three most recent appointees have been Catholics and the 3-3-3 balance has been restored. The panel-mayor appointment method continues to be attacked, however. Last spring a bill returning to the mayor full control over school board appointments and watering down the panel's powers passed the New York State Legislature in the final hours of its session.

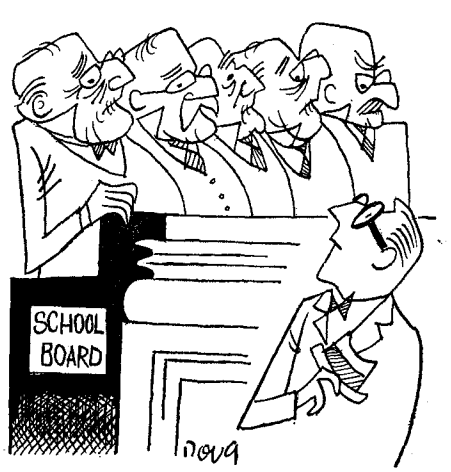
This bill was backed by the *Catholic News*, the archdiocesan newspaper, as a necessary change that would "assure a Catholic voice" in the choice of city school board members. Opposing the measure, the Public Education Association said it would "return board appointments to pressure groups and political leaders."

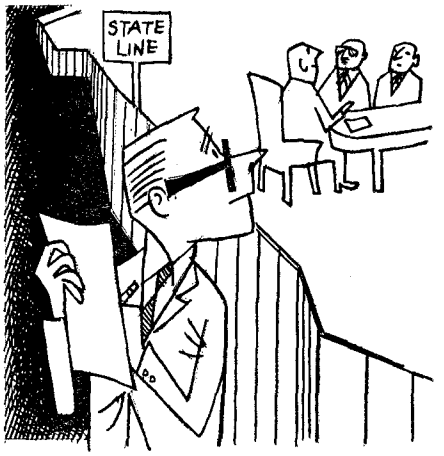
Governor Rockefeller vetoed the bill, but the squabble over school board selection in New York continues. In the last year, both white and Negro groups in the integration hassle have urged that the panel-mayor appointments be scrapped in favor of straight election of school board members. And just last month the State Department of Education proposed a broader-based nominating panel, which would be purely advisory, and greater freedom for the mayor in making appointments.

Chicago pioneered the panels to advise the mayor on school board appointments. The procedure was adopted in 1946 when the Chicago schools were on their knees following exposure of corrupt practices that had gone unchecked for years. Its Advisory Commission on School Board Nominations is an extra-legal instrument. The mayor isn't compelled to convene it or to follow its recommendations, but in the last nineteen years all Chicago chief executives have done so.

Under this system, Chicago has gained some vigorous school board leaders (including R. Sargent Shriver, who headed the board for five years before leaving to organize the Peace Corps in 1961). The purpose of the panels, both in Chicago and New York, is, of course, to shield the schools from gutter politics. While the aim may be admirable, the procedure, critics charge, is hardly democratic.

In Chicago last spring the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People filed suit against the panel setup as an "unconstitutional delegation of legislative authority and powers to private individuals." Neither the NAACP nor any strong civil-rights group is represented on Chicago's panel but the American Legion has been included from the start.





It appears now that even the panel's aim is not being realized. Last fall the Citizens School Committee, which is represented on the panel, urged that it be reorganized. The present process, it said, "invites possible manipulation of the commission membership for political purposes." An education writer for a Chicago newspaper was more blunt. "The screening commission keeps us from getting dogs," this writer said, "but to look upon it without reservations is naïve. Many members are very sensitive to what the mayor wants."

Other critics say it doesn't much matter how Chicago's school board is picked because it fails to exercise any real power anyway. These critics view the board members as so many rubber stamps for Benjamin Coppage ("Big Ben") Willis, the city's $48,500-a-year general superintendent of schools.

"The general superintendent," said one observer, "is the whole show. The board has completely abdicated responsibility for policy-making. It acts only on minutiae. It gets bogged down in so much routine that it never has time to formulate policy, even if Willis would let it."

And in Los Angeles, a school board member who gets around to other cities was contemptuous of the Chicago situation. "Ben Willis is a one-man monarch," she said. "He picks the board and then runs it. They don't dare sneeze."

Truth to tell, however, one can find equally contemptuous critics of the Los Angeles school board situation. The seven L.A. board members function more like professional school administrators than policy-making laymen. They have offices, secretaries, four chauffeured limousines. Most of them show up almost daily at their "secretariat."

They get paid by the number of public board meetings they attend—$50 a crack and a maximum of $500 a month. That comes to $6,000 a year. (The only

(*Continued on page* 83)

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"GOOD" LIBRARIES ARE NOT ENOUGH

1. What Every Library Needs

By DONALD G. EMERY, *Superintendent of Schools, Shaker Heights, Ohio.*

THE RANGE in the quality and service of libraries in elementary and secondary schools is unbelievable. At the elementary level there are schools in which neither the administrator nor the board of trustees has even entertained the thought that a library should or could be established. At the other extreme there are economically and culturally fortunate districts in which it would be unthinkable not to maintain in every elementary school a central library of at least 5,000 volumes along with a full-time librarian. The range is almost as dramatic at the secondary level except that some semblance of a library is present in most secondary schools, even though it may be only a few hundred books shelved at the rear of the school's study hall. At the other extreme again, the financially able and culturally enlightened communities have established exceptional central high school libraries and have filled them with 20,000 or more volumes. Three to five librarians and additional aides are provided, along with a variety of services not to be found on the campus of many a smaller liberal arts college.

While there is a growing recognition that schools need more and better libraries, we face the real danger of holding up too limited a vision of the kind of a school library that is worth attaining. It is of little value to a school to invest a decade of effort to establish and build up its library and then to find that the facility and service is too limited to be adequate for the educational demands of the last quarter of this century. It is myopic to strive to copy the character of what appears to be a reasonably good library and to find in 1975 that the pattern itself lacked genuine functional quality except in terms of a 1950 school.

Essentially, a library is part of the basic process of the storage and retrieval of information. Historically the storage of information in hardcover books has been viewed as the primary expression of this concept in schools. A so-called progressive library, faced with physical storage problems, may be extending the concept to microfilming various books, periodicals, or documents. Few libraries in elementary or secondary schools have moved beyond the book collection concept. The requirements of this generation of students and teachers and the status of the art of storage and retrieval of information are such that our image of what constitutes a truly functional school library must be magnified.

Schools and teachers are tardy in capitalizing on the technological revolution which has occurred since World War II. Today we are blessed with a wide range of reliable methods for storing information and the means of retrieving it quickly. We have, in fact, moved past the necessity for relying almost exclusively on "mind storage" by teachers and conventional book storage of information. Without depreciating the important role that both teacher and book will continue to play in the educational scene, I wish to suggest that we are in danger of threatening the maximum contribution of teachers and books if we neglect longer the manifold storage methods that are available to us. In failing to do so we insist on expecting services from teachers and books that are abusive to their best use and function. We lose efficiency, and we are wasteful. We need not be faced with an either-or choice. We must have well-educated teachers, and we must make generously available to such teachers and their students information in every possible stored form for quick retrieval and use in the learning experience. The conventional school library of books is too limited in its service of both teacher or student to meet the demands and needs of this generation adequately.

The two primary storage forms we are neglecting are those of electronic storage of information on magnetic tape and the storage of images on film or other plastics. Neither technique is new to teachers or students. However, they are seriously neglected generally in the learning process and certainly are not evident in the daily use of the school library. Our oversight is all the more serious because we have forced the library as a storage center to appeal only to the sense of sight and to rely exclusively on the student's skill as a reader to secure maximum benefit. Storage on magnetic tape and film introduces the appeal to the combined senses of sight and sound. Any reasonable recognition of the differences in student ability and learning skills would admit to the desirability of presenting the learner with as wide a range of avenues for learning as possible. Books, tapes, films, and the teacher do just that.

The tape and film storage techniques are not competitors of books. They are another generation of information storage techniques. New retrieval methods are also required. The electronic equipment for listening and projection equipment for viewing such recorded information is both reliable and reasonable in cost. Nearly every school has some item of equipment for retrieving tape or film recordings. However, the concept of such equipment for retrieval and storage as a truly integral form of the library collection and services of the school is generally missing. Certainly books can serve the learner in a way that the film and magnetic tape cannot. It is equally true that the film or the tape can serve the learner in a way that the book cannot. Ideally, a truly symbiotic relationship should exist among the several forms of stored information, to the advantage of the learner in the library.

We must introduce the concept of multiple storage forms in school libraries now. We must not fall into the trap of thinking that *after* we have established a satisfactory book collection we shall add other methods of information storage.

To serve teachers and students adequately we must move simultaneously to enlarge our book collections and *at the same time* introduce and enlarge steadily the electronic and film techniques of information storage. Though somewhat more advanced technologically (and in cost), the electronic storage of information on video tape for retrieval in special library stations is not too far removed in some school systems. The possibility of introducing video tape recording for library retrieval from a

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central source, with its advantage of immediacy and flexibility of recorded information and facts, must be kept in mind.

In view of the varied needs, degrees of readiness, and independent study skills of our students, how can we be content to neglect to provide the nonprinted forms of stored information in our school libraries? Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* in film retrieval may strike the spark of student interest and lead in to a genuine exploration of English literature that the book alone might not have stimulated at the same age. We must work toward providing, as a fundamental service, the opportunity to view the film through the auspices of the school library. Though group presentation in the class is the traditional manner of using the instructional 16mm. film, we must open up a whole new learning opportunity for independent student use of such recorded information through the school library. The elementary school child must have the opportunity to select from hundreds of desirable 35mm. filmstrips on the subjects of his interest and to check these out for use with a simple viewer either for home study or in-school library use. The student of history must be able to hear through magnetic tape or via disc recording the orations of Winston Churchill or Franklin Roosevelt to catch the spirit of the moment in a way that neither teacher nor book can present. A student must be able to improve his spelling or grammar skill independently through a set of remedial magnetic tapes. The student must have the option of using a variety of native speaker tapes in the foreign tongue of his choice through the services of the library.

The multiple forms for storing and retrieving information are sufficiently refined so that the technology of the process does not constitute a serious problem. The cost of a tape recorder or two with multiple headsets—as a starter—is sufficiently modest to be obtained either through the school budget or as a parent-group gift to the library. Raw magnetic tape is so low in cost that lack of teacher or administrator initiative, rather than economics, must be identified as the deterrent to use. Filmstrips and viewers for elementary schools are so modest in cost that a serious effort in almost any school district can result in a serviceable collection. The 16mm. film availability and use present a greater economic challenge, but still the problem is not insurmountable for most districts. Because we have not experimented with the 16mm. film as information storage in school libraries we are in a poor position to judge its true value. That the film is a highly successful distributor of facts and concepts to students is beyond question. Certainly the inventory of existing 16mm. films available through commercial producers represents a kind of library that most schools have denied their students. Possibly new incentive exists for introducing instructional film into the total library concept through the more recent advent of the 8mm. magnetic sound track film. Its lower cost and its adaptability to local production make it a most attractive prospect for widening the resources and service of the school library.

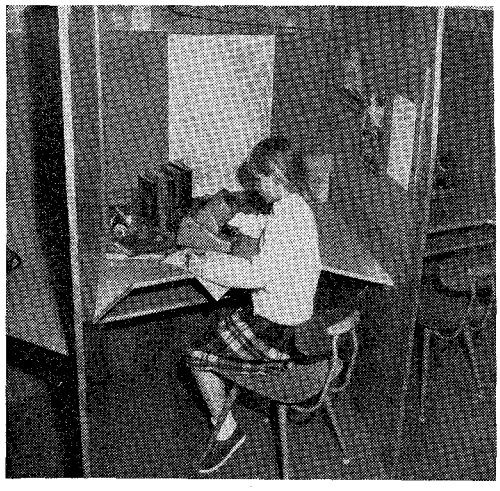
Finally, we must recognize that a school library including a wide variety of the forms of stored information encourages wider initiative and learning on the part of the student, the teacher, and the librarian. Learning can be more interesting and more indelible. The service of the teacher can be extended and multiplied through the recorded forms of storage even in the absence of the teacher—even as the author is available in his absence through the book. More children are stimulated to learn because more of the senses are appealed to in the learning. Children in the intermediate grades on through high school can operate successfully all the types of equipment and recordings alluded to here. In the Shaker Heights, Ohio, schools this use has been demonstrated as a part of the normal library service in the district.

Librarians and school administrators are faced with the question not only of regularly providing the American Library Association standard per-pupil expenditure of $4 per year, but also of redistributing this minimum amount among all the forms of recorded information, and if possible increasing the amount.

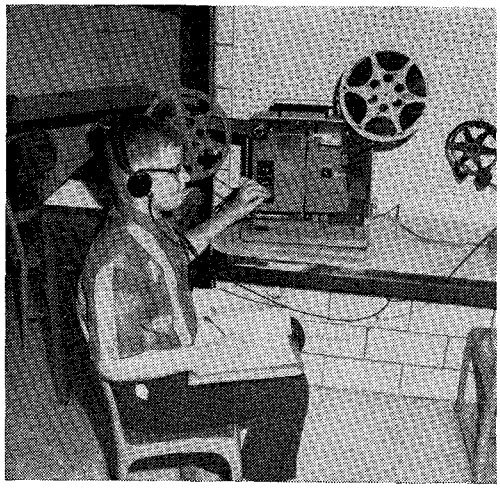
Establishing, enlarging, staffing, and including the multiple forms of storage in school libraries must become an obsession with the professional staff, boards of education, and the public at large in this country. To provide in our school libraries all the major means of information storage and retrieval would be a movement comparable to the establishment of the free public Carnegie libraries of fifty years ago. To feel that we cannot act in this connection, or that other things are of greater importance, is to misjudge the urgency of this matter, the ability of our students, the needs of our teachers, and the support that can be obtained from the public under imaginative leadership.

School administrators, boards of education, teachers, and librarians must work together with their public to vault over the painfully slow evolution of increasing the book collections in schools. They must establish genuinely comprehensive libraries that will include all the major forms of information storage and retrieval in every elementary and secondary school in the nation.

Today's Libraries Need More Than Boo



"Image on magnetic tape and film introduces the appeal to the combined senses of sight and sound."



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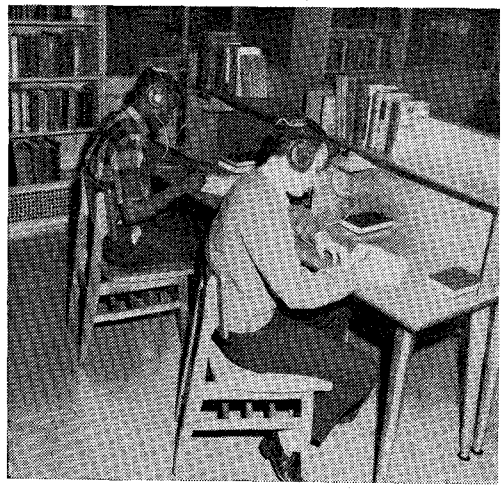

"Tape and film are not competitors of books. They are another generation of information storage techniques."

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2. Toronto's Education Centre Library

By LEONARD H. FREISER, *Chief Librarian, the Board of Education, for the City of Toronto.*

LIBRARIES are now "U" in our schools. Frankly, I'm worried. In the past, school library service has received inadequate support for good reasons as well as bad. The bad reasons grew out of a limited view of the educational process. One of the good reasons was that school librarians had no plan for changing their inadequate service other than to ask for more money, more books, more space, and more staff. Today many school administrators are torn between their desire to spend more on library service and their reluctance to encourage the growth of school libraries in their present form. This conflict was dramatized in the report last year of the Melbourne, Florida, secondary school in which the principal boasted of a library as large as the gymnasium, but has relegated the school librarians to a secondary, almost clerical role. People are simply not interested in libraries where the house rules take precedence over service.

In his article on school libraries, "Let Them Have Books" [*SR*, Nov. 21, 1964], Martin Rossoff warns us that we cannot afford to wait while urban library construction catches up with the more affluent suburbs. Toronto faced up to the problem two years ago and launched a long-range program of information service to students that is unique in the educational world.

We have opened the way in which we can begin to provide real information service while we are still in the process of improving libraries in our elementary and secondary schools. Although revolutionary in terms of current school librarianship, Toronto's program is a response to some of the educational imperatives of our time.

At the heart of this program is the Education Centre Library, which acts both as a telephone exchange and "early warning" service to teachers and students. Started from scratch in mid-1960, ECL now has an annual operating budget of $750,000 and a professional staff of nineteen, and is one of the largest education information centers in the world. People get information from ECL in two ways: They approach ECL because they need something, or ECL approaches them because the library has discovered something they may need.

Let us see how this latter operation works. A library is like an electric network—a switching operation. ECL constantly probes the field of education—and this is defined in very broad terms—so that our public can be alerted to changes and new developments. ECL keeps interest profiles so that when information is received it can be passed on to those who are especially concerned. ECL also issues a publication called *Content*. In four different editions published weekly it reproduces the tables of contents of some 200 to 300 magazines. Staff members tick off the titles of articles that appeal to them, send the sheets back to us, and the next day receive their own Xeroxed copies of all the articles requested. Other publications of our department include *Opinion*, a summary of informed opinion on education by people outside the professional education community, and *Books in Review*, listing the outstanding books of the year in the field of education. Our major series of publications is *ECL Reports*. These reports, written by our own professional writers, are based on comprehensive searches of the literature and on personal contacts—mainly by telephone—with key people. We have reported on ETV, education and employment, advanced placement, teacher education, foreign languages in elementary schools, illiteracy, and a number of other topics. We are now planning a telephone-tape information service. Staff members may dial one of six specified numbers and listen to four-minute taped accounts of new educational developments. This was demonstrated for the first time in the ECL exhibit at the Canadian Education Showplace in February 1965. These, then, are some of the ways by which we alert our teachers to changes and new developments in the field.

Let us now see what happens when teachers approach us. They want background information on the new mathematics, specific information on aphasics, on a unified literature, art, and music program, the Denver Health Program, biases in history textbooks, questions on school finance, construction, curriculum, and instruction. Or, they may need information in their subject field—engineering, history, psychiatry, mathematics, physical education or whatever. They just telephone, and our professionals search the literature and contact libraries and other institutions throughout the world. The material is gathered and they receive their own Xeroxed copies of what we have found.

Two years ago I asked the Superintendent of Secondary Schools whether he thought access to this service would be as valuable for students as it had proved to be for teachers. His immediate response launched our program of Information for Students that to this day is the only one of its kind in the educational world.

Up to that time our library services allowed teachers to spend all their time with the material rather than waste many hours hunting for it. They had access to material unobtainable elsewhere in quantity and quality and came into contact with periodicals, books, ideas, and programs they might never have heard of otherwise. They got to know the meaning of library service. We are now ready to extend this same service to students.

We wanted "research" to be only a means to an end. We wanted to save time and energy for the students as well as for the teachers. The program was established to provide students with the information they require, of a quality they deserve—literally placing into the students' hands articles, books, and material from all media in response to their request for specific information. One of the most important results of the program so far is that the quality of the papers written by the students now receiving this service far exceeds any previous work done by equivalent groups.

We are beginning to understand that we have underestimated the capacities of our youth for intellectual work. Jerome Bruner has shown that students may study what we now consider advanced subjects at a very early age and that the information requirements of young people are far more complex than we thought they were.

Our students work closely with their teachers to develop the ability to frame questions. No limit is placed on the scope or frequency of questions from a student. The school librarian, having already searched her own collection for the desired information, is the person who telephones the request to ECL. The student receives complete articles, books, and other records in addition to a covering bibliography. Our secondary school students start with more reading and other material than many university students end up with. Although young people work harder in this program than they would in the traditional plan (they have access to and are held responsible for more material and for material of higher quality), we have found that our students are literally awakened by what they receive. They had not realized the extent and the variety of the sources of information.

We are now in a society where much current information is available only through information specialists. It is technically possible for access to this information to be immediate and comprehensive. Students, rural or urban, should not need to be dependent on residence or variations in teacher excellence for the quality and variety of information at their command. Our goal is that this access be given to students in all grades so that they may spend their time and

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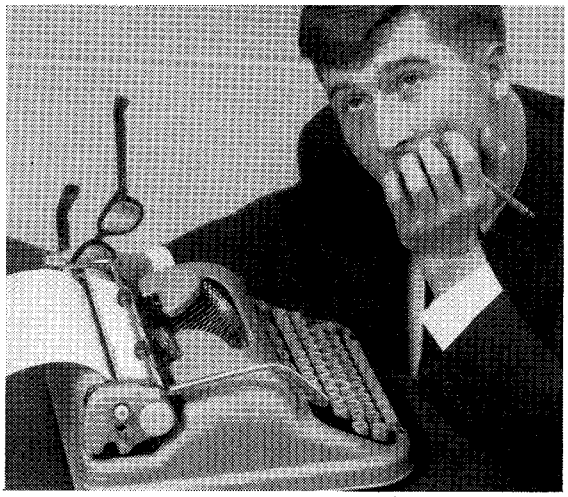
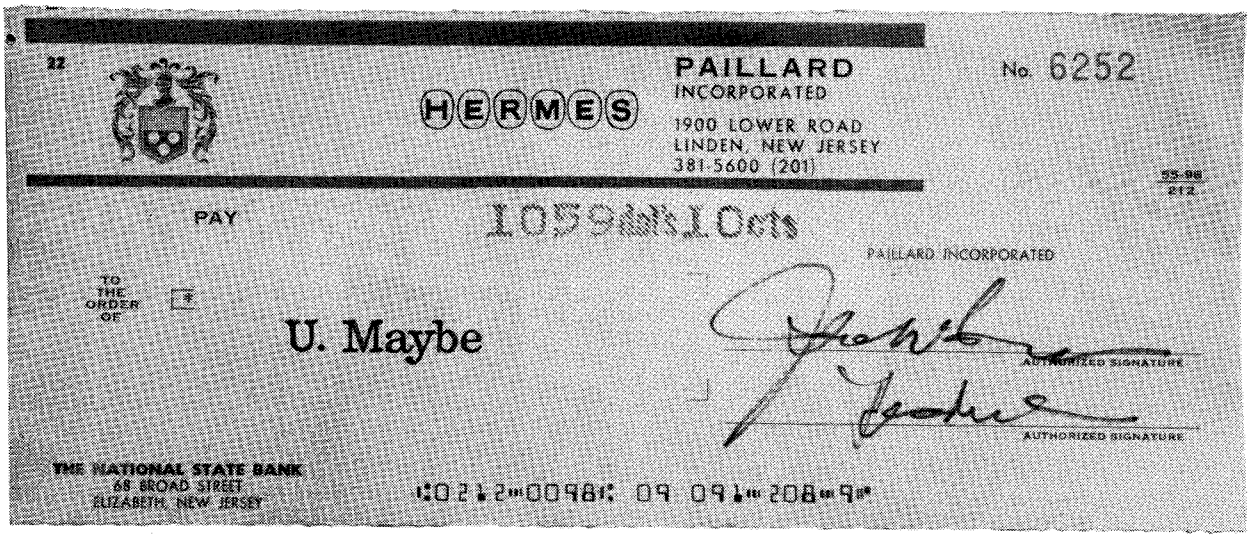
The Hermes 3000 copywriter isn't too bright.



Write us the best ad or catch phrase for the best portable made and we'll give you his next month's salary.



We think the Hermes 3000 is the best portable typewriter ever made. Our problem: How to tell people about it. That's where you come in. We'd like you to give us an ad or phrase that tells people why it's the best. So they'll run right out and see it.

Here are some facts to help you: 1. *The Hermes 3000 has more features than even most office machines.* 2. *It has a full 44-key office keyboard.* 3. *It has a unique central control panel.* 4. *It has exclusive "Flying Red Margins" to tell you where the margins are.* 5. *It's the sturdiest, quietest, fastest manual portable made.* 6. *It's the most expensive. (Naturally.)*

Got the facts? Drop down to your nearest Hermes dealer. (Look him up in the Yellow Pages or write us.) Then try the 3000 and ask the dealer for an entry blank. Fill it out and mail it to: Paillard Incorporated, 1900 Lower Road, Linden, N.J. If your ad or phrase is the best you'll be $1,059.10 richer. Not bad for a free lance job, is it?

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Ever heard about Sweden's "Buy American" Policy?

Swedes like American products. In fact they like them so well that they buy nearly $50 worth a year for every man, woman and youngster. Per capita, few nations can match Sweden as a U.S. customer. □ Buying American is typical of Sweden's commercial outlook. Each year Swedes buy increasing millions on millions of dollars worth of U.S. goods. Everything from machinery to fruits, from fuels to automobiles, from chemicals to tobacco. But Sweden must also go to other countries to find the sophisticated products and materials she needs. In fact, international trade is the lifeblood of Sweden's economy. □ To help keep her industries keen, her standard of living the highest in Europe, and her unemployment virtually nil, Sweden's tariff level is one of the world's lowest. Yet imports are only half the story. Sweden also has to sell. She must expand her markets for heavy equipment, automobiles, ships, forest products, ore and special steels, adding machines, rock drills and the scores of other products in which Swedish industry excels. □ Today Sweden exports close to one quarter of her total production, and sends nearly 80 per cent to her Scandinavian neighbors and Europe. She gets a similar per cent of her imports from those same countries. But the balance of trade with the United States hasn't been quite so fortunate. While each Swede buys an average of $50 worth of U.S. goods a year, each American buys only about $1 worth of Sweden's products. □ What's Sweden's reaction? To work even harder to offer America the very best in design, quality and service so that Sweden can buy even more American. □ MEET MODERN SWEDEN, 8 East 69th Street, New York, New York.

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energy working with information rather than overcoming a library's house rules in trying to find it.

The insistence of many in authority today that students must find their own information is frequently based on an expediency reflecting the outlook of the librarians rather than the needs of the students. Function is being defined not by purpose but by the operational requirements of the institution.

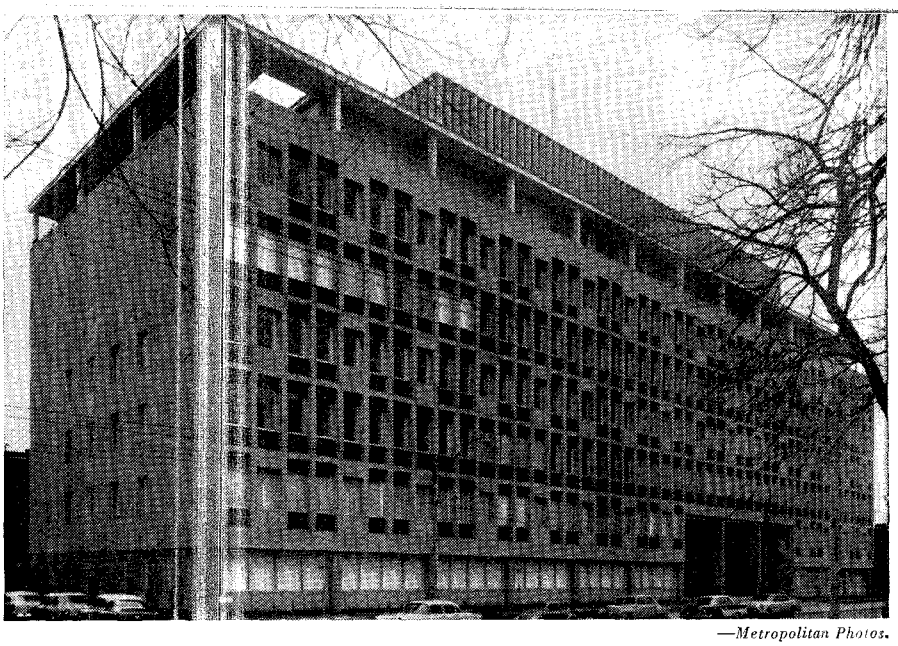
Library skills, as taught in terms of card catalogue, encyclopedia, and the *Readers' Guide*, not only give the student a false sense of adequacy but limit his awareness of today's information problems. It takes from six months to a year to train an experienced and competent professional librarian to work effectively in any department of a major library. Even then, the professional librarian is effective in obtaining information in his department in his library only. For efficient use of another department and certainly of other libraries he must depend on another professional.

What happens to the student today is that he picks up a relatively useless and nontransferable bag of tricks and is placed in the position where mutilation, theft, or plagiarization of library material may be profitable.

The question of browsing and incidental learning are invariably raised when discussing information services to students. A few moments' reflection on those things that have the outward appearance of books but are not books may help us here. When access to reliable information and material is readily available, every book in the library must earn its valuable shelf space through literary and analytic merit.

The question then arises: what happens to our students (and our teachers) when they leave us and no longer have access to this service? It is becoming clear that we are developing in our students a public that will demand and support good information and readers' services elsewhere. Within the schools we are developing collections to encourage individual browsing and reading for pleasure—free of the artificial constraints of what is sometimes called research. In 1962 our school library book budget was doubled to $5 per student. Our aim is to have the student return to the book as book, to approach the library for poetry, for ideas, and for those valuable hours of browsing through a rich collection.

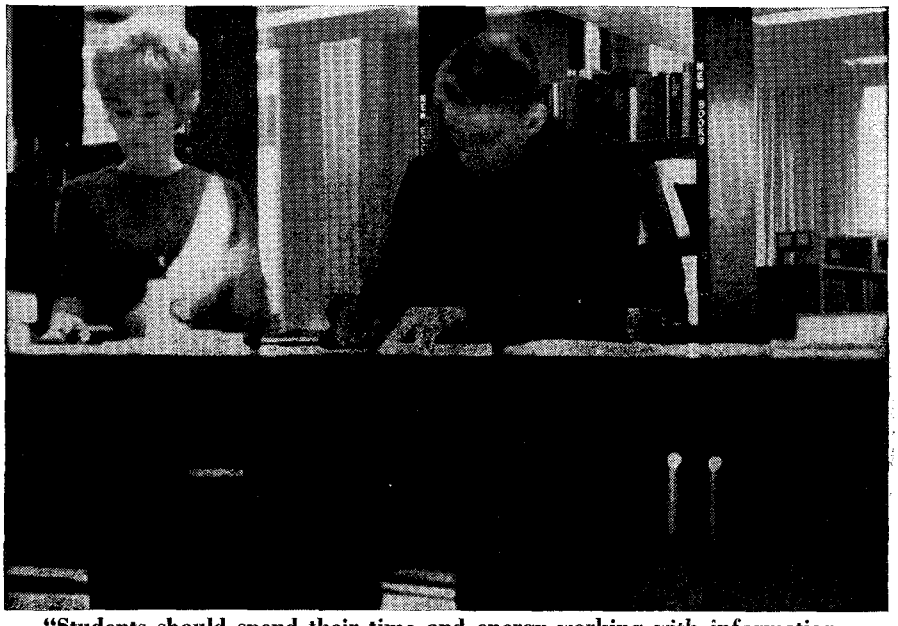
If we are to understand where we, as librarians and educators, are going, we must start with the conditions necessary for learning. As a result of the work of such people as R. Buckminster Fuller, Lloyd Trump, Marshall McLuhan and Jerome Bruner, students today are being brought increasingly into individual direct contact with experience. We are learning that although new directions in communication and education are intimately related to electronic and space technology, we must first provide the basic philosophy and prototype programs to which this technology may be adapted. In this light, our program is a beginning—an exploration of the optimum conditions for learning and communication. This is the toughest program that students and professionals can possibly face. It requires thought, not busy work. It argues for the rethinking of the logic and form of the varieties of knowledge and obviously calls for massive research into the philosophy and technology of communication. What ECL does with Xerox 914s, telephone, telegraph, and the rest may soon be done by Telstar, computers, and still unborn devices. But technology unsupported by a philosophy and a program degenerates into gimmicks; technology ignored by the professionals in the direct line of its fire develops a new corps of professionals who can replace the old.



—*Metropolitan Photos.*

Toronto's Education Centre Library: "We may now be ready for a library center that is indeed an environment for learning."

When people of any age engage themselves in the process of education they are extending their senses in order to develop their understanding. Therefore their first and basic requirement is a nerve center of information both alive to their needs and sensitive to outside developments, a center that uses modern technology for all media. The library has always existed in response to the need for communication. Though print no longer stands alone, the use of many media in one center should not lead us down the path of new jargon by replacing the word "library" with "Instructional Materials Center." We have come in our time from schools without libraries to the library-centered school. We may now be ready for the next step —a library center that is indeed an environment for learning. I suggest that this library center is the school for the children of our time.



"Students should spend their time and energy working with information rather than overcoming a library's house rules trying to find it."

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Schools Make News

A dilemma facing most small colleges today is how to maintain the benefits of the small college while accommodating ever larger numbers of students. A unique plan to meet this problem over the next ten years has been projected by Goddard College in Plainfield, Vermont.

Basically the plan calls for establishing two separate new campuses of the college, in addition to the one completed in 1963. Each campus will accommodate a maximum of 260 students and will have its own faculty of about twenty-five and its own curriculum and organization.

Serving all three campuses will be an "Aids-to-Learning Center," which will include a library holding about triple the number of books in the present one and equipped with tapes, films, and other learning aids. Other buildings, including a science center and an arts center, will serve all three campuses.

Each campus is expected to develop as an autonomous unit, with its own identity. Students and faculty will feel part of a small community in which everyone is known. Thus the individuality and personal relations of a small college will be maintained, while the college itself will double its enrollment.

At the same time, central facilities like the library and science center will be much larger than those now serving the college, yet the cost of building one large library is much less than that of building three small ones. Students on all campuses will benefit from the larger facilities.

A wider curriculum also will be available, as the programs of the three campuses will be largely coordinated rather than duplicative, and students will be allowed to take courses offered on any of the campuses. Although transfer from one campus to another will not be difficult, it is expected that most students will remain on one all four years.

Motivation is the key to keeping high school students in school, according to the Public Education Association of New York, in a report entitled "The Secondary School Program in New York City." The solution to the high dropout rate lies not in merely upgrading vocational courses, nor even in providing a basic education program, but in reaching "below the surface of curriculum refinement to develop new student-teacher relationships that are timely, dynamic, and meaningful to today's youth."

The aim is to make each student aware of why education is important to him and how it can help him not only get a job but also understand himself and the world around him. The report sets out guidelines for reorganizing the high school program to achieve this aim. Much of the responsibility is laid on the guidance counselor, who must help each student first to develop an image of himself and a goal for the future, and then to work out a flexible program related to the student's educational goals, his innate ability, and his specific areas of work. Further, the report says, "the counselor should help students raise their horizons regardless of the present factors that appear to limit opportunities for minority group members."

Also recommended are "revision in the methods of rewarding effort and indicating success" ("The traditional grading system and method of awarding diplomas, rather than increasing motivation, often discourage boys and girls and cause them to withdraw or drop out of school," the report states) and increased participation in extracurricular activities, especially in student organizations that help the student learn responsible citizenship.

While specifically intended for New York City schools, the program is equally applicable to high schools across the country, particularly in larger cities. For copies of the report, write the PEA, 20 West 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018.

The National PTA has attacked "extremist" groups as "a clear and present danger to freedom and democracy." Over the past several years numbers of such groups have made repeated efforts to discredit state and national parent-teacher organizations as "subversive influences" in the schools, government, and community, according to Mrs. Jennelle Moorhead, president of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers. Attacks have come in the form of booklets and letters to newspapers and PTA leaders accusing the organization of supporting "extended welfare aid to foster illegitimacy" and pushing "communistic-tainted textbooks by left-wing authors."

Such charges, Mrs. Moorhead said, "seem too ridiculous to merit comment, but when we continue to hear them, from many parts of the country, we know a counterattack is necessary."

The counterattack is a new pamphlet designed to help local parent-teacher associations combat "undemocratic pressures" on PTAs, public schools, and public libraries. Entitled "Extremist Groups: A Clear and Present Danger to Freedom and Democracy," the pamphlet describes the tactics used by these groups and suggests means for the PTA to combat these pressures. Some of these are:

► Appoint a committee to become informed on extremist groups.

► Establish a policy that resolutions and motions on controversial issues will not be voted on until the meeting following their introduction. This assures that the membership can be alerted and all views on an issue can be fairly represented and heard.

► If someone comes up with a loaded, unanswerable question, ask him to rephrase it. Usually he can't because it's a "canned" question.

► Never mislay your sense of humor.

► Look gift speakers in the mouth and find out why they want to speak and whom they represent.

Similar suggestions are urged for school boards and public libraries, which Mrs. Moorhead termed "the next likely targets of attack in what must be seen as a concerted effort to take over our free, public school system and dictate what will be taught and by whom."

Copies of the pamphlet may be obtained by sending 15 cents to the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, 700 North Rush Street, Chicago, Ill.

Private industries are coming to see that they have a stake in a better-educated America. By aiding the schools with their products and their knowledge, they help to assure an intelligent public, many of whose members may later fill corporation executive and managerial positions. And, of course, by so aiding the schools, the industries also help to assure that this public will be familiar with their particular products.

One of the largest programs of aid to education sponsored by private industry is that of the 3M Company, whose visual products department has launched an Assistance Grant to Education program (AGE).

The first phase of the program took place in 1963, when the company awarded $3,000 in visual aid equipment to each of 500 schools in the fifty states. These schools were selected from more than 15,000 that wrote detailed pro-

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posals telling how they would use the equipment if they were to receive it. Many of the winning schools have since become teaching laboratories in which teachers from other schools in their areas learn about visual aids and develop their own adaptations.

The company has now launched phase two of AGE: a program offering to every accredited teacher training institution that certifies more than twelve graduates each year a grant of up to $2,000 in visual aid equipment and reference materials. No competition is involved in this phase; every qualified institution that applies before May 31, 1965, will receive a grant. The size of the grant will vary according to the needs of the individual institution.

All grant packages will include one classroom, one portable overhead projector, and a copy machine that makes transparencies for the projector from printed or drawn original material. The packages also include instructional guides and reference materials.

The aim of these grants is to expose the recipient institutions and their students to modern teaching aids. Future teachers will learn how to use the equipment to advantage in their class presentations. And, of course, they will become familiar with 3M equipment. Teachers' college presidents seeking more information and the Grant Acceptance Form, should write to Bertrand Y. Auger, Manager, Visual Products Department, 3M Company–220-10, 2501 Hudson Road, St. Paul, Minn. 55119.

A new education magazine, designed for a popular as well as professional audience, has been launched by the U.S. Office of Education. Called, simply enough, *American Education,* it rises from the ashes of two older publications—*School Life* and *Higher Education* —and is an entirely new bird. The editor, Theodora E. Carlson, offers these reasons for the change:

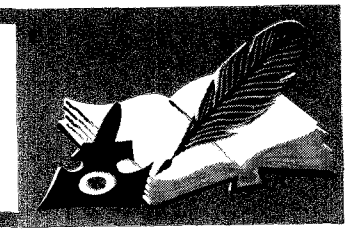
As the complexities of education have grown more evident, so have the interrelationships. And "since education is all of a piece, undivided and unfragmented, our magazine for education had better be undivided too."

American Education is a popular magazine because education, the editor says, is "fundamentally the public's business, not the private or exclusive business of educators."

The new magazine, she concludes, "exists to explain the work and serve the official purposes of the agency that publishes it, but it will do this work in the most interesting way we can think of."

Subscriptions ($3 a year) may be obtained through the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402.

New Books



John Dewey on Education: Selected Writings. *Edited and with an introduction by Reginald D. Archambault. The Modern Library.* 439 *pp.* $2.45. Selections of Dewey's work in the several branches of philosophy that nourish educational theory, including ethics, epistemology, esthetics, political theory, and a major section on pedagogy.

What You Must Know about Getting into College. *By Dr. William A. Rubinfeld. Universal Publishing and Distributing Corp. (800 Second Ave., New York 17, N.Y.).* 160 *pp. Paperback,* $1.45. Reviews the reasons for getting a college education, suggests plans for those whose high school grades have not been good, aids students in planning for colleges as early as the junior high school years, explores course selection in high school, and broadly outlines methods of reading and using college catalogs.

Readings in Child Development and Personality. *Edited by Paul H. Mussen, John J. Conger, and Jerome Kagan. Harper and Row.* 480 *pp. Paperback,* $4.95. A collection of somewhat specialized readings on methods and results of current theory and research in a wide variety of areas related to child development.

Educational Anthropology. *By George F. Kneller. John Wiley and Sons.* 171 *pp. Cloth,* $4.50. *Paperback,* $2.45. An introduction to a new interdiscipline in which the tools of the cultural anthropologist are applied to education.

Reading Without Dick and Jane. *By Arther S. Trace, Jr. The Henry Regnery Co. (Chicago).* 186 *pp.* $4.50. A study of prevailing methods of teaching reading to American youngsters, which deplores the extent to which "programed retardation" is becoming an accepted technique in our primary schools.

Introduction to American Education. *By Paul Woodring. Harcourt Brace and World.* 120 *pp.* $1.50. **Education and Democratic Ideals.** *By Gordon C. Lee. Harcourt Brace and World.* 181 *pp.* $1.95. The first two volumes in a new "Professional Education for Teachers Series" under the editorship of Mr. Woodring. When the series is complete it will provide an introduction to all the major areas that educators consider essential for prospective teachers, and the most basic content for a series of courses that will meet certification requirements in most states. The paperback format allows flexibility in course organization—it is expected that several of the volumes, selected by the instructor, will be used in each course. Other volumes in preparation include: *History of Education, Developmental Psychology, Learning in the Schools, Social Psychology in Education, Measurement and Evaluation, Innovations in Education, Elementary Education,* and *Secondary Education.*

Change and Challenge in American Education. *By James E. Russell. Houghton Mifflin Company.* 115 *pp. Cloth,* $3.50. *Paperback,* $1.95. Discusses clearly and simply for teachers and parents the changes in philosophical and social context of American education, and how the different levels of education are responding to this challenge. The author is secretary of the Educational Policies Commission in Washington.

Teaching: A National Directory of Preparatory Programs for Women College Graduates. *Catalyst in Education (45 Labbe Avenue, Lewiston, Maine).* 274 *pp.* $1. Contains not only a list of undergraduate and graduate programs available to women college graduates desiring to prepare for teaching, but also the certification requirements of the fifty states, reading lists in several subject matter areas, and a description of three successful school volunteer programs.

The Story of the Initial Teaching Alphabet. *By Maurice Harrison. Pitman Publishing Corp.* (20 *East 46th Street, New York,* N.Y. 10017). 213 *pp.* $4. A comprehensive discussion of the i.t.a. method of reading instruction compared to the use of the conventional alphabet. Also gives the history of previous experiments in the United States and Great Britain and describes in detail the recent work and its results.

Research on School Desegregation: Review and Prospect. *By Meyer Weinberg. Paperback,* 39 *pp.* 75 *cents.* A thorough summary of the effects of segregation, North or South, on Negro students, parents and teachers, and the problems and possibilities of desegregation.

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The First Hundred Years

The United States Office of Education: A Century of Service, *by Harry Kursh (Chilton, 192 pp., $4.95), examines the OE past and present and casts an eye at where current rapid changes may take it. The reviewer was formerly Director of the Office of Information, U.S. Office of Education, and is now Director of the Publications and Information Department, Seattle Public Schools.*

By CARROLL HANSON

THE APPEARANCE of Mr. Kursh's book may be taken as a good omen, coming at a time when the United States Office of Education stands on the threshold of a vastly increased role in research, civil rights, and federal-state relations.

If current legislative proposals are enacted, there will soon be a line-up of awesome proportions at the new Mecca on Maryland Avenue in Washington, D.C., and Mr. Kursh's book will be of real comfort to many a weary and bewildered pilgrim. However, it is already in need of revision, so dazzling has been the rate of change in the Office of Education.

Mr. Kursh's book is important for two reasons: 1) it chronicles the disgraceful neglect and harassment endured by the first two Commissioners of Education; 2) it proves that the myth of "federal control" is a root cause of the poverty and travail which has plagued the Office for a century, inhibiting its true potential, keeping it understaffed and overworked. This volume should be required reading for Congressmen.

The book is divided into three parts, plus appendices. It is written in clear, textbook prose. Unfortunately, it contains few charts and no illustrations.

Part I outlines the history of the Office of Education, the total federal involvement in education, and the basic services of the Office under its Congressional mandate.

Part II describes the duties, but not the sacrificial hours, of the Commissioner and his staff and line personnel.

Part III deals with a variety of matters, including accreditation, how to get information, career opportunities, and, the future of the Office of Education.

Part I is by far the most satisfying portion of the book. It succeeds in capturing some of the human interest and drama in the early history of the Office and it is filled with detail and a sense of urgency. It comes to grips with some of the larger problems that have challenged the Office and the nation during the past century. It is an excellent beginning. It sets the Office in perspective.

The balance of the book fails to fulfil its early promise in either content or style. Parts II and III are mainly an extension of the *OE Handbook*, which the Office has published and frequently revised since 1955. In this respect it is useful and fulfils the goal set by the author, who at the outset disclaims any pretense to critical analysis.

But one cannot avoid some disappointment because there are major omissions in the book, both as it attempts to present the past and the future of the Office.

Mr. Kursh includes very little information about any of the sixteen commissioners, except Henry Barnard and John Eaton. Yet the roster of commissioners includes men of enormous energy and great intellectual stature.

RECENT "milestones" are overlooked —for example, Commissioner Brownell's crusade to get $1 million to start the cooperative research program in 1955. At that time he astonished budget officials by predicting that the program would ultimately require at least $25 million a year. It now exceeds that sum. Nor is there mention of the first U.S. education mission to Russia in 1958, led by Commissioner Derthick, and his subsequent efforts to alert the American people to the tremendous Russian commitment to education.

And if there have been major successes, there have been great failures, too, which might have been noted by Mr. Kursh. There was the so-called numbers game in 1955 over the classroom shortage and an incredible mishmash of legislation that never got anywhere on the "Hill." There was, and still is, the long silence about the role the Office should take in international education. And there is the inexplicable intrusion into strictly educational matters on the part of a host of old and new agencies along the Potomac.

Mr. Kursh has not dealt adequately with the impact of outside relationships on the Office, in the opinion of this reviewer. The Office operates in a network of delicately balanced relationships. Although it has been a matter of concern to some officials in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, there has always been a close and cordial working relationship between the Office and the National Education Association. This should surprise no one, in view of the fact that the NEA and its affiliates enroll more than 1,500,000 members who can muster powerful "grass roots" support for Administration bills.

Likewise, the Office works closely with the National Science Foundation, the American Textbook Publishers Institute, the Council of Chief State School Officers, the Departments of Labor and Defense, the American Council on Education, the National School Public Relations Association, and a number of organizations that represent business and labor in America. The list goes on and on, and these are only a small sample. Virtually every specialist in the Office is associated with, and frequently an officer of, his subject-matter association. No group in America joins more and meets more than the education profession.

But the most important relationship that the Office has is with the White House. When this line is firm, the Office moves ahead. When it is weak, the Office stands still.

Incidentally, the conviviality Mr. Kursh observed in inter-Office contacts generally prevails. But it can be a will-o'-the-wisp. The pressures in the upper echelons of the federal bureaucracy are so enormous and the monetary rewards are so small that the real medium of exchange in Washington is power. And not even a company of scholars can resist its insidious allure. Relations are normally Dickensian, but when the chips are down they can be straight out of Kafka.

It is the future of the Office of Education that has recently intrigued the nation and has been a subject of frequent debate, as well as Congressional newsletters to the folks back home. This situation came about as the result of an innocent study by a committee of Office personnel. This study, entitled *An Education Agency for the Future*, was released in the spring of 1961 and spanned two administrations much as a crackling spark connects two wires. It was instantly caught up in political cross-currents and never received an objective review. While it has been all but forgotten, its implications are tremendous. It served, under the able leadership of Commissioner McMurrin, to move the Office off dead center and reorient it toward a new destiny. It continues to serve as a solid base for future reorganization.

In dealing with the future in his final chapter, Mr. Kursh brings up the matter of Cabinet status for the Office. While he does not deal with it exhaustively, he

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deals with it adequately (although he fails to note that the Educational Policies Commission came out in June 1964 for a Department of Education with full Cabinet status).

Regarding the Office information program, Mr. Kursh seems to be grinding an ax or two. Exhibits for a nonprofit organization are difficult to justify and staffing them is a nightmare. In any event, the OE information is rapidly being improved and the two magazines *School Life* and *Higher Education* have now been combined in *American Education*, which promises to be an excellent contribution to a growing audience. In the future, the information program will probably be strengthened by the further addition of generalists to regional offices.

As to the "balance" in curriculum, noted by Mr. Kursh, most observers feel the Congress will ultimately be supporting so many categories that, in total, they will add up to a program of general assistance.

The future of the specialist, once the glory of the Office, might well have come in for a more searching examination by Mr. Kursh. As teachers gain more professional autonomy and state department staffs are strengthened, the demand for the federal specialist is likely to decline—unless he is also a good after-dinner speaker.

Undoubtedly the greatest promise in the future development of the Office lies in research, which will amount to hundreds of millions annually, and in assistance to state departments of education programs, which calls for $25 million this coming fiscal year.

At present, state departments, with few exceptions, are the weakest link in American education. At the same time, they are the most important link. The Office, with the passage of current proposals before the Congress, should be able to make major progress with the educational leadership in the fifty states.

The future will also bring important new programs in fields that the Office has thus far neglected. These include automation, urban problems, teacher training, teacher negotiations, correspondence schools, the performing arts, and extensive experimentation with new materials and equipment.

The future of the Office of Education is assured. The only question is how soon it can move ahead to consolidate the massive, sprawling, federal enterprise which Mr. Kursh has so clearly outlined. There needs to be *one* Office of Education and some commissioner, someday, is going to find it.

School Board

Continued from page 73

other paid school board in the eight cities surveyed is that in San Francisco, whose members get $1,500 annually.)

Every time you turn around, the L.A. school board is going into another meeting: ten regular public sessions each month plus two or three for general discussion of issues and problems. "This board," said a visiting Midwestern schoolman just before a meeting in Los Angeles not long ago, "ties up the entire administrative staff for two afternoons every week. Any board that meets that often can't help meddling in administration. This is one of the worst situations I've ever run into."

Board members are elected at large in a monster school district of 710 square miles—two-thirds the size of Rhode Island. It includes not only the city of Los Angeles but sixteen municipalities outside it. And this may explain why its school board consists entirely of white Protestants. In every other big city in the country the white Protestants have fled to the suburbs but when they fled to the suburbs of Los Angeles they were still in the school district.

Despite their religious cohesion, Los Angeles board members spend a lot of time fighting among themselves. Politically, they are sharply split. Two are ultraconservatives, two are ardent liberals, and three range somewhere in between. Tempers flare frequently. In the last years each side has accused the other of attempting to "stir up, aid, and abet bigotry."

On paper, the Detroit school board setup seems similar to L.A.'s. Its seven board members also run at large and the elections in both cities are nonpartisan. But Detroit has none of the pyrotechnics of Los Angeles. Apathy is its problem. Once elected, board members tend to keep winning regardless of performance. It's sometimes hard to find people to run for the school board. In 1957 there were only three candidates for three Detroit school board vacancies. All were automatically guaranteed election even before the polls opened.

Some years back there wasn't a single active candidate for a three-month unexpired term. The winner was a write-in candidate who received 151 votes—in a city of 1,670,000 persons.

Detroit's senior school board member has served for fifteen years. This isn't a patch on the record of Philadelphia's senior member, who is starting her thirty-second year, but some observers think it's too long. Leonard Kasle, who quit as president of Detroit's board last year in a tiff with Superintendent Samuel Brownell, but stayed on as a member, favors a statutory limit of twelve years of service such as has been recommended by the Philadelphia's Study Commission.

"After that length of time," he said, "board members grow moribund on the job. They get in the habit of just defending past policies. They lose touch with social currents."

If new blood on school boards is good, Boston should get a Grade A rating. It has the smallest board (five members) and the shortest term (two years) of any of the big cities. Elections for all five seats are held at the same time and a complete turnover on the "school committee" is possible biennially. Yet the system is not popular with Boston school reformers.

"We see only one advantage in electing the full committee every two years," said Herbert Gleason, president of the Citizens for the Boston Public Schools. "It means you don't have to wait so long to get rid of them."

A bill backed by the "Citizens" providing four-year overlapping terms for Boston school committeemen was defeated in the last session of the Massachusetts Legislature. "It was well thought of, but you need more than good feeling to get something through the Legislature," said Gleason, a thirty-six-year-old lawyer who helped form the group in 1960.

RECENTLY two Harvard professors of urban studies, Edward C. Banfield and Martin Myerson, proposed that Boston switch to the panel-mayor selection system used in New York and Chicago. They argued that this would get the schools closer to the mayor, "whose political power a board needs to have behind it."

This idea wasn't greeted with much enthusiasm, either. Meanwhile, Gleason's organization ran a full slate in each of the last two school-committee elections and put over two of their candidates each time. They still lack control of the five-member committee, however.

In St. Louis, on the other hand, a school reform group succeeded in electing its entire slate four years ago. Seizing on a grand jury report of "stealing, plain and simple," by St. Louis school board members, the Citizens Association for the Public Schools (CAPS) conducted a tireless and effective campaign in the late winter and spring of 1961.

To make sure that its candidates for five vacancies on the twelve-member school board were listed at the top of the ballot, CAPS staged a marathon "stand-in" one cold weekend at the Board of Election Commissioners. CAPS saw a 4 or 5 per cent vote advantage in the top listing, and this required being first in line to file. For forty-five hours before the earliest possible filing time, its volunteers stood on the sidewalk in a rare

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display of dedication to better schools. Sixty helpers pitched in to form food and coffee brigades.

The strategy paid off when the CAPS candidates, with top billing on the ballot, went on to win election by wide margins in April 1961.

This victory of the St. Louis reformers showed that when the man in the street cares enough about his schools he can, in fact, stir changes. It also illustrates what might be called the first law of big-city school board dynamics. The law is that to get a better school board and a better school system you often need a scandal.

A rat in a schoolyard and a boat built for the superintendent in a vocational school led to removal of New York's school board in 1961. In Los Angeles, after a handful of board members were caught in conflict-of-interest cases ten years ago, procedures were tightened and a new board came in. Chicago is the classic example of reform through corruption. And one reason reform has been so long in coming to Philadelphia and Boston may have been the lack of venality. Without scoundrels to catch, reformers have difficulty.

However, there is a corollary to the first law of school board dynamics. It is this: Reforms don't last forever. After initial bursts of zeal, reformers are apt to lose interest. And then conditions start sliding downhill again.

Because of the enormous effort required to win school board elections, some reformers who have been through the mill now favor an appointive system as a means of acquiring first-rate school board leaders.

"I could name fifty outstanding men and women who've turned me down simply because they don't want to get involved in the campaigning," said Daniel L. Schlafly, veteran member of the St. Louis board and its former president, who for years has sought to recruit good candidates. "We've taken some second-rate people because of this."

Schlafly favors appointments by the mayor with some form of nominating panel and also ratification by the voters. In other words, he's asking for a modified San Francisco plan, minus the religious quota. (Religion doesn't seem to be a major factor in St. Louis school board elections. Schlafly is a Catholic.)

The persuasiveness of the twin arguments that you can't get good people to undergo the rigors of school election campaigning and that elections mean partisan politics harmful to education explain the support for board appointments in big cities.

But as school boards get more deeply involved in "gut" political issues, as they press for social change through integration, demands for elected school boards in places where they now are appointed can be expected to grow. One sees this already in New York from white parents against integration and from Negro parents for it.

The NAACP move to upset Chicago's panel may be another straw in the wind. And the NAACP chapter president in Philadelphia, Cecil B. Moore, has said that he favors an elected school board.

Groups involved in the civil-rights struggle also may seek shorter terms for school board members than the seven years in New York and six in Philadelphia, Detroit, and St. Louis. On the other hand, there is not likely to be a mass movement toward the game of musical chairs that Boston plays every two years. Four years or five may seem about right to groups that favor continuity of school policy-making but also want a chance to oust the rascals reasonably often.

Some school administrators probably welcome lengthy service by board members since the same old faces around the table year after year assure support for their policies. But not all school administrators want such blind backing. San Francisco's Spears said: "We educators get in the habit of wanting to keep things too quiet. New blood on a board is good."

In the long run, the problems facing big-city school boards, whether elected or appointed, are so perplexing that the best answer may be the one recently supplied by James B. Conant.

Dr. Conant, in his book *Shaping Educational Policy*, advocates a "vast increase" in the power of the states vis-à-vis the school boards. Once a stanch backer of local control of education, he now wonders if it hasn't been overdone.

Under Dr. Conant's plan, the states would call more of the signals on integration and other crucial related issues. In this way, some of the pressure would be taken off local school boards and the method of their selection might loom less important.

But at the present time school board selection procedures seem vitally important to citizens in many of the big cities. What's the best way of picking board members? Perhaps a West Coast educator who was interviewed recently has the only acceptable answer. "The best way to pick a school board," he said with a smile, "is the way your neighbor does it."

Migrant Students

Continued from page 69

the reputation; that's all there is to it." A girl from Syracuse reported: "It's all gung-ho and fraternities. And the boys are so wrapped up in their 'cools' you can't stand it any more." A girl from George Washington University recalled with a shudder the AEPi Walk "where the fraternity boys looked you over."

There are occasional students who are too rebellious—or independent—to endure parietal rules. One girl, who has found a haven at NYU, was attending Pennsylvania State University where she was regarded with as much favor by her professors as she was viewed with displeasure by the dean of women. On the same afternoon, she was notified by one official that she had made the dean's honor list and it was suggested by another that she ought to go elsewhere because of repeated infractions of dorm rules. "Only Penn State and my mother," she quipped, "consider me bohemian."

Academic factors motivate students to transfer. Some schools are simply too small—their curricular offerings too impoverished—to satisfy keen academic appetites. At a fashionable girls' school, according to one refugee, "they hadn't changed the courses in a hundred years." And there was the galling pattern of midweek bookishness and weekend flight from study. And young professors would no sooner achieve a reputation for intellectual excitement when they were on their way—their doctorates completed—to greener pastures.

But the most persistent complaint about the out-of-the-way campus is its stifling, provincial character, intolerable to the most sophisticated generation of college students in American history. "Once a month, an unknown pianist would come and give a recital," an escapee from a small school remarked. Another asserted: "Every school is geared to a certain cross-section. But the people I was interested in were not part of that cross-section." Another complained of the "WASP-y atmosphere." Students at his school had rarely seen a Jew, a Negro, or a Puerto Rican. "At Skidmore," a girl said, "you can go to a bar and drink, or go to another place and dance, or go to a fraternity party and do both." A girl at the University of North Dakota, in Grand Forks, felt that she wanted "a broader world." And the transfer student from Colby epitomized the plight of many students: "I was cramped, bored, and disappointed. I didn't care for a narrow existence. The big event of the week was when the *New York Times* would come up the hill."

Even those who had a ball at the

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schools of their choice—like some at the great Midwestern universities—ultimately become restive. "The University of Wisconsin was a wonderland," a girl said. "It was all water skiing in the spring and snowballs in the winter. But I felt out of touch. I wanted to get back where there are cultural things." A University of Michigan student who responded enthusiastically to the place ultimately had to get out. "I loved it," she said, "but there was a world outside I knew very little about."

A number of transfer students first undergo a kind of emotional decompression in New York by taking a job for a year or two before going back to school. Some go through a Greenwich Village phase at this time, and this short-circuits Village indolence later when they are students. In any case, having tasted independence in New York, they are likely to choose NYU when they are ready to go back to school.

How does NYU work out for them? Surprisingly well, in most cases. To be sure, they come as seasoned veterans; their expectations this time are realistic and can be fulfilled, especially since they want less from NYU than from their previous school, more from the surrounding environment. There is a turning away from the institution toward oneself, and that is all to the good. For many, in short, transferring means the authentic beginnings of maturity.

For some, there are unexpected dividends available only in New York. A Carnegie Tech student, majoring in film, found that some of his classes were being taught by part-time instructors who were among the best professionals in the business. A girl exulted in the fact that her History of Art class was being conducted in various museums and galleries in New York where the students see the original paintings, not slides. She recently had to do a paper on the Dominican Republic for a political science course. An enterprising type, she presented herself at the Consulate where the Consul General was staging a sit-in, his government having been replaced. Delighted to find an audience to help beguile the idle hours, the deposed Consul General gave her a wealth of material—"the kind of stuff," she remarked, "I couldn't possibly get from journals."

For all transfer students, there are the rich cultural opportunities of New York City. Though campus intellectuals sneer at Loeb Student Center as "Kiddie-City," it offers a wide range of cultural activity including as imposing an array of guest lecturers as one can find this side of Harvard. (During the last few years, Saul Bellow, James Baldwin, Philip Roth, William Styron, Brother Antoninus, Leslie Fiedler, and

—George Zimbel (Monkmeyer).

"Most schools boast a little unconvincingly about the diversity of their students; NYU really has it."

scores of others turned up.) Even the fact of cultural abundance has implications for maturity. "At Wisconsin," a boy remarked, "Isaac Stern would come, and you would trot to the Union dutifully. Here in New York there is so much, you have to choose." Or as another hardboiled New Yorker put it, "It's there when you want it."

For those who want to play a part in the life of the city, there are unexampled resources. Some students are involved in politics; others tutor culturally deprived children or work in settlement houses. And for those who need part-time jobs to maintain themselves, the city is a vast employment mart; they don't have to settle for ill-paid drudgery in the library. This is particularly applicable to students in the School of Commerce and Accounts, many of whom have transferred to NYU precisely because of part-time job opportunities in New York in their own fields.

ALTHOUGH a Berkeleyan insurrection is a universal daydream among students, it is hard to imagine such an eruption at NYU. Not that there isn't cause; there is cause everywhere. It is rather that the NYU student is directed outward, and if he has social passions, there is a spacious arena—a troubled city—in which to discharge them. It is interesting, for example, that many of the civil rights activists at NYU deploy their energies not on campus but in the city beyond.

Those who condescend to the merely social discover that there are even "mixers," that quaint collegiate scrimmage, at NYU and other schools in the area. But the tone of campus life—even for dorm residents—is different. "Here," a Tufts transfer remarked, "you can choose the identity of student if you want it." There are two dorms downtown—Weinstein and Rubin—and a young man in one dorm described how he felt about calling a girl in another: "It's like a person in one hotel calling someone in another. (Indeed, one of the dorms, Rubin, is the old Grosvenor Hotel on Fifth Avenue.) The upshot of all this is a certain ease and relaxation. Dorm regulations are liberal, with unlimited weekend privileges. Liquor is permitted in the rooms, but there is little of the weekend drunkenness and hysteria one finds elsewhere.

Transfer students at the University Heights campus represent some interesting departures. In effect, they have it both ways: the resources of New York are theirs for the asking, only a subway token and twenty-five minutes away; but they still have the semi-isolation of a real campus (even if it is ringed around by appetizing stores and Bronx apartment houses), and the charms of greensward and playing fields and fraternity houses. Although the University College (at the Heights) is the élite undergraduate college of NYU with high admission standards (median Board scores around 600), transfer students ironically have the same reservations about it that they had about their original institutions—bland, middle-class, apathetic. These strictures, however, could hardly apply to the ferment downtown.

At Washington Square, they have other complaints. These concern the library (no stack privileges for most students), large classes, and fugitive professors. "It's a disheartening thing," a transfer student said, "to see over 100 people in one class fighting for the professor's—even the reader's—attention." Another transfer student from the University of Chicago, where classes are often held intimately around a table, always appropriates a seat up front where he won't have to see a large mass of students. NYU's transfer students appreciate the pre-eminence of their professors, but some ruefully remark that the teaching in their original schools was sometimes better. This need occasion little surprise. National figures are not necessarily talented teachers, and obscure professors in small schools often invest all their energies in creative teach-

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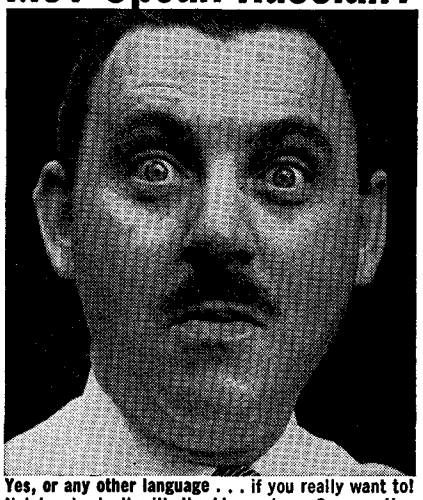

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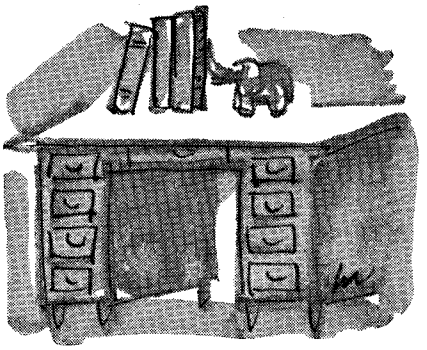
ing, since they have few other outlets. As against the campus school, too, there is little faculty-student contact at NYU. Many of NYU's professors lead what Jacques Barzun has termed "the airport existence," and there is little tradition of the informal get-together. Indeed, there are no places, hallowed by custom, where teachers and students can convene for coffee and conversation.

ON the other hand, resourceful students discover that NYU is remarkably malleable for all its enormous bulk. The bureaucracy—low-pitched at worst—gives when pushed, and professors respond when summoned. A transfer student discovered that Leon Edel was prepared to take time out from his Henry James chores (for which he won a Pulitzer Prize) to talk about *her* research. And a young man from Drew University, active in the student magazine, literally spends hours each week with Robert Hazel, the faculty advisor, himself a novelist and poet. As for the other grievances, a new library will soon be built, and the University's strategy is to erect faculty housing in the area to create a campus community for those who want it. And though there are large classes, there are many of seminar-size as well.

New York City itself generates a good deal of ambivalence. It's the glittering city, to be sure, but it can also be overwhelming—even terrifying—especially to young women on their own for the first time. One transfer student described herself as "a bitter lover" of New York. Another told of a series of psychic tremors when she first came to New York: the roach-infested apartment in the Village, the elevator operator who pushed dope, the grotesques and homosexuals—straight out of Edward Albee—who lived in the building, the marauding males. "At first, my tiny apartment had only a bed," she explained. "A guy would come in and his eyes would bug out if you were sitting on the bed. I finally had to sit on the floor." She had a series of traumatic dates: a young man who represented himself as an NYU law student turned out to be a released con; an eligible bachelor proved to be a married man with a wife and children stashed away in the suburbs.

There is also a kind of socially accepted neuroticism in New York, that is likely to be concealed elsewhere. Some transfer students find themselves pushed into experiences that they have not really chosen and for which they are not ready. They strike moody, catatonic postures in coffee-houses. The boys grow beards without really liking beards. The girls sometimes get involved in sexual relationships that they don't really want. Transfer students often discover that freedom is a burden as well as a liberation. Living in New York—especially when one's family is elsewhere—is not for the faint of heart or the dependent. But most college students these days are neither. At the very least, one grows up through the experience. "Everybody goes to the Midwest wanting something and not bringing anything to it," a student said. "They're looking for an easy answer to growing up. But when I transferred to NYU, I realized I had my own obligation to grow up." Another student put it even more decisively: "I think transferring is good. It explodes the college myth. There is no perfect place."

In the meantime, NYU continues to welcome transfer students, even though the University is no longer dependent upon them for academic quality as it used to be. (Since 1961, admission stan-



dards for freshmen have gone up dramatically.) "The resources of New York will not be denied any qualified student," Dean William Buckler of Washington Square College declared. Everyone at NYU recognizes that the peculiar strength of the institution derives, in part, from the steady influx of students who have, in a sense, been screened by other colleges, and who also bring their experiences from campuses all over the country. NYU students, as a result, represent perhaps the headiest mixture of undergraduates anywhere in the United States. And the University means to perpetuate this tradition. As freshman admission standards go up, so will transfer standards. But there will always be an open door for academic wanderers, for NYU knows that they give easily as much as they take.

Epitaph for a Learned Poetess

By Richard Moore

ONE light she never hid:
she knew for all to see
what poems ought to be.
I wish her poems did.

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Room for Whom?

Continued from page 71

civilian Secretary of Defense, by deciding whether he will fiscally support long-range bombers or unmanned missiles, has not limited himself to non-military, fiscal aspects of strategy. By the same token, every school board decision of fiscal support or non-support is an educational determination.

The superintendent may indeed propose a return to the four-year high school, but (as was actually the case in New York this year) he must await the endorsement of the board. And (as has already been shown) the board's policy-support means very little until city hall and the planning authorities make implementation of the policy possible. (Moreover, the Commission on Human Rights has often joined the civil rights leaders in pressing the board for integration "timetables," knowing full well that the budgetary powers in city and state have the ultimate say in any issue of timetable that involves money. And what issue does not?)

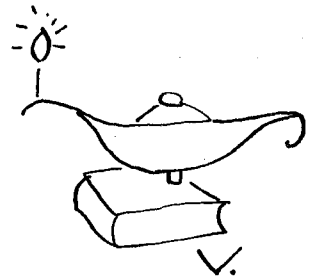
Even more revealing was a message sent to Dr. Gross by the American Association of School Administrators in the wake of his involuntary resignation. The superintendent, said the message (which appeared to come straight out of the textbook for the training of school administrators), "must never deviate nor yield . . . because of pressure from individuals or special interest groups or from Board of Education members who seem to be looking for simple answers to complex problems and who for whatever personal or political reasons are reportedly unwilling to face up to sound policy-making under such pressures. He is entitled to receive the unswerving loyalties of members of his staff in his efforts to carry out a program in the best interest of the pupils who attend the schools."

This mythical image of this textbook superintendent is one of a surgeon who, assisted by a corps of expert and devoted nurses, performs a lonely operation which depends for its success solely on the unimpeded skill of his hands.

No image could be further from reality. The public school superintendency, especially in the seething big cities, is hardly a position immune to pressure by special interest groups. Dr. Gross himself spent long hours in session with spokesmen of violently conflicting views on education and integration. Nobody challenges the superintendent's solemn duty to have sound educational practices uppermost in his mind and, in the course of such sessions, to be determined not to agree to anything that would jeopardize such practices. But it is absurd to suggest that these sessions are not political bargaining to evolve the most workable consensus, satisfying the greatest number without doing violence to anyone's educational rights. Not to admit this would be to insist, furthermore, that current efforts by superintendents to bring about better integration are entirely and spontaneously the result of their own educational expertise rather than (as any student of educational events knows) the reaction to judicial and social pressures.

And what about the demand that the superintendent "is entitled to the unswerving loyalties of members of his staff"—presumably in his test of strength with the board? The AASA, when it dispatched its message, was so immersed in the textbook myths of the superintendency that it would only visualize Dr. Gross as the captain of a loyal, unified crew of professionals at his headquarters flagship, his courage in fighting the pirates of the board cheered by a flotilla of principals and teachers across the city.

Unfortunately, this heroic image is a fairy tale. Throughout his two-year tenure, Dr. Gross had to contend with opposition or passive resistance on the part of his professional staff more often than on the part of the board. From any insider in New York, the AASA suggestion that the superintendent was blessed with the "unswerving loyalties" of his staff will evoke a response ranging from nervous giggling to raucous guffaws. It was an open secret that the "insiders" stood ready to clip the wings of the "outsider." In fact, what may well have defeated Dr. Gross long before the board



suggested that he resign was his own inability to admit to himself the realities of life—that the "unswerving loyalties" theory is nothing but a textbook myth.

Even in the fact of agreement by superintendent and board that the four-year high school would be the pattern of the future, leading members of the junior high school division not only questioned the wisdom of the decision but took their opposition to the public, via newspaper advertisements and press statements. When the superintendent asked teachers to stay in their schools for half an hour after the regular working day to hear a televised explanation of the school budget by the superintendent and his fiscal staff, near-rebellion erupted against the after-work attendance order.

The "unswerving loyalties" myth suggests that, if only the superintendent could be protected from board interference, all would be well. This overlooks the deep-seated antagonism in many school systems between teachers and administrators.

In the current issue of *The Teachers College Record*, Dr. Archie Dykes, a former superintendent who is now director of the Center for Advanced Graduate Study in Education in Memphis, argues that "the relative influence of

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the school board in educational decision-making will decline while that of the superintendent will increase." He sees as the reasons for this "the increasing complexity of society and the growth of administrative science." He suggests that there is a widening gap "between those who have authority to make decisions and those who have the competence, knowledge, and understandings which wise decisions require."

To the extent that the textbook separation of policy-making and administration is in itself a myth, there is much truth in Dr. Dykes's diagnosis. The policy-making of school boards is naturally dependent on the expert advice and cooperation of the professionals. Often the board's action is one of policy ratification rather than policy-charting. Often, too, a policy proclaimed by the board, without the advice and consent of the professionals, is quickly turned into mere paper-policy, honored mainly in the breach until it becomes entirely dormant. The veto power through passive resistance by professional school administrators is virtually unbeatable—as is the veto power of the entrenched headquarters staff against a superintendent who is neither liked, respected, nor feared.

Big-city boards might even agree with Dr. Dykes that the power of the superintendent ought to grow—provided that he really has the "competence, knowledge, and understandings" required by the modern school scene. But to be assured of these qualities requires the slaying of the myth of myths—that the superintendent's qualifications can be based on a textbook-defined professionalism limited to the special domain of school administration.

This is the road to disaster.

The schools today are deeply involved and controversially embroiled in all the great issues of social change. From integration to the war on poverty, educators themselves are either in the thick of the battle or are simply being bypassed—but education is a priority instrument. To insist on the independence of glorious, professional isolation can only have the consequence of giving the schools inadequate financial support and, at the same time, letting them bear the brunt of all the social blame and controversy, alone and unaided, as a kind of lightning rod to keep the political and civic leadership safe from shock.

This is not intended as an argument against independence in curricular matters. On the contrary. The greater the excitement and unreason of the market place, the more urgent is the protection of academic independence. In fact, the professional school administrators have long been far too accommodating—appeasing might be a more adequate label—when outside forces have taken it upon themselves to dictate what should be taught, when and how. Every state legislature has violated this independence by passing laws telling the schools whether and when just about anything, from the dangers of alcohol to the content of history, should be presented in the classroom.

But on the matter of financial support, the role of the schools in integration, housing, employment, the relationship between physical, social, and mental health and the classroom, the problems arising from the clearing of slums, the rebuilding of cities and the school's responsibility in all these revolutionary changes, it is absurd to suggest that superintendent and board can remain an independent professional principality.

The choice is largely one between making the schools the end of the line of society's and the politicians' buck-passing, as the consequence of sheltered independence; or insisting on being part of the policy-making and money-allocating councils and bargaining chambers in which municipal power is anchored.

Unfortunately, if the gears were to be shifted toward greater municipal involvement at the present juncture of the school superintendency, misfortune might well turn into catastrophe. The chief executives of these vast school systems, if they were to hold their own not only opposite their boards and staffs but also in negotiations and power struggles within the community, could no longer draw their strength from the outdated myths of which textbooks for school administrators are made.

The issue was posed to the American Association of School Administrators at their convention two years ago by Dr. James B. Conant, but the New York newspaper strike and the cool response by the AASA let it drop out of sight. Dr. Conant said bluntly that the top executive positions of school administration should be treated in as free-wheeling a manner as the leadership in any governmental or industrial enterprise. To head an automobile empire, a man need not have repaired engines, though having had the experience should not, of course, disqualify him. What does disqualify a man from effective educational-community leadership, on the other hand, is a preparation steeped in the unrealistic myths of school administration. There is little, if anything, that can be accomplished in the leadership of big-city school systems today by "going by the book." Or to put it differently, not even Francis Keppel, the United States Commissioner of Education and former dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Education, would be eligible by current selection standards for the superintendency.

Whether or not the power of school boards will be reduced in the years ahead is not really an important question. The powers of the trustees of any institution or organization always remain considerable, if for no other reason than that the trustees must shoulder the ultimate responsibility before the public. Moreover, it is their task to select the chief executive in the first place.

It is not the *power* of the board that is in question; it is the *need* of the board to concern itself with the details to school administration. The powers, which are synonymous with accountability, are not negotiable; the day-to-day involvement is. Any sensible board member in a big city will want to reduce the involvement and work load; anyone concerned about the quality of big-city boards will consider such a reduction of busy work essential if good people are to remain available for board membership.

The decisive question, then, is whether a new breed of superintendents can be found, capable of laying to rest the myths about school administration and of sufficient executive stature to be powers in the community as well as leaders in academia. Until such a time, any school board member who delegates extensive powers to the superintendent will be playing with fire.

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GORGEOUS 18th CENTURY HOME. 10 rooms, 5 bedrooms, 5 fireplaces, huge beamed living and studio rooms. 3 landscaped acres. Guest cottage. Pastoral cosmopolite area. $45,000. Owner, Box 118, New Milford, Connecticut.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale—Furnished

WISCASSET, MAINE—Winterized, furnished. Modern kitchen, electricity. Deer country. $5,500. Jay Petree, owner. Telephone 882-5536.

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TWO HOURS NYC. Weekend vacation cabin in 220 wooded Connecticut acres. Living room, fireplace, 3 bedrooms, electric kitchen. Simply furnished. One of several secluded cabins on spring-fed, bass-stocked lake. Each cabin has dock, aluminum rowboat. For people who enjoy privacy plus the satisfactions of simple country living. Yearly rent $1,000. 914-WHite Plains 6-9382.

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For Summer Rental

CENTERVILLE, CAPE COD—Oceanfront, private beach, 4 bedrooms. Also 2 bedrooms cottage. Special rate May and June, two weeks minimum. Available monthly July and August. Aronson, 45 Newbury, Boston 16, Massachusetts.

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HOUSE OR APARTMENT

WANTED—Furnished

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NEW YORK—12 minutes from midtown Manhattan, East River view, facing park. Architect designed sophisticated new apartment, 6 rooms, 2 baths, air-conditioned. Garden *terrace, carport.* $350. *Also: 500 square feet offices* $200. Telephone 545-9244.

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EAST HAMPTON, L.I. Beautifully furnished 6 rooms, 2 *baths. Reasonable by week or monthly until mid-June.* Box M-273.

(Continued on page 92)

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APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

(Continued from page 91)

For Summer Rental

OGUNQUIT, MAINE. 2 bedroom garden apartment, excellent equipment, completely furnished. Near Lookout Hotel. Box 448, Ogunquit.

QUIET SOUTH JERSEY SEASHORE village. Large, extra cool apartment near ocean, lake, bird sanctuary. Special seasonal rates. 212-ST 4-6904.

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CAMPS

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CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $6.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Box 569, Ely, Minnesota.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Casual atmosphere—Luscious Food—Pool—Summer Theater and Auctions: Golf, Riding nearby. Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut. 203-567-9127.

ISLAND VIEW HOUSE—Chebeague Island, Maine (Casco Bay). "Golf." Brochure.

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GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine.

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THE YODLER—Golf, swimming, tennis, riding, summer theater. Stowe, Vermont.

VACATIONS

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland.

18-HOLE GOLF, surf bathing, celebrated cuisine, feature sunny fun-filled vacations, housekeeping cottages. Brochure: Atlantis, Kennebunk Beach 3, Maine.

VERMONT—Summit Lodge, in the heart of the Green Mountains, offers you a heated pool, fishing, lawn games, buffets by the pool and delightful accommodations. Sailing and golf are nearby. AAA. Monthly rates. Write Killington; call 802-422-3300.

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SHAWMUT INN. AAA. Oceanfront resort. Secluded, restful, informal. 60 rooms. 18 cottages. Chalet Motor Lodge. Heated pool. Fine food. Cocktails. Open May 27th. Kennebunkport 19, Maine.

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PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events, country auctions. Pool. 5 acre grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

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NANTUCKET, fascinating island 30 miles at sea, yet only one hour by air from New York or Boston: Miles of white sand beach, surf bathing (water averages 72°), golf, sailing, all your favorite sports, varied entertainment. Modern hotels, inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, Nantucket 16, Massachusetts.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1619

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Operatic hero who sings the famous "Celeste Aida."	181 69 49 74 155 124 31 201
B. Foliage, or its shadow.	106 119 131 170 17 77 11
C. Ireland's Lia Fail, which legend says served Jacob as a pillow (3 wds.).	28 97 159 46 118 169 41 183 135 24 174 62
D. Discharged (2 wds.).	51 103 78 127 101 15 128
E. Belonging to summer.	70 133 52 66 79 173 58
F. Renting out (a house, farm, etc.; 2 wds.).	91 167 86 114 33 25 4 134 102
G. Playing lightly over a surface.	32 136 26 105 182 126 68
H. Author of *The Old Wives' Tale*, 1908.	54 125 85 161 191 100 13
I. See WORD S (2 wds.).	151 112 60 168 64 50 84
J. In India, a dish of rice boiled with several other ingredients.	71 80 157 22 3 8 104 45
K. (Of a price as marked) 12½% lower (2 wds.).	162 20 153 177 65 164 129 94 192
L. Show deep respect for.	122 98 6 35 130 178 156 111 144
M. See WORD T.	115 99 179 89 143 197 18 187
N. Southwark tavern, famous in English literature (2 wds.).	163 113 189 123 81 180 95 21 12
O. Unusually welcome variety of fruit, now chiefly grown in Italy (2 wds.).	146 16 108 176 44 137 57 83 193 9
P. English prelate, early 19th cent., who opposed the confessional in schools.	10 160 56 121 194 92 199 139
Q. Too odious to be mentioned.	145 186 76 90 140 63
R. Dickens widower who resented his daughter's not being a boy.	36 53 198 175 7 47
S. Followed by *the stars* and then by WORD I, introduction to Hamlet's early declaration to Ophelia, in terms of the contemporary scientific beliefs (2 wds.).	88 141 110 30 39 96 196 14 27
T. Completed by WORD M, compound name for the wild pansy in Shakespeare's time.	190 5 61 154 38 158
U. In Latin grammar, a dependent particle attached to a main word.	165 148 116 138 72 117 87 172
V. Ecstasy such as to carry one out of oneself.	195 152 109 82 67 184 142 43 29
W. Art of pronouncing words correctly.	75 166 23 2 185 48 120 93
X. What King Hal thought ill become a fool and jester (2 wds.; *King Henry IV, Part II*).	37 150 188 1 171 19 132 147 107 200
Y. Russian exclamation signifying "Never mind."	73 59 149 40 55 34 42

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 X	2 W	3 J		4 F	5 T	6 L	7 R	8 J	9 O	10 P	11 B	12 N	13 H
	14 S	15 D		16 O	17 B	18 M	19 X	20 K	21 N	22 J	23 W	24 C	25 F		26 G	27 S	28 C
29 V		30 S	31 A		32 G	33 F	34 Y	35 L	36 R		37 X	38 T	39 S	40 Y		41 C	42 Y
43 V		44 O	45 J	46 C		47 R	48 W	49 A	50 I	51 D		52 E	53 R		54 H	55 Y	
56 P	57 O	58 E	59 Y	60 I	61 T	62 C	63 Q		64 I	65 K		66 E	67 V		68 G	69 A	70 E
	71 J	72 U	73 Y	74 A		75 W	76 Q		77 B	78 D	79 E	80 J	81 N	82 V	83 O	84 I	85 H
86 F		87 U	88 S	89 M	90 Q	91 F	92 P	93 W		94 K	95 N	96 S	97 C	98 L	99 M		100 H
101 D		102 F	103 D	104 J		105 G	106 B	107 X	108 O	109 V	110 S	111 L	112 I	113 N	114 F	115 M	116 U
	117 U	118 C	119 B	120 W	121 P	122 L	123 N	124 A	125 H	126 G	127 D		128 D	129 K	130 L		131 B
132 X	133 E	134 F	135 C	136 G	137 O	138 U	139 P		140 Q	141 S		142 V	143 M	144 L		145 Q	146 O
	147 X	148 U		149 Y	150 X	151 I	152 V	153 K	154 T		155 A	156 L	157 J		158 T	159 C	
160 P	161 H	162 K		163 N	164 K	165 U	166 W	167 F	168 I	169 C	170 B	171 X		172 U	173 E	174 C	
175 R	176 O		177 K	178 L	179 M	180 N		181 A	182 G	183 C	184 V	185 W	186 Q	187 M	188 X	189 N	190 T
191 H		192 K	193 O	194 P		195 V	196 S	197 M		198 R	199 P	200 X	201 A				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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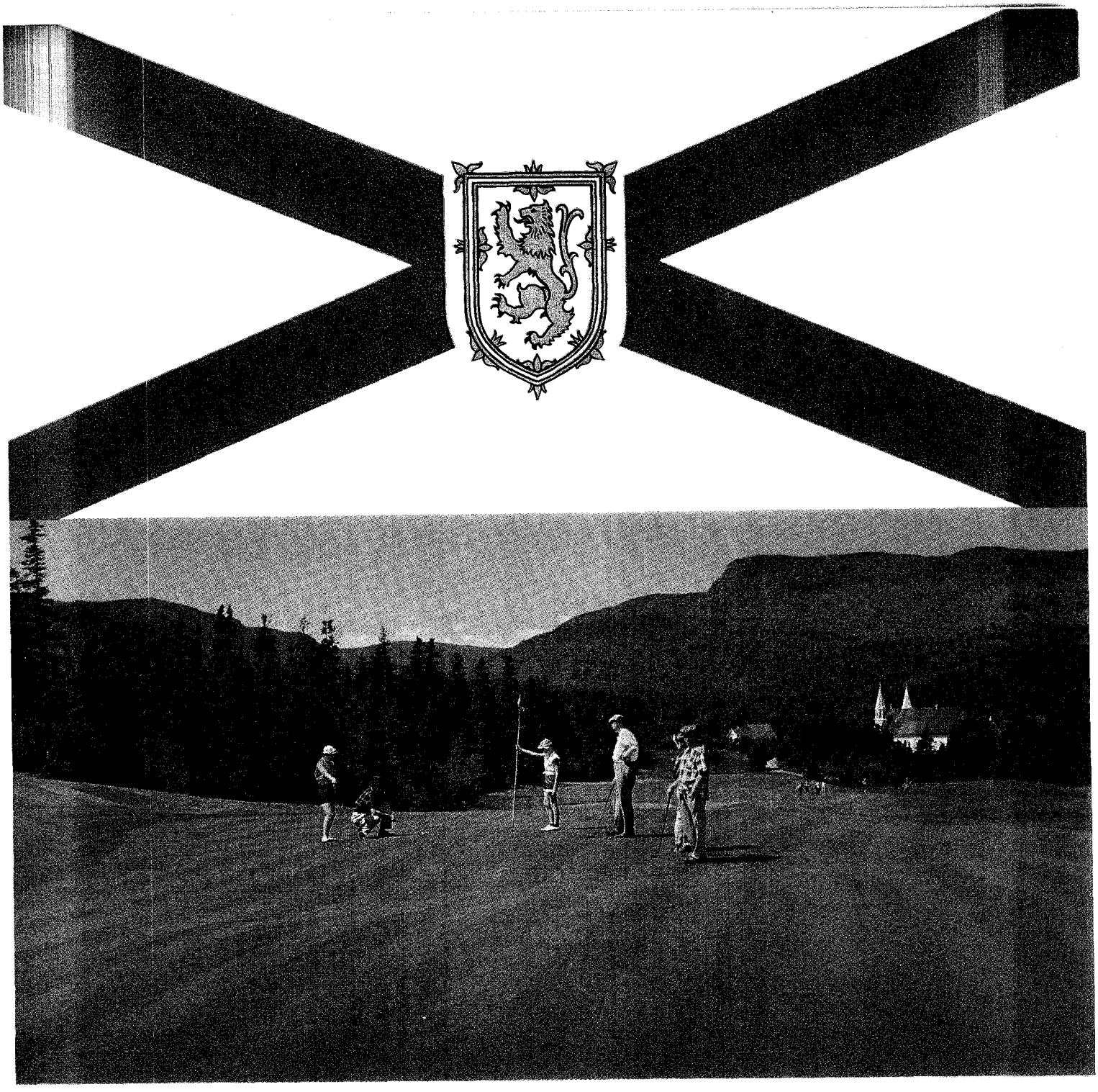

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